Outdoor America

AUGUST, 1926

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DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

1926—1927 GAME LAWS FOR U. S. AND CANADA

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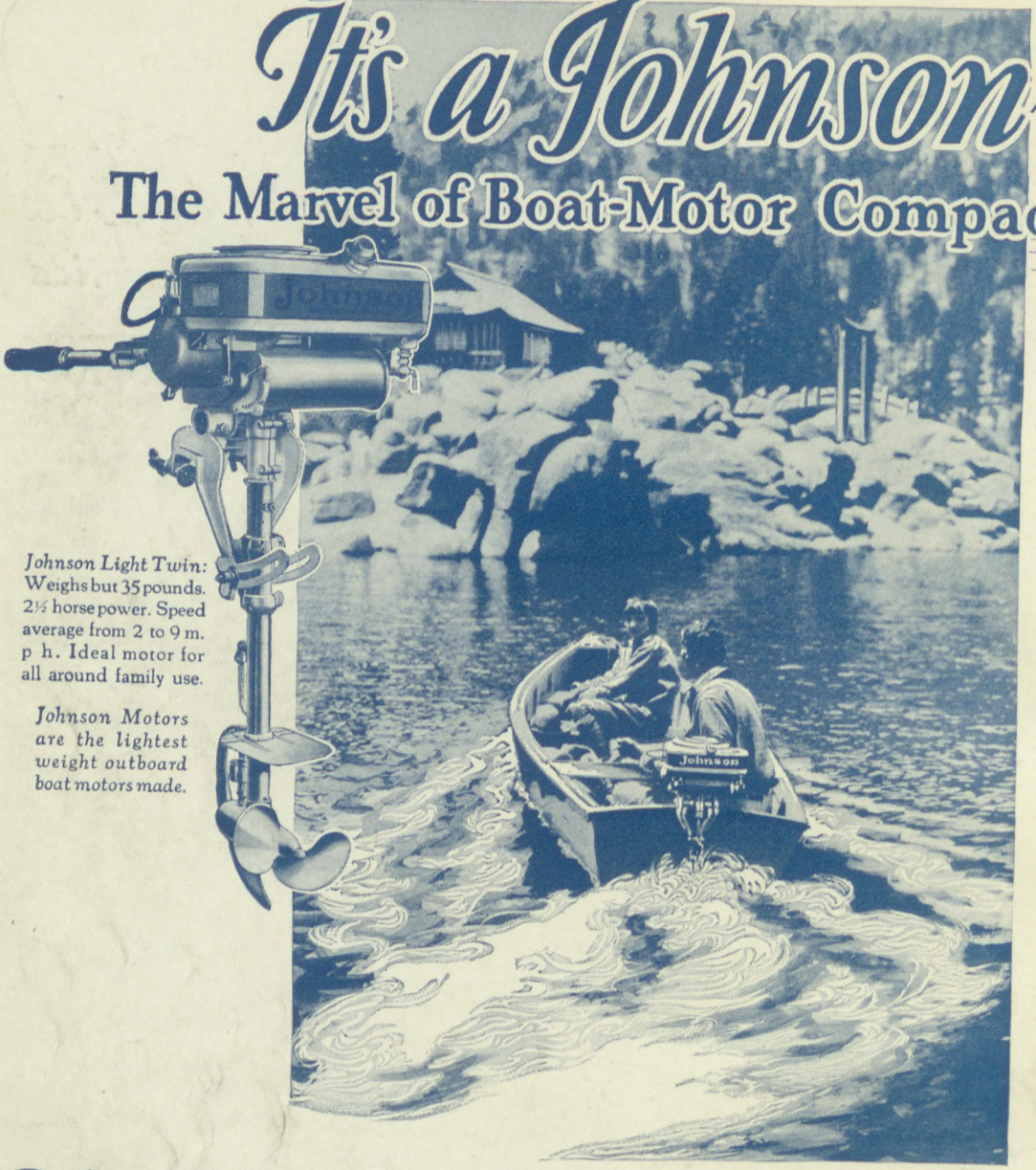

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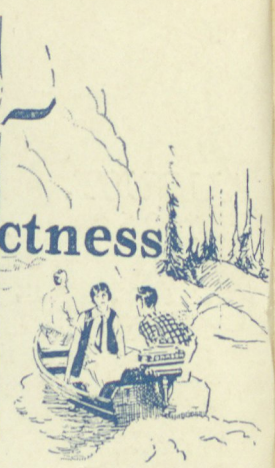

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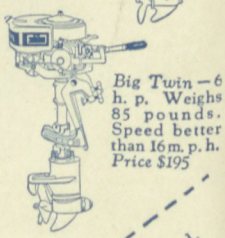

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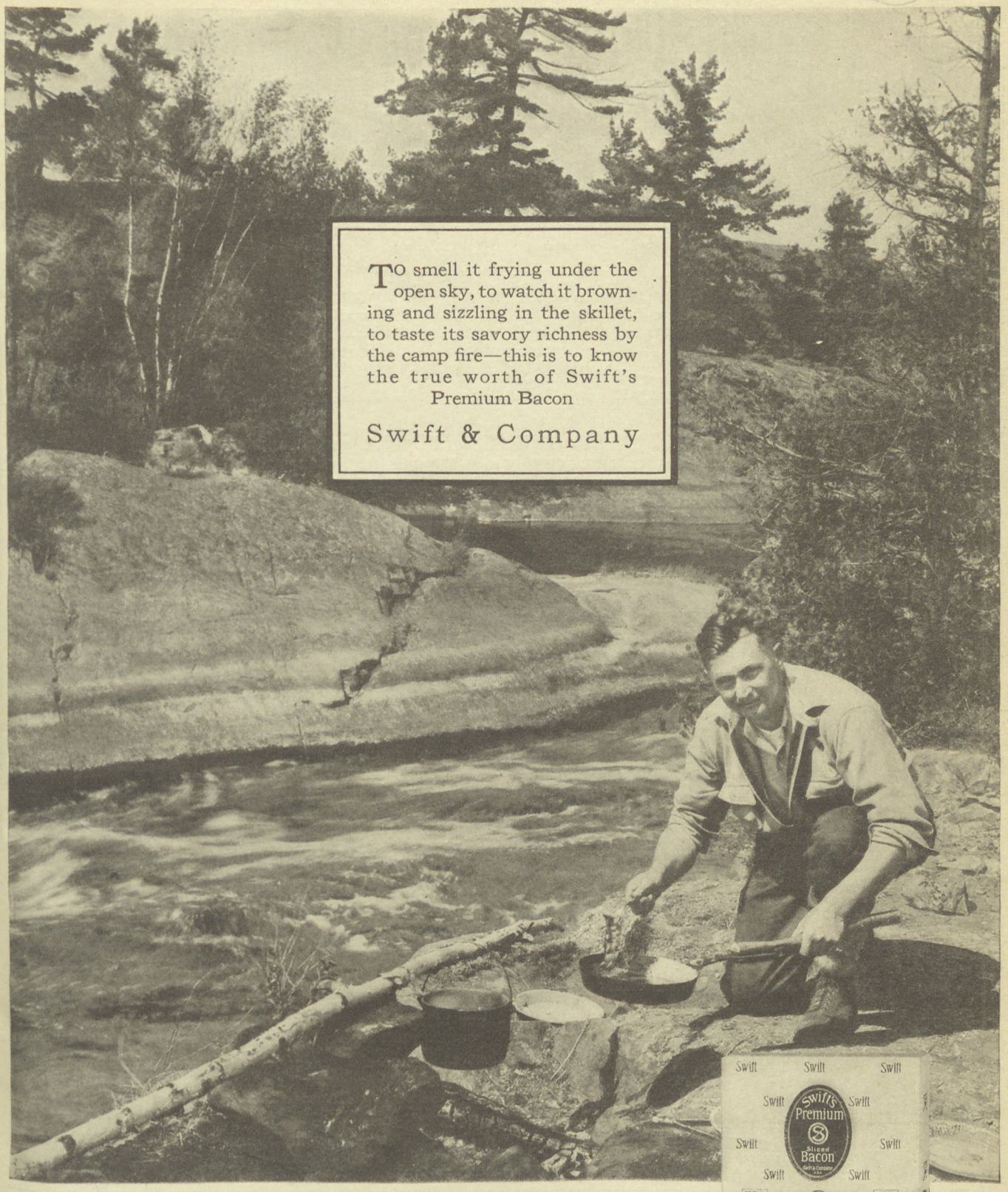
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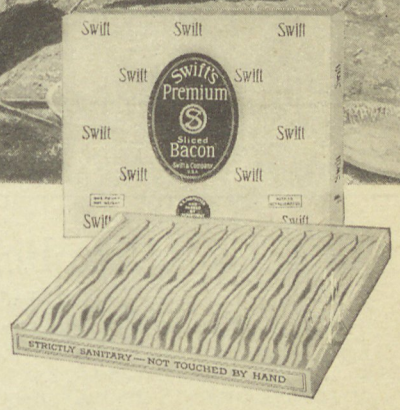

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 2,000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League is conducting a practical, aggressive campaign of education against the further pollution of our waters, the drainage of our marshes and the indiscriminate destruction of our forests, by arousing the present generation to a realization of the value of these areas to the health, happiness and character of future generations.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

The League's Platform is as follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

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I hereby apply for Membership-at-large in the Izaak Walton League, which includes a membership card, a handsome bronze membership button and one year's subscription to the League's magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA.

If I am accepted I agree to pay $3.00 for the first year's annual dues, and magazine, when bill is presented.

Applicants may enclose $3.00 with application. If for any reason applicant is not accepted, money will be returned.

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Applicant for Membership-at-large not accepted if in a community where the League has a local chapter. Subscription price for magazine without membership, $3.00 per year.

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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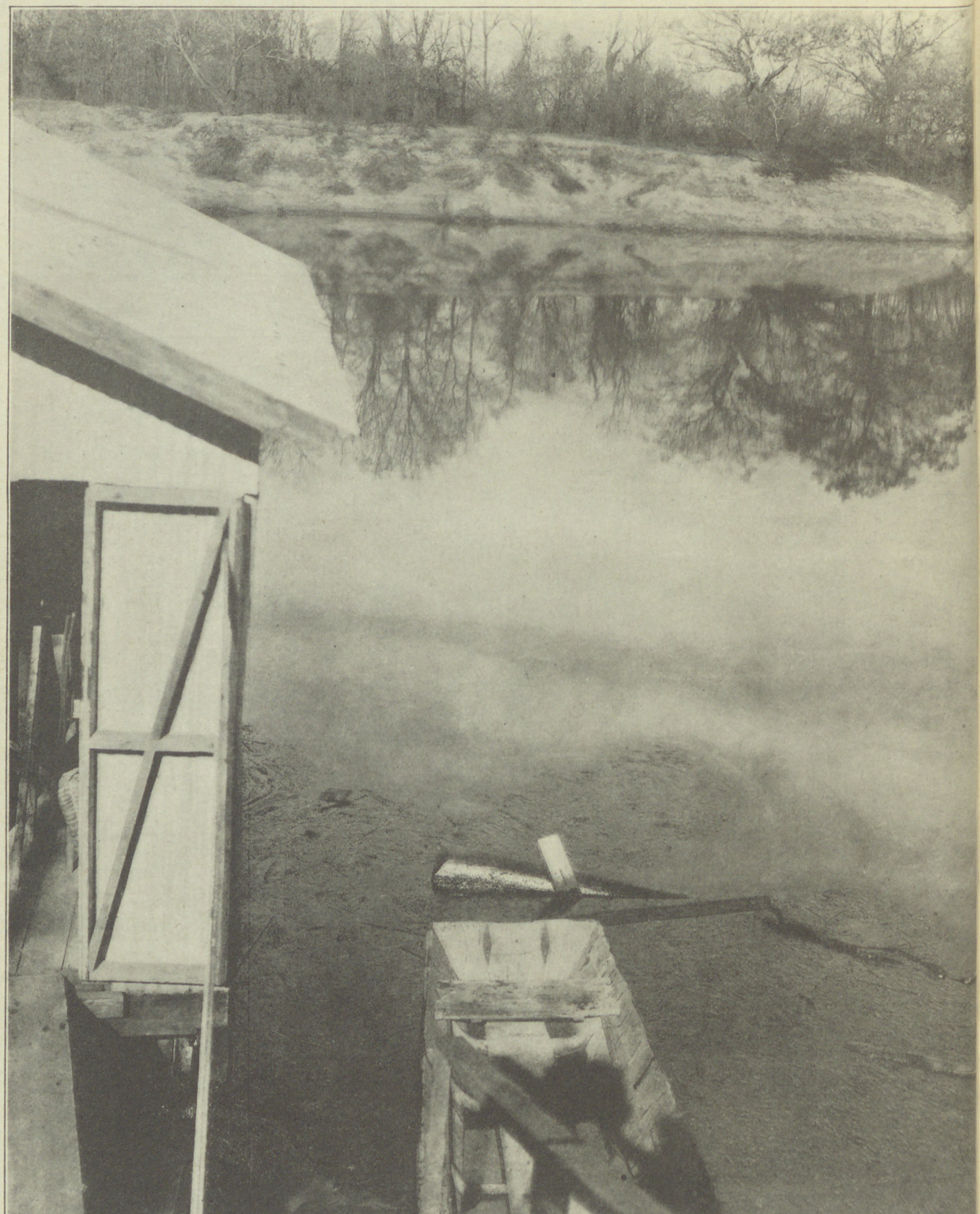


© Kenneth M. Wright

CONTRAST

This picture by Ken Wright may be familiar to you as it is typical of thousands of rivers throughout the country where grease and other waste matter are allowed to enter the streams without the formality of a separation plant.

By covering the bottom half of the page you will see only a beautiful river. Move the cover to the top half of the page and you will note the contrast we mention.

of this organization are being explained to thousands of prospective members through the press, through letters and through the personal enthusiasm of our present members, yet it is not enough.

To accomplish the things this League has set out to do, we must increase our membership to one hundred times its present total.

The reason for this is obvious. Our national government is based on the will of the majority. Our Senators and Congressmen in Washington must carry out the wishes of their constituents—the people who pay their salaries for this purpose. If these constituents are believers in the out of doors, no commercial power on earth can control their actions, and future generations will continue to enjoy their natural heritage which is now in danger.

There are dishonest people in all walks of life and politics is no exception to the rule. However, assuming that many conservation projects are not given proper support and are sidetracked for various reasons —whose fault is it?

IT IS OUR FAULT—not the fault of anyone else.

By our apparent lack of interest and indifference displayed at the ballot box on voting day, we are responsible for the lack of interest and indifference shown by those elected by others who were *vitally interested in their* legislation.

There is no use passing the buck, tearing our hair and raving because of the things that are. It is up to us to GET INTERESTED AT THE RIGHT TIME and prevent the possibility of a further display of this indifference.

The League is entirely without party political affiliations and has no religious alliances. It is not in any way controlled by commercial interests nor responsible to interests of any kind.

It is an unhampered, independent, earnest, honest organization of sportsmen whose sole aim is leave the world a little better for their having lived.

© Etching by Lee Sturges

We are to blame if places such as this are destroyed.

I know that you are anxious to make this organization greater by far than it is at the present time. I know that you are spending your own time in an effort to improve it and I only wish I could spend a day with you personally to talk with you and get your views and suggestions. This is obviously impossible, but I hope you will take a personal interest in keeping in touch with national headquarters.

We are all working toward one end without any thought of gain for ourselves but for the youngsters who will follow us afield and astream—the Waltonians of tomorrow.

© Murdo Gibson

Are sights like this worth your support?

Woods and waters have always held a magic charm for me and for the past forty years I have not missed a hunting or fishing season in the open.

My fondest memories are of days spent afield following a brace of setters through the stubble or casting a fly upon placid or turbulent waters in quest of that elusive something to be found only in the open places.

As every last one of you know it isn't the game we get or the fish we land, it's the association with nature that brings us out of ourselves. The nervous tension of commerce is erased as we sit around the evening campfire in old comfortable clothes and all worries are engulfed by the rustling of the leaves and the gurgle of the passing stream.

These things must be saved for the coming generations. It will take a lot of hard work to do it but we have assumed the task. It will mean the closest of cooperation, for whatever has been accomplished in the past—whatever will be accomplished in the future was accomplished and will be accomplished only by the Chapters themselves and their loyal support of a great ideal. I am counting on you personally to help.

It is a refuge for many living things and a safe harbor for many others.

Friendly Wastes—and some others

This is the first of a new series on waste land that is of great interest to those interested in conserving America's out-of-doors

By EL COMANCHO

IN the first place there is no such thing in nature as "wastes." We classify lands and water as good or bad, or in-between, because we men have a way of looking at everything from *our own* viewpoint.

If a thing fits in with *our* scheme of life and happiness we call it good; if it doesn't we condemn it as bad or unfit, and immediately we figure up some scheme to change it to fit our own ideas, paying no attention whatever to nature's plans and schemes which were in effect eons before we were born and will be going serenely on eons after mankind isn't even the echo of a memory.

So I'll talk of "wastes" *from the point of view of man* and then tell you a little bit about what *nature is going to do about it whether we like it or not.*

Most people classify swamps, marshes, flooded areas, bogs, sand dunes, deserts, lava fields, the highlands above timber line in the mountains, or even shallow water, as "wastes," but that is mostly because they don't know any better or because they have an eye to grabbing some "waste" at a give-away figure, then spending some money to take the curse away and thereafter doing a lot of good strong-lung ballyhoo work, then to let go, a little at a time, for a thousand or five thousand per cent advance. It has been done, and will be done again, and the party who "puts it over" pats himself on the back and admits that he is a brainy guy—he's a wise man—a good li'l ole business man—him!

If you like these stories, write and tell me about it. If you don't like them, write me your kicks.
El Comancho

Yes—in a way, he is. But that too is entirely from a mankind point of view. As a man *in the cosmic scheme of things,* he's not only a failure but he is a menace to the world and all in it because he is disturbing the balance of nature for no other purpose than to *boost his own game.* The whole idea, viewpoint and action of such a man is supremely selfish, for he has no idea of anything save betterment of his own materialistic position in the world from the point of view of the crowd—of humanity and civilization which, of itself, is entirely a selfish proposition.

We brag about our intelligence—and we are taking millions of barrels of oil from underground reservoirs every year and not counting on what will happen in a good many ways after it is gone.

We pat ourselves on our various individual backs and

tell ourselves that we are great business men when we put in a sawmill and level miles of forests, leaving only stumps and wreckage where forests have stood for millions of years. Do you think we can get away with the *unbalancing of nature* on a wholesale scale like that and not *pay?*

If you do you are mighty shortsighted, brother, let me tell you that, for we are creating a real waste there.

We are doing the same about coal, digging millions of tons out of the ground and burning it up—are we replacing that mass tonnage with something underground? We are not!

Most people classify deserts as waste.

We do the same with many things and yet we expect this old world to go on just as it has always gone on.

We take no account of the only real waste there is, namely the waste of materials caused by idiotic destruction of resources and original placements of matter as laid down by nature and which *always balance.*

By and by nature is going to take notice of our wanton disregard for the cosmic plan and turn over in her sleep—then humanity will pay! That is what *waste* means and it is how nature will eventually compensate for the destructively thoughtless selfishness of this self-centered little two-legged beast called man, the super-killer, the super-destructionist of the wilderness, just now running amuck with no check against the havoc he is creating—the day of reckoning that he must meet when those calm forces that he understands not at all get ready to take their pay and balance the scheme of things, which balancing, by the way, will likely eliminate man as an unfit species, to be counted a failure and such a poor experiment that he must be fossilized and cached away in the stones along with little Eohippus, the Three-toed horse and those flying, half-bird beasts that were on earth with the Saber-toothed Tiger, the Three-horned Rhino, the little fossil Camel and all the nightmare beasts that were produced when nature first tried her hand at the job of creating living, mobile forms, each equipped with its own little power plant and working crew called "heart," "brain," "nerves," "muscles," and other things that really don't mean much of anything, come to look at them.

These early things failed; they were waste product, mistakes; they didn't belong, so nature calmly wiped them out and began again as she always does with unfit species.

The present population of the world is the result and we humans consider ourselves the greatest species in the world because we can send out thoughts to a distance; because we can make dumb, dead things do what we want done; because we can kill at a distance; because we can probe the bowels of earth, sound the seas, predict the rising of the sun and do a lot of things animals cannot do.

Level miles of forests leaving only stumps and wreckage.

As a matter of fact, when we disregard man's ability to think and use his front paws while he walks on his hind legs, we find he is about the most poorly equipped of all the animals to live a la nature, the way he was designed to do in the first place, the same as all other animals were.

The day of balancing is coming and, when it does, all man's vaunted knowledge will be of no avail and he will go the way of all unproven experiments which have come and gone since the world was what it is and, brother, that has been a long, long time counted the way we count time, let me say to you.

Man, himself, is the only thing we can count now as a real, honest, waste product, though I know a lot of people could bring plenty of argument to prove me wrong—from man's point of view.

But let me call your attention to the fact that I am not regarding man in any way, or from any viewpoint, *except that of nature,* and *nature,* brother, *does not recognize man as at all superior to any other form!* Get *that* fixed firmly in your mind then we will get along finely together. If you *don't get this point of view you can never really understand nature* and nature's ways or why the places that we are in the habit of calling "wastes" are not wastes in any sense whatever, *save from the viewpoint of man alone,* and he does not count.

A swamp is as necessary to the welfare of the world as a good well of water is necessary for the man who lives as he should.

He has to have pure water or he will die. We all know that.

If he went out into the swamp and drank the water that makes the swamp a "waste" the chances are good that the man would soon eliminate himself, because he can't drink swamp water and get away with it; he is too far removed from the primitive for that.

So he has to dig himself a well, going down into the earth to where all water is pure by reason of depth, darkness, pressure and a lot of other technical things which take good care of the water supply in spite of man's efforts to commit wholesale suicide by poisoning whole rivers, like the Mississippi, for instance, *which today is unfit for any boy to swim in anywhere from source to mouth by reason of the volume of sewage spewed into it by every town and human habitation from source to mouth of its whole length.*

That's man's way of ruining his water supply. No other species has ever been able to ruin natural resources in this way!

On the other hand, this swamp—this "waste," as we are fond of calling it—is working twenty-four hours a day to produce pure water through the slow process of percolation —seepage—down through the earth mass to a lower strata where it mingles with other underground waters, to trickle slowly through the sands for years but to, in the end, come to the surface as a cold, clear, sparkling, pure spring, fit for use by the living things of earth.

Is it the swamp or mankind that is doing the wasting? I leave it to your common sense to decide.

Again this swamp waste is working in many other ways for it is a refuge for many living things, a safe harbor for others, a breeding ground for countless species of all kinds, and a nursery for more kinds of fishes than you can name in an hour. Also it grows many kinds of plants, (among them Wild Rice if in the right region, and Wapatoes if somewhere else) that are useful in many ways as food for man, beast, bird, or fish.

On top of all this, it is part of the permanent waterflow supply of some stream, through slow percolation of its waters down through the soils to a lower hard strata, which it follows for more or less distance, to break out again as a fine spring of pure water fit for use by any living thing.

And we call this swamp a "waste."

Your Mississippi owes its summer flow to thousands of marshes, swamps and lakes at its head, all of them holding back the waters, yet all releasing, niggardly, more or less of their precious store, to sink down and come out somewhere below, there to flow into the channel finally, and mingle their bit of cold, clear, good water with that which goes to make this river run down hill for the entire north

(Continued on page 74)

© Theo. Anderson

"When there's sunlight on the Silvery Rio Grande."

Own Your Own Fish Pond

Here is a good plan for constructing a community pond in a district where pollution has made fishing impossible

By WILLIAM BARBER HAYNES

NOW that summer is here and the four ponds we made last summer have stood the test of an Ohio winter, I am going to tell you how we made them.

The answer to the question of pollution of streams is the made fish pond. Utilize waste lowlands for fish ponds, and have a place to fish.

Here is how we made them:

We laid a line of horizontal 18-inch sewer pipe across the place where we selected the site of the dam. The upstream end of this horizontal pipe ran into a tee, from which, later, an upright 18-inch sewer pipe went to the height we planned for our lake. Then we built the dam by horse and wheel scraper across the horizontal pipe, taking care to scrape away the top soil before bringing on more dirt for the fill.

Water will crawl over old top soil and under raw dirt. It follows along the grass and makes a tiny hole, which doesn't stay tiny very long.

Care must also be taken to bring new dirt over the entire bottom of the dam, as this is better than to bring out a shovel of dirt and dump it, so that an embankment is formed over which the next scraper is dumped, as this makes a strata on a slant that is weaker than a bank made of dirt trodden down by the horse in going over it.

Our dams are a foot above the water, and eight feet across the top. How thick they are across the bottom, I could not say.

The biggest part of it is to select a place that is feasible to maintain such a pond. If you put this pond on a running stream, whose watershed is over a mile long above your pond, it is my bet that on a freshet the pipe will not be big enough to take the flood. Then your dam will break.

The stream that feeds our four dams comes from a spring. The dam at the upper end near the source is the largest one, and as they go down stream they become smaller. This is because a stream, as it goes down, gets into a deeper channel that will make a gully and a smaller lake will result from a six foot dam. The same height dam will make a broader lake up near its source, but the dam must be wider here.

The watershed ends above our dams at a distance of about a half mile northwest, northeast and southeast, so a small watershed of about a mile has always found its way through the 18-inch upright pipe and coursed down through the pipe.

The legal angle of shutting off a stream from your down stream neighbors has never been a factor with us, as our land extends to a lake, so we have no down stream neighbors. This might be well to look up, also damage to them from a break in the dam.

The muskrat hazard is to be considered. The muskrats will make holes in your dam—if the hole goes through it will start a break. Perhaps a four-foot chicken wire, of an inch mesh, laid on a slant over the lake side of the dam will head them off. Such a wire mesh should be laid from three inches above the water line down the slope under water, as a muskrat comes up under the bank with his burrow under water.

Our ponds are stocked with Bluegills only. No Bullheads, no Bass, no Croppies or other predatory fish should be put in. One or two Bass will play havoc with the fry of the other fish.

A Bluegill goes through the winter on the stored up fat that he puts on in the fall from eating weeds after the fall frosts drop them. I never found these weeds in their intestines any time, except in the fall when they were fattening up for the winter. At this time their intestines are covered with white fat. Therefore, let us assume that the fish wants weeds that he can feed on after they drop from the action of frost. So, if a person were to take rubber boots and a shovel and go to a nearby lake and skim off the half inch of mud in some weedy corner, it would be safe to assume that in a bucket full of this muck there would be every kind of weed seed necessary to start them in the ponds.

One of our ponds.

This is doing a lot of supposing, but we at least know that the first winter did not hurt the ponds and that the water rose to the top of the vertical pipe and dropped into this low priced spillway. We know that a muck bank made from swamp dirt makes a tough bank.

We know that the pipes did not freeze shut—that the ice was very thin around where the water went into the pipe and did not freeze around it and tear it loose as we feared it might. And we know we have turned worthless bottom swamp land into a beautiful set of ponds that are now producing fish up where no pollution will ever get to them because it will not pay some one to pollute them. More we know. The cost of each pond was about $500 each. The pipe was seconds or worse, and cost about thirty dollars, and the balance was labor and team hire at the usual high cost of work done near a large city.

It would not cost a farmer much to make these ponds, as the work would be done in spare time with his teams and own labor. He would simply lay the horizontal pipe and build the dam at his convenience, letting the water run through the horizontal pipe until the dam was of correct height, when he would put the vertical pipe of the tee with cemented end to plug the water and cemented joints and let nature do its work.

The advance of value of the surrounding lands after the lake is made, may be considerable, as the lake covers worthless bottom lands, and the advance in value would be considerable if no natural lakes were in the vicinity to compete with the made pond. But the making of a place for fish life to increase in that will not be polluted, is the main value of the scheme.

Better Amateur Photography

Everyone knows the disappointment of poor pictures that cannot be replaced. This article compiled by the Eastman research laboratories will be of great help to the novice.

Edited by GEORGE H. HIGH
Of the Chicago Camera Club

EVERY outdoor enthusiast who uses a camera wants to bring home good pictures that will call to mind the pleasant associations as well as the thrilling moments of his vacation. If you take a picture of your boy at the moment of landing his first trout you want *that* picture. And it is to help you get that picture and others of similar importance that this series of popular articles has been written.

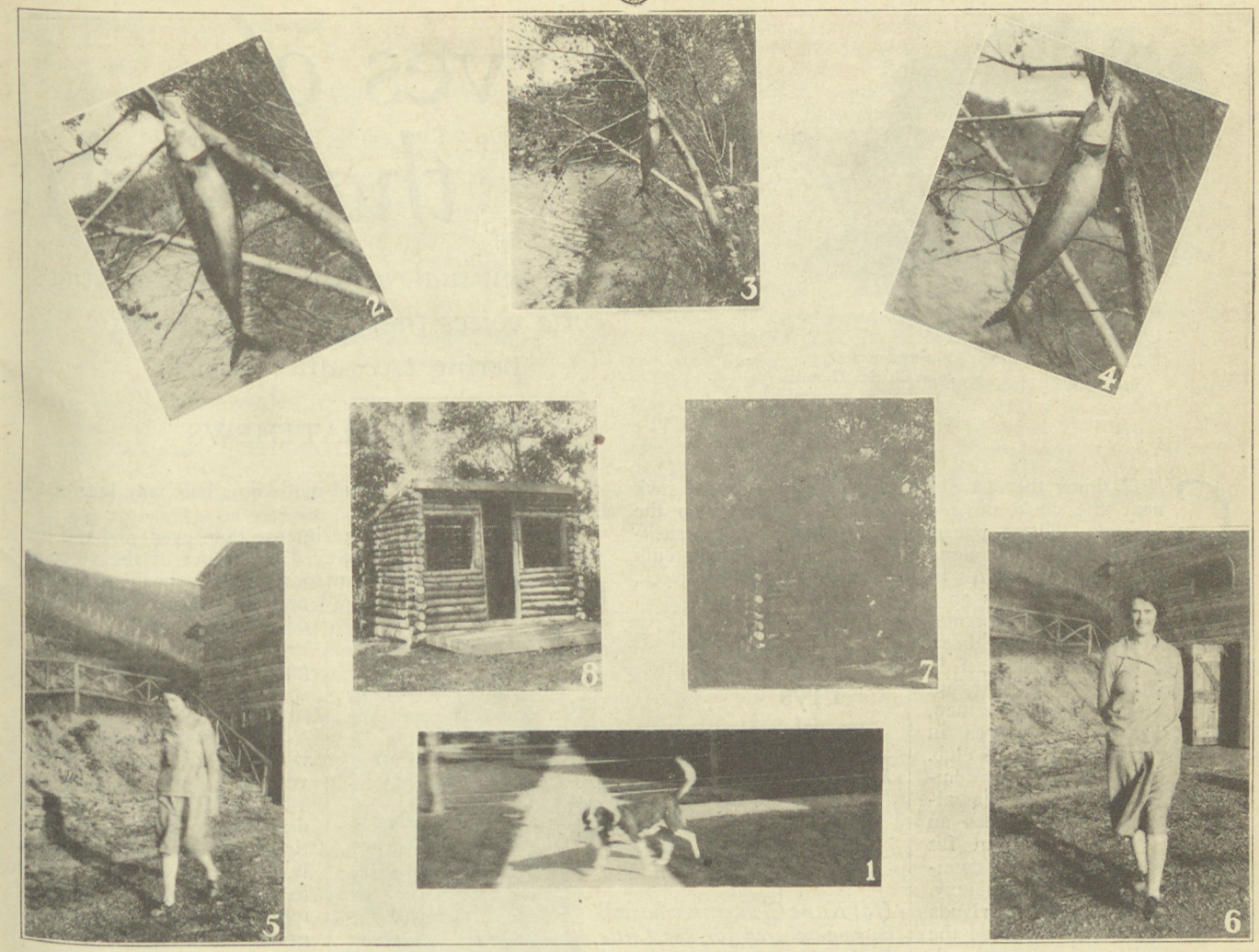
Cameras are supplied in many different sizes and styles, varying from the simple box to the precise, refined, reflecting type of camera with focal plane shutter. Users of the latter who may be expert workers cannot hope to learn much from these articles as the subject matter will be confined to an elementary discussion of the basic principles of the use of the camera.

The real teacher for camera users is experience, though a study of the direction booklet accompanying your camera before you attempt making pictures will prevent wasting films. Such manuals are usually written in simple understandable language and make it easy to grasp the mechanics of your camera as well as certain fundamental rules of making exposures so that you will be a long way towards reaching the ultimate goal of every photographer—*a perfect negative.*

The editor of our Better Photography Department in action. Mr. High, in addition to being a crack shot with a camera is also an expert with a 12 gauge.

TYPES OF CAMERAS

1. *The Box Camera.* As its name indicates, the box camera of the Brownie type consists of a box with a hole cut in the center of one end behind which is the shutter and the lens. The distance between the lens and the film is never changed so that the camera is said to have a "fixed focus." Such a camera will take first-class snapshot pictures providing the light is sufficiently strong and the object is not moving too rapidly. "Time" exposures can also be made with most of them. The advantages of the more expensive folding cameras, in addition to their compactness, which appeals to every sportsman, is their ability to secure snapshots on duller days and to stop the motion of moving objects because of their faster lenses and shutters. The more expensive lenses are also necessary for critical sharpness when photographing subjects with parallel lines such as buildings, but for average outdoor subjects the box camera and its lens are entirely satisfactory. The shutter on the box camera consists of a disc containing a slot. When a snapshot is taken by pressing the exposure lever, a spring gives the disc a turn and the slot passes before the lens thus exposing the film. The opening in front of the lens is reduced by introducing a metal strip containing three holes, each one of a diameter smaller than the lens. This "stopping down" of the lens improves the sharpness of the picture near the edges. The smaller stops, however, cut down the amount of light falling on the film so that it is only desirable to use them on distant landscapes in bright sunlight or for time exposures. Pictures made with a box camera will be clear and sharp for subject distances of ten feet or greater providing the subject or camera do not move during the exposure. If the camera is moved a result similar to that shown in Figure 1 is obtained. The image of the left hind leg of the dog happened to move at nearly the same rate as the camera and therefore appears fairly sharp. It is also not possible to obtain a clear picture if the subject is closer than ten feet as indicated by Figure 2 which was taken with the subject four feet from the camera. It was necessary to place the camera farther away from the fish in order to secure a sharp picture as shown in Figure 3, but the fish appears too small. By means of a portrait attachment which is simply an extra lens placed in front of the



Some striking examples of what can and what cannot be done with a camera.

regular lens, it is possible to get sharp close-ups as shown in Figure 4 which was taken with the camera four feet away with the portrait attachment in position.

Subjects in rapid motion or lighted poorly should not be attempted with the instantaneous exposure. There is one way, however, in which fairly rapid motion may be arrested with a box camera, namely, by taking advantage of the angle of approach. Obviously there is less movement of the subject relative to the camera if the figure is moving directly or nearly directly toward the camera than if moving at right angles to the direction the camera is pointing. These differences are clearly shown in Figures 5 and 6. In Figure 5 the subject is about fifteen feet away and is distinctly blurred, while in Figure 6 the subject is reasonably sharp, even though nearer the camera than in Figure 5. These examples indicate the importance of the correct viewpoint and the distance of the subject from camera.

A safe rule to follow for instantaneous exposures is not to try to make pictures until two hours after sunrise or later than two hours before sunset. The following table indicates roughly the exposures giving a good picture with several different subjects:

Outdoor Exposure Table for Fixed Focus Box Cameras That Have Single Lenses

For 2 hours after sunrise until 2 hours before sunset on days when the sun is shining

Group 1—Snow, Marine and Beach Scenes—Extremely Distant Landscapes. Snapshot with Second Stop.

Group 2—Ordinary Landscapes Showing Sky, with a Principal Object in the Foreground. Snapshot with Largest Stop.

Group 3—Nearby Landscapes Showing Little or no Sky—Groups, Street Scenes—Full Length Portrait in Sunlight. Snapshot with Largest Stop.

Group 4—Portraits in the Open Shade, not under Trees or the Roof of a Porch—Shaded Nearby Scenes. One second with Third Stop.

When the light is poor and the subject is not in motion it is possible to make good pictures by taking time exposures. There is a small release arm on the top of the camera which should be pulled up before making a time exposure. The camera must be rested on a rigid support such as a tripod, though a rock, a post, or better, a table may be used with equally good results. A convenient method of holding the camera is to use a small clamp such as the "Optipod" which fastens on any table edge or board, or the "Kodapod" may be used, which has metal jaws and a stiff spring, thus permitting attachment of the camera to a tree or post. A typical example of a poorly lighted subject is the cabin in the woods shown in Figure 7. This subject should be given a time exposure, for when attempted by snapshot the result shown in Figure 7 was obtained, even though the largest stop was used. A time exposure of about two seconds resulted in a good picture represented by Figure 8.

In estimating a time exposure, always "play safe" by giving too much exposure rather than too little. Photographic film has a wide latitude or range of exposure over which a printable result may be obtained. The film may be overexposed as much as a hundred times and it will still give a good picture. Whereas if the picture is underexposed it is simply lost because methods of improving the negative by intensification offer little consolation to the photographer. Remember, however, that in outdoor work "time" exposures are a matter of *seconds* and *not minutes.*

To summarize: Under good lighting conditions, the box-type camera is capable of taking satisfactory outdoor pictures, provided the subject is not moving too rapidly and the camera is held still. However, the chances for pictures in the out-of-doors are so exceptional and so many of them rely on action for their charm that the folding camera with fast lens and shutter will appeal to most sportsmen as the proper equipment to have. There *(Continued on page 49)*

Illustrations by
John Charles Thoman

Nerves of the Night

A most unusual yarn that will recall the eerie voices that lurk in the whispering trees after dark

By K. B. MATTHEWS

CUPID hung the last dish towel carefully on the rack near the cook stove and sauntered out on to the veranda. There, poured into the biggest chair, sucking audibly on a cigar, was Bill Ryan, whose bulk was second only to Cupid's in the club. It was mid-week, and Cupid, whose duties as a keeper kept him as a permanent resident, and Bill Ryan, strange mixture between a brick mason and an artist, but thoroughly a trout fisherman, were regaling themselves in exclusive grandeur at the club. Not that they needed any company, that pair. There has always seemed to me to be an uncanny affinity between fat men. They can argue themselves to the point of apoplexy, and emerge as bosom friends—they always disagree on the immaterial, and abuse each other accordingly—but let a lesser man attack either, and particularly on the point of obesity, and they present a solid and unbroken (physical and emotional) front.

Cupid gazed longingly at his favorite chair, which Bill was occupying, and then, with a sniff, eased himself into the next largest. Carefully he took a battered cigar from his shirt pocket, licked the torn wrapper into place, and with a groan reached over to strike a match on the cement porch floor. Outside it was raining, not hard, but one of those warm June drizzles that languidly saunters earthward in a droning mist. There was no wind, and the willows hung dejectedly heavy as though tired of holding the tiny drops that formed on their narrow leaves, slowly grew larger, and then noiselessly tobogganed to the ground. It was damply dark, and the very darkness seemed to hush the usual night sounds and left no noise save the intermittent drip-drip from the eaves and the subdued rattle of the rapids.

The first downward swing of Cupid's arm missed the floor by an inch, and Bill coughed slightly as if a chuckle had drawn inward an unexpected puff of smoke. Hitching further over the arm of the chair, Cupid raised his arm again—and kept it there.

Out of the darkness of the dripping night—soft as the rain and yet chill and deadly as the rattle of a sauger—came a voice.

"Don't move—you're covered."

Cupid didn't. Neither did Bill Ryan. Cupid, teetering slightly to keep his balance, hung awkwardly over the arm of his chair. Bill's cigar, a glowing spot in the darkness that surrounded him, faded motionless half way between his lap and his mouth.

The silence seemed more intense than ever, and the sauntering mist heavier as it veiled the owner of the voice. In the soft mud outside there sounded the squash of footsteps and the latch on the screen door clicked.

"Either of you two got a gun?" queried the voice.

"No," gasped Cupid.

"Not me," said Bill.

"Then get up slowly and walk inside," commanded the voice.

As Bill moved the ash dropped from his cigar, and a tiny rose blossomed suddenly in the darkness. Cupid sighed as he eased himself out of his unnatural position, and softly groaned as he got up. Both moved toward the doorway through which the light streamed in a solid golden bar.

"Slowly," came the word from the darkness.

Slowly they moved into the big room, lightly and softly as only big men can move. They heard the screen door close gently, and a footfall on the porch floor.

"Walk over to the table," sounded the voice, right behind them now.

Cautiously they moved to the center table.

"Turn around."

Slowly they turned towards the open door. He was a little man. In clothes far too big for him, pants puckered around his waist, and turned far up at the bottom, muddy, soaked, and unkempt, his right hand was steady enough with an ugly little automatic. His face was a pasty white, and his low brow, over his slits of eyes, was glistening with beads of moisture. Steadily he gazed at the two huge men facing him, their eyes wide open and their bodies tensed. Then he swayed slightly, lowered the gun, and said:

"Sit down, kewpies."

Cupid flushed, and subsided into the nearest chair. Bill Ryan raised his cigar to his mouth and puffed vigorously before he slid into a seat. The little man squashed across the room, hooked a chair with his foot, and slumped tiredly into it.

"What the hell is this dump—reducing parlor?" said the stranger.

Cupid opened his mouth—and closed it.

"Just a fishing club," said Bill.

"Where am I?" asked the stranger, addressing his question to Bill.

Flys to the Far North

Hal Kane Clements, who will be remembered for her Little Lady Vagabond series of stories that were published in Outdoor America, is leaving for an airplane journey into the far north of Canada for authentic material on this country which has yet, according to existing records, to be explored by a white woman. "The Little Lady Vagabond" will be the guest of the Royal Canadian and Provincial Air Forces of Canada.

"About ten miles from Pine Junction," and Bill kept his eyes steadily on the automatic.

"North or South?" snapped the little man.

"West," said Bill.

"Hell," and the little man brushed the moisture off his brow.

"Got any grub?" The eyes of the little man flickered to each of them.

Cupid closed his lips tighter. Bill looked at Cupid.

"I said, you sylphy sirens—got any grub?" and the voice grew harsh.

Cupid nodded toward the kitchen.

"In there," he said.

"Get it," snapped the little man.

Cupid rose.

"Wait," said the stranger, waving the automatic. "Both of you go in there ahead of me—and line up against the wall."

Slowly they both moved into the kitchen and stood stiffly against the wall near the pump. Closely behind them glided the little man, and threw open the wide door of the cupboard.

Recklessly the stranger pulled down food from the cupboard, and ravenously he ate with his left hand. Awkwardly Cupid and Bill stood against the wall—Cupid getting redder by degrees, and Bill chewing his dead cigar savagely.

From the top shelf the stranger took down a half filled crock of Cupid's famous baked beans—Cupid banked his reputation on his baked beans, and no small reputation it was either—grabbed a handful and shoved them into his mouth. He chewed for a moment, gulped and then spit them out on to the spotless floor. Cupid started forward.

"Ease back there," snapped the little man, and the automatic was steady again.

"Now back into the—ere—parlor," he commanded, stuffing his shirt front full of bread.

Into the big living room they moved, the two big men ahead, and the little man waving the automatic with almost playful gesture behind them. Savagely the two big men sat down.

"Now—you two Annette Kellermans—how do I get out of this God-forsaken country?" asked the little man.

Neither man answered.

"Listen you two big toads; you better brush up some information in a hurry around here, or I'll put some holes in those fronts of yours that'll ease the pressure a lot." This time the gun levelled steadily at Bill.

"Go down river," said Bill.

"And then?" The gun never moved.

"You can get a boat across."

The gun eased downward.

"You are learning—chubby boy," grinned the little man.

Bill's cigar moved up and down with his jaws; but his eyes, quizzical now, never left the little man's face. Cupid sat tense on the edge of his chair, watching Bill.

"Where's the boat?" asked the stranger.

"There ain't no boat," snapped Cupid.

Slowly the gun moved up again toward Bill's middle.

"You haven't tried to kid me—have you Skinny?" and the little man's grin was nasty to see.

"I know where there's a canoe," said Bill slowly, watching the man and not the gun.

"Never used one—but guess I'll have to." The little man glanced nervously through the open door. Then he rose quickly. Turning to the two men, his eyes narrowed to slits, and his lips thinned back so that his yellow teeth shone—

"Don't try anything. Don't make a bad move—or a fast one. I've got a nervous finger tonight." There was a soft click as he clipped off the safety catch on the automatic.

"We won't try anything," said Bill softly, and looked hard at Cupid.

"Go ahead then, you two porkers—and easy."

The little man picked up the lamp, and stood to one side as Cupid and Bill walked through the door and out on to the porch.

The drizzle had thickened to a definite mist, and a tiny breeze drove it in waving tendril like wraiths. Occasionally the breeze touched a heavy laden willow, and a patter of muffled reports like far away musketry sounded as the drops fell to the soaked ground.

Down the steps they moved, the little man holding the flickering lamp high with his left hand. They turned to the left and moved slowly up the winding path that leads up river. Just once, as they brushed heavily against the willows and the drops cluttered around them, Bill spoke.

They moved slowly toward the river.

"Don't start anything," he whispered over his shoulder.

Up past the jam pile they plodded, the two big men moving slowly and cautiously, aware of the death that lurked behind them. Closer and closer the little man tread on their heels. Squash—squash—their slow footsteps sounded in the soft path. Across the river a screech owl thrilled from a thick cedar. The flickering lamp etched and blurred grotesque shadows, now on the river slipping by them, now on the hillside, glistening with rivulets.

At the head of the Little Riffles, Bill paused.

"It's here," he said, pointing to a thick bunch of tag alders.

"Snake it out," snapped the little man.

Bill stooped, and as he did a rabbit jumped.

"Jes," yelped the little man. "What was that?"

"Wild cat, I guess," said Bill.

The little man shivered.

With a protest of splattering drops, Bill parted the alders, and dragged forth an old wooden dugout.

"God—call that a boat?"

"That's all there is for twenty miles," Bill spoke patiently.

"Twenty miles—How the hell far is it to—the end?"

"About eighty by river."

Overhead the wind struck a pine, and it sobbed, long and loudly, dying out in a plaintive whisper. The little man glanced up at it.

"How's the going?" he asked Bill.

"Lots of rapids," said Bill, and then gazing out to where the Little Riffles start, he asked quietly, "Can you swim?"

Right beside the little man the mischievous breeze shook a willow and passed on. The flying drops of water thumped on the sodden leaves. With an oath he whirled about, his gun thrust forward. As quickly he turned back, but Cupid and Bill were motionless.

"Ain't there no other way?"

"No safe way," said Bill. "And don't go ashore."

"Why not?"

"Rattle snakes," and Bill looked quickly about him. So did the little man.

Bill slid the dugout into the water, and the little waves he caused lapped hungrily against the gravel bank.

Overhead, just above the willows and alders, a great owl floated past with a soft swish.

"Chris," squealed the little man, glancing upward; "what was that?"

"Vulture," said Bill; "they hang around the river a lot."

Bill knelt beside the dugout.

"I'll hold it while you get in." Bill seemed to want to hurry the little man.

Carefully the little man set down the lamp, smoking slightly now, on an old stump.

"Don't touch that," he snarled at Cupid. "Keep damn well to the front," he snapped at Bill. He gripped his gun tighter, and stepped gingerly in. The dugout rolled dangerously.

"Damn you; hold it," and the gun thrust forward toward Bill.

"They're powerful tippy," said Bill apologetically.

Far off in the hills a hound bayed, long and mournfully. The little man stiffened.

"Dogs?" he whispered to Bill.

Bill shook his head. "Wolves."

Slowly the little man eased himself to the bottom of the dugout, both hands gripping the low sides, the gun still grasped in his right. Bill, strangely placid, knelt at the bow. Cupid, his mouth and eyes wide open, stood motionless watching Bill. The drifting mist swept in tiny curls around the lamp that dimmed, smoked, and then brightened again. Beyond the range of the yellow lamp glow the river loomed dark and mysterious, seeming to fade into the mist that pressed upon it. It sucked in tiny gulps around the stern of the dugout. Below them the sound of the rapids rose and ebbed with the breeze. In the swamp a sleepy bittern boomed once and was silent.

Suddenly, almost beside the tiny dugout, a huge trout rose with a smash, the glow of the lamp lighting up the startled water, and the sound of the splash breaking on the solemn undertone of the night like a gun shot.

Like a rabbit, caught by a ferret, the little man squealed.

"Chris, let me out of this," and he scrambled to his knees.

"Sure," said Bill, and softly as the mist his arm shot forward. "Sure," he grunted, as he grabbed the gun hand and the automatic dropped with a splash in the water. Another move and Bill lifted the struggling, cursing little man to the bank, and joyously smothered him. With a throaty laugh, Cupid came to life, and grabbed the little man's kicking legs. Solemnly they forced the stranger to the ground. There they held him.

"Kind of thought the old river'd break them nerves of his. Know him, don't you?" he asked Cupid—"Hayden, gunman—escaped up state couple days ago."

Cupid tilted his head to gaze down at the captive.

"He called us some nasty names, Cupid. What ought we to do with the runt?"

Cupid snorted. "First thing this 'ere squirt does is to go back and eat every damn one of them beans."

JUST A RIVER

HUNDREDS of letters from all parts of the country have come to the editorial office of OUTDOOR AMERICA, lauding this series of stories by my old pal "Turk" Matthews.

"Turk" is not a writer by profession but a lawyer, whose love for a river is aptly brought out in each of the yarns which are founded on fact. The characters are men who belong to that strange tribe known to the world as fly-fishermen and the setting is the old Pere Marquette River, in Michigan.

No one who has read these yarns can possibly doubt the potentialities of this old stream whose water is yet to be defiled by filth and whose leaping rainbow trout and swirling white water bring a thrill to the hearts of those who daily view a river covered with nauseating scum.

The beauties of the Pere Marquette defy adequate description—yet to destroy these beauties is not beyond the ambitions of those whose limited vision is handicapped by a money complex.

Just another of these "improvement" companies who want to dam the Pere Marquette and install hydro-electric power plants so that (and this is another old standard) "the people may derive some actual benefit from the natural resources of the state."

Just a little burlesque—a little mediocre comedy that has so often culminated in the total destruction of the property to be "improved" with no greater "benefit to the people" than that derived by those having a saving sense of humor who refused to contribute to the promotion of the scheme.

A cleverly worded prospectus, plentifully splattered with gold seals, has a certain lure. The artist who draws upon a fertile imagination to paint a beautiful word picture of the promoter's roseate hopes, does so at so much per word and often chuckles to himself as he bangs his typewriter, hammering in words that "pull."

It is certain that the people of Mason County are too intelligent to let any promoter destroy for all time an asset obviously so great as the old Pere Marquette.

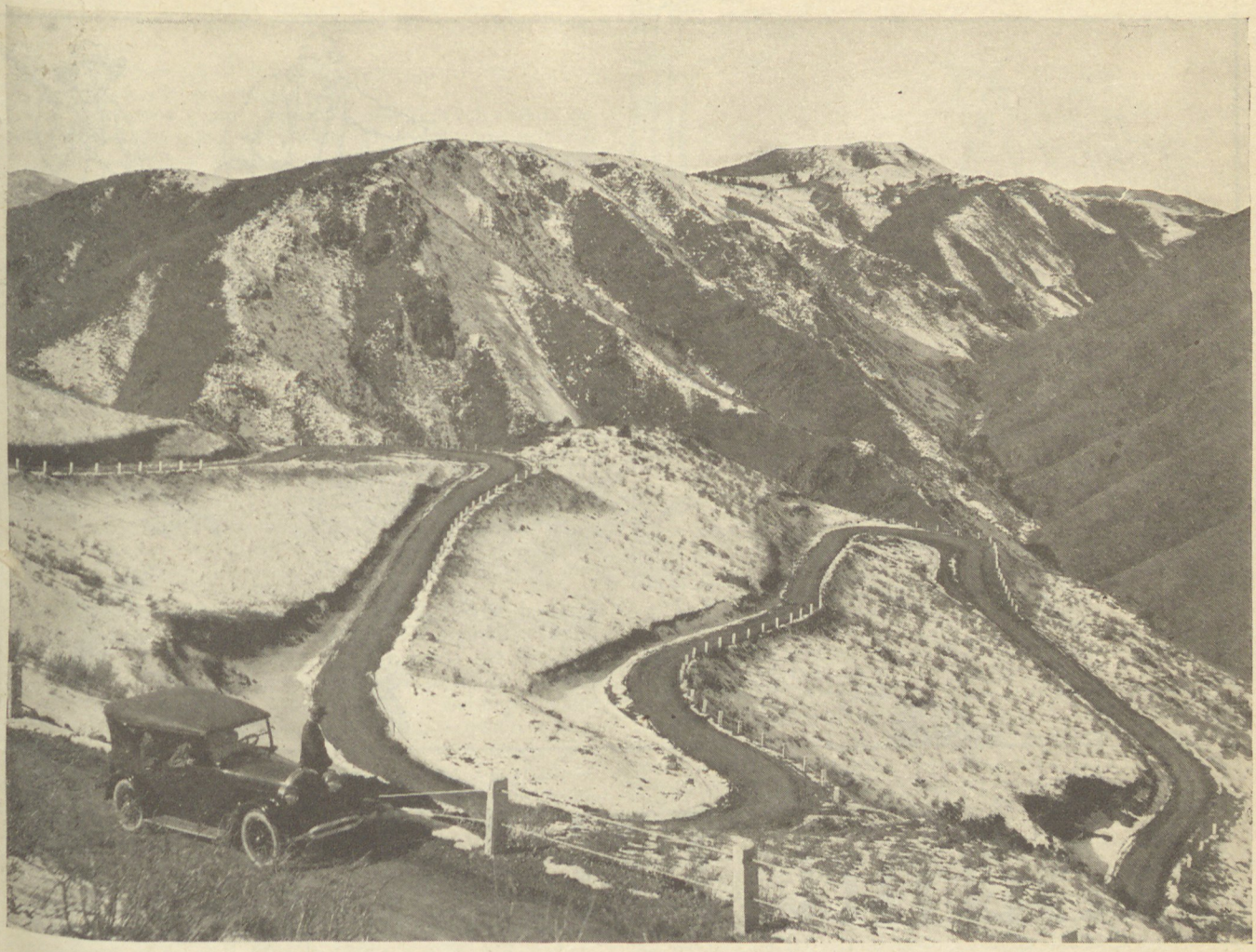
Surely they realize that trout streams are becoming as scarce as pre-war liquor. Surely these good people know that within a few short years Mason County will become the Mecca of trout fishermen and property values will increase a hundred-fold. Surely they must see the ever increasing horde of tourists who pour a stream of gold into the county, for food, clothing, housing and the other necessities of life.

These people will not come to Mason County if the thing they seek is destroyed. They will not travel hundreds of miles to enjoy the doubtful scenic beauties of a dry river bed or for the privilege of tracking down a few carp or pike. They will spend their money elsewhere if the Pere Marquette is ruined.

Then those who advocated the "improvements" look around for the "benefits" and find it was a myth. They suddenly discover that those (if any) who are being benefited are the ones financially interested in the promotion scheme.

They find that the only benefit the average man can derive from a power plant is electricity at so much per kilowatt. We have yet to hear of an altruistic power company donating its profits to those who are not stockholders. In a vast majority of cases, the stockholders who really count are not residents of the particular section in which the property is located. When this realization comes, the curtain descends on the farce and the hollow mockery of an empty theatre rings with activities of the stage hands removing the "props."

E. H. R.



Man Trails

There is something fascinating about a trail. One finds its enchantment overwhelming

By NEIL WAYNE NORTHEY

A *TRAIL* is a baby road. It is waiting for—sometimes inviting, at other times defying—the tread of civilization to broaden it into a highway. A trail differs from a road in that it has only one end. Its beginning is lost in well-worn boulevards.

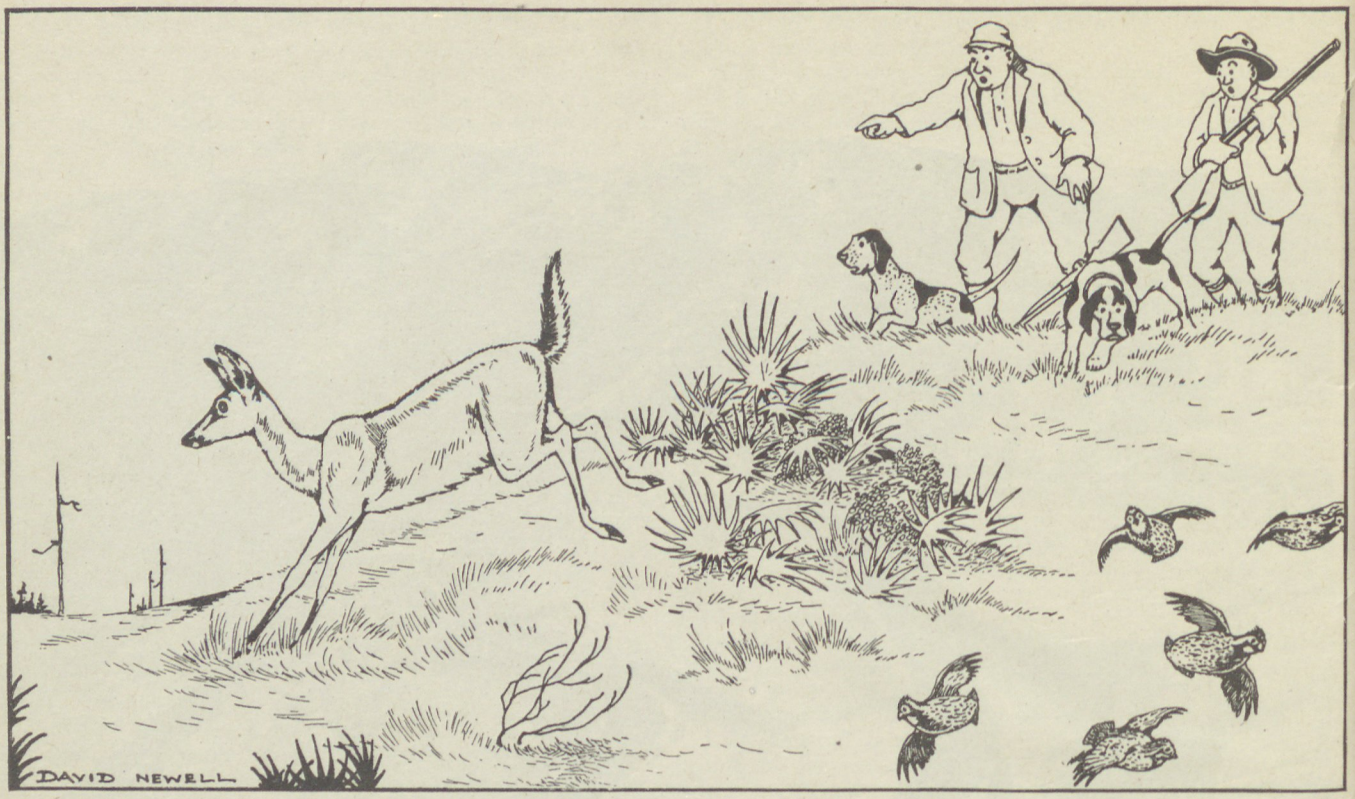
A boulevard is a mark of progress. From it runs the highway, which leads into a wagon road. The road in turn becomes a bridle-path, and the path, a trail. If we were to follow the trail, it would vanish into a single track, and at last we would probably find the ashes of a pioneer's last camp fire—the end of the trail. It marks the first sign of progress and the last outcrop of exploration. Columbus left a trail on paper only, but the ashes of his camp fire remained at the end as evidence to those who followed. Perry's trail was immediately drifted under arctic snow, but its end is marked by the flag of progress.

There is something fascinating—alluring—about a trail. Every time I see one my curiosity is aroused. I find myself wondering where it goes—how far—what it passes on the way—who first traveled it—what he was looking for—whether he found it—these and a hundred more questions invite the imagination to jump the bars, which seemingly confine it, and to wander in distant pastures. What was the urge which caused a pioneer to break that trail? Exploration—gold—the quest for fur? Perhaps he was following wounded game. Or it might be that he was searching for salt or water. Possibly he was lost. Probably it was the migratory instinct which caused him to seek new climes. Maybe he grew tired of the voice of the city—shrieking whistles, grinding wheels, heartworn men—and sought relief in solitude. Every thought suggests a story.

In some respects a trail has as many characteristics as life itself. It leads us upward or downward, depending upon which way we travel it. Occasionally it may be straight and we can see ahead in a limited way; usually it is crooked so that, like life, we are kept wondering what is just around the bend. Its course may be smooth at times, but likely there will be rocks and other obstacles to overcome. One moment it will be all sunshine; the next it will be passing through the shadows. It may be long, or it may be short; its end is somewhere in the future. Its existence may be obliterated by time, like the trail broken by Livingston through the jungles of Africa, but its effect lives on.

Every man shows what kind of being he is by the trail he leaves. To those who can read the signs, his back trail is as a diary of his life. By following a trail we can know the character of the man who made it. A crooked trail

(Continued on page 73)



Sand Hill Deer

A little frolic in the wilds of Florida by a man who knows the country

By DAVID M. NEWELL

Illustrations by the Author

IT is always a source of great interest to me to hunt new game—or to hunt familiar game in a new country. In years past my Florida deer hunting has been in the hammocks and marshes of the west coast, or in the scrubs and bayheads of the inland country. But reports were coming in of deer in the sand hills—plenty of deer—and the season was almost over!

"I believe we can get a deer or two, Dave, and then, too, there's a world of quail, and we can take the bird dogs," said Zeb, as we sat on the lawn and watched the antics of his three tame does in their little pen on the lake shore. "You stop and see Roland and we'll meet in Leesburg next Wednesday. 'Course I'd like to go down to Gulf Hammock where we'd have a shot at turkeys and ducks now and then, but I'd kinda like to try this sand hill proposition. I just believe old Jack there will put out some fine slow trailin' out on those hills, and we can kill a deer on the jump. Jack's slow and rheumatic, which is just what we want." Old Jack got up stiffly and walked over to us as if to say that it might be what we wanted, but not at all what *he* wanted!

"I'll bring Bob Walker for a runnin' dog," Zeb went on, "and Roland will probably bring Flash and Flo, both fast dogs that drive a deer like a house afire. We really ought to have horses when we turn the fast dogs loose, but we'll take our saddles, and maybe we can get a pony or two from some old cracker over in the hills. I wish we could take our own horses, but it's too far to ride. Tell Roland to bring a bird dog or two, and I'll do the same. Then we'll be fixed. And tell him not to bring over two or three men with him. I'm bringin' St. Claire Hills with me. You'll make three, and if Roland brings Doc and Ray, we'll have about enough. I'm tired of big crowds."

We missed Zeb in Leesburg Wednesday, and while we waited we got a lot of fun out of listening to our darky cook. He was an old fellow named Epps, a standby of Roland's on such trips, and he was engaged in conversation with Jeff, a darky who had cooked for us on a recent trip to Gulf Hammock.

"Wha' yo' all goin' dis time," said Jeff, "to de Hammock?"

"Naw," answered Epps, "we gwine over to Citrus county some'eres, in de san' hills."

"You ever been to Gulf Hammock?" inquired Jeff importantly.

"Naw," admitted Epps, "but I done been up to de big scrub wid 'em. Dat's a big ol' place. What about de Hammock? Is it a big place?"

"Big?" grunted Jeff; "Man, what you talkin' 'bout! It's jes' hammock an' hammock an' more hammock! An' every time you say hammock, it's hammock right on! An' dey's some kind o' deers in dat place. One run all about de camp, but I didn't have no gun."

Here was Epps' chance to regain his prestige!

"Huh," said he, "*I* killed a ol' buck in de scrub!"

"You?" from Jeff, in awe.

"Dat's who. He swum a lake right at de camp, an' I taken Mr. Roland's gun and chilled de scoun'el's blood!

Dey was two dogs runnin' him, an' de men dat owned de dogs come an' got de deer—didn't leave no meat in de camp neither."

"How come you didn't make 'em leave some meat?" asked Jeff, *"I'd* sho made 'em leave some."

"Yeh?" retorted Epps, scornfully. "Which you reckon my white folks would rather have foun' when dey come to camp —a little ol' chunk o' vemison or a dead nigger? So I tol' de gentlemen dat owned dem dogs to take de deer an' welcome!"

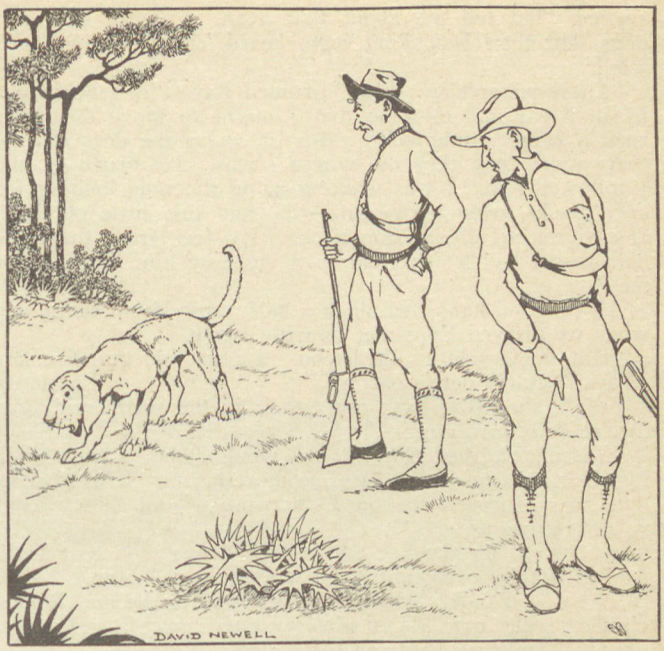
At this juncture Zeb arrived, and we set sail for the sand hills. It was late afternoon when we finally completed arrangements with one of the local hunters to camp at his place where there was a good well—for water is scarce in the hills—and while some of us rustled wood and unloaded the grub, Zeb and Doc went out to get some birds for supper. It might be well, right here, to give a few facts about this man, Doc. Unless a chap knows a little about Doc, he cannot be fully prepared for what Doc may do. And Doc is liable to do *anything!* For instance, he drowned a big buck one time up in the scrub. Oh, yes he did, drowned him thoroughly until he was dead. The buck was swimming a lake ahead of Barney Dillard's dogs when Doc saw him. At the second shot, the buck lashed the water, hit in the head. Doc threw down his rifle and waded in.

"Look out, Doc," shouted Roland, who witnessed the whole thing, "that deer's not hurt bad!"

But Doc had smelled blood, and when he got to the buck he grabbed it by the horns. That was all right until they got into shallow water where the deer could get his feet on the bottom. Then business began to pick up! When Doc saw that the old buck was about to get the best of him he reached for his hunting knife. By this time the action was fast and furious, and the deer had broken Doc's hold and was taking the offensive. Doc sized up the situation and saw that he was liable to get hurt if he didn't do something *quick.* Away went his knife, as far out on the bank as he could throw it, and he grabbed the deer by the horns again—with both hands—and started for deep water. Eventually the old buck died from lack of the proper amount of oxygen, drowned, by George, fair and square!

Of course, I realize that it is against the law to drown deer in most states, but Florida being a wild and barbarous country still permits it—along with catch-as-catch-can matches with she bears, choking diamond back rattlesnakes, and hand to hand struggles with real estate salesmen. However, we all hope that a better day is coming, and I trust no one will refuse to go on this sand hill hunt that I started to tell about just because one of the crowd drowned a deer!

Away he went.



Old Jack began to lie to us shamelessly.

After a hot supper we climbed into our blankets and listened to Zeb hold forth.

"Boys," said he, "them birds shore was good. I'm powerful glad we'll have all of *them* we want anyway, if we don't get any venison. I don't think much of this country for deer huntin'. If we see a deer track we'll be lucky. I was down here three years ago, and we hunted a week and only jumped two little old yearlin's. The old cracker I was with hollered—

"'Thar they go! Why don't you shoot 'em?' I told him I didn't want to kill his deer—leave 'em for seed and maybe there'd be some deer huntin' in the hills some day. The old feller shore was mad—said there was plenty of deer, but we just hadn't struck 'em. I reckon that'll be just about how it'll be on this hunt—although them two yearlin's might have raised since then. I . . ."

We went to sleep with Zeb still talking, knowing that he didn't mean a word of it.

Thursday morning Ray and Zeb took the dogs, and the rest of us went out to our stands in our cars. Ray stopped near the old Jim Williams' water hole, and I drove on to the crest of a long hill, which I had been assured was a favorite crossing place for deer. Doc and Hills went on a mile or two toward what is known as the "Rocky Good Lands."

A cool wind blew out of the northwest. By eleven o'clock I was seriously contemplating going to camp, as I had heard nothing whatever of our dogs, nor anybody else's for that matter. A brief walk in the vicinity of my stand had revealed that Zeb's two yearlings had been doing well, for a fine buck had crossed the road, as well as two good sized does and a yearling. I was on my way to the car when I heard the crack of Ray's Remington just over the hill. After two or three minutes he shot again. Owing to the long interval between shots I decided that Ray was signalling me, having gotten cold and disgusted—as I had gotten. I got into the car and was just about to step on the starter when I heard a Ford rumbling up the hill. As it drew closer I beheld Ray standing on the running board, a wide grin on his face, and considerable blood smeared over him generally.

"Well, we've got meat, Dave, let's go to camp. Much obliged for the ride, brother." This to the driver of the Ford.

"I don't know whether to let you get into my car looking like a doggone butcher or not," I said. "Is there any blood left in the deer?"

"Oh, shut up," growled Ray. "You're just sore because you didn't get a shot. I had to dress that deer with a pen knife—left my huntin' knife at camp thinkin' I wouldn't need it after what Zeb said last night."

"Well, we'll have the laugh on old Zeb anyway," I

replied, "but tell me about that deer. I didn't hear any dogs, but then I couldn't have heard 'em anyway in this wind."

"There weren't any dogs," grunted Ray. "A fellow came by in a car and told me that I ought to move down the road a couple of hundred yards or so, as the deer crossed there more than they did where I was. He drove on and I followed him. I was walking along the road looking for deer tracks, when,—rip—rip—rip—and this little old buck dashed out of a pine top about fifty feet from the road. The rascal had let that car pass right by him, waiting for me!"

All this had happened about a half a mile from camp, and when we arrived Epps met us with a grin.

"Hot dog! Here's de bacon. I heerd de gun fire, an' I says, 'Oh, oh, dere's bacon!' "

"Well, slice that liver and get it in the pan," said Ray, "we're goin' bird huntin'."

"Yassuh," agreed Epps, "an' I wouldn't be surprised ef'n Mr. Zeb an' dem brung in some more bacon. I heerd some guns way over yon'er soon dis mawnin'—'bout a hour after yo'all left camp."

As we sat by the fire and munched away on that liver, we heard Zeb's car coming, and shortly he pulled in.

"What you fellers eatin'?" he bellowed, as he and Roland climbed stiffly out. "You ain't by any chance a-eatin' deer liver?" And then he dived for a plate.

"Me'n Roland shot one down, but the scoun'el got away," he announced, between mouthfuls. "Flash an' Bob Walker was runnin' him, an', just after we shot, a couple of strange dogs fell into the race. Wouldn't surprise me if the fellers who own them dogs don't kill that deer this evenin'—he's hurt bad. I'll drive around to some of the camps after dinner and see."

Hills and Doc came in just in time to rescue a small amount of liver, and after we had all eaten, Ray yawned and said, "Hills, you go bird huntin' with Dave. I'm too full of liver right now to stir away from this fire."

"All right," grunted Hills, "I'd be too, if I'd gotten here thirty minutes sooner—darn your greedy hide."

We found a large covey just over the hill from camp and went to work on them. In looking for the singles we blundered into another covey, and the next hour and a half was a repetition of "Whoa, Judy, Steady, Nell—bang, bang, bang-bangbang, bang—dead, Nellie girl, fetch—bang—shot under him—there goes one—good shot—right there beside that clump of palmettoes."

Toward late afternoon, as we worked up a long hill, I heard a long and loud laugh come floating across the bottom. There is only one man in the world who can laugh all over a township, and I looked inquiringly at Hills.

"I guess old Zeb has come back, and is outbombarding the birds himself," said he. "Wonder what's ticklin' him so?"

We worked in the general direction of the laugh, and shortly began to hear shooting—lots of it.

"It's Zeb all right," laughed Hills, "nobody else can shoot that fast."

Just then Judy froze on a covey right at our feet, and we forgot about Zeb. The birds flew right, however, and soon we were within calling distance of Zeb, who, with Doc, was working on some scattered singles near where our birds had put down.

"Ho, ho, ho," roared Zeb, "when you fellers get done with them birds come here and listen to somethin' plumb funny."

When we reached him, Zeb was sitting on a pine log, still chuckling, while Doc blundered around in the weeds looking for a crippled bird. Our cracker host stood behind Zeb with a rather shamefaced expression on his face.

"Well, what was it?" asked Hills and I in a breath.

"A deer," gasped Zeb, "a doggone little ol' yearlin'—one o' the same ones I saw here three years ago, I reckon. We was a-workin' up that hill yonder when the dogs made as pretty a point as you ever saw, in a clump of palmettoes. I had been carryin' my rifle strapped on my back up to then, figurin' that a deer might git up any time, but when I seen them dogs freeze I forgot all about deer. I handed my rifle to our friend here, and says, 'All right, Doc, here they are. Let's get into 'em.' 'We walked up an', by Granny, this little ol' yearlin' bounced out one side and a covey of birds on the other side. 'Hey,' I hollered, 'gimme that rifle!' An' this feller here just stood there with his mouth wide open. It's a wonder one of them quail didn't fly into it! I told you these fellers down here wasn't used to seein' deer!" And Zeb went into another paroxysm.

"I thought—" began the holder of the rifle.

"Shucks," said Zeb, "you didn't think *nothin'*. I saw a feller think once, and he didn't look a bit like you looked then!" And then we all laughed.

We had broiled quail and venison stew that night, along with some French fried a la Epps, and after supper we sat around and ate oranges. Epps washed the dishes, and told us about camp life from the cook's standpoint.

"Some o' dem high yalla boys from aroun' home is always askin' an' wantin' to go on one o' dese trips," said he, "an' dey always wants to know *(Continued on page 46)*

So Doc just drowned him.

Hike!

Walking is the cheapest exercise in the world. The author worked in a mine during the week and spent his Saturday evening and Sunday hiking

By NED NETTIRE

WESTON in an interview, after completing his record-breaking walk across the continent when 70 years old, told a reporter that the American people were forgetting how to walk. The trouble was, that walking was too cheap, and if people had to pay for the privilege they would be crazy about it.

That remark contains a lot of sound sense, for walking is a valuable exercise for the development of health and endurance. The best thing about it is that any one, who is not crippled or bed-ridden, can do it.

I have always been fond of walking and not long ago while making my living as a miner in one of Arizona's mining towns, I made a practice of spending Sundays and holidays taking long walking trips. The average mining town has few attractions as a place to loaf.

In the mine I had to labor in a superheated atmosphere. The work was strenuous and I had to spend my leisure hours in the way best adapted to maintaining my vitality. Every month the *long change* from day shift to night shift was made. We got off work at 3:30 o'clock on Saturday and did not return until Monday at 5 P. M. Thus we had forty-nine and one-half hours rest.

I had as room-mate a young Englishman. He was a fine, intelligent, loyal lad and as the English are noted for being great walkers, he readily fell in with my ideas in respect to spending these holidays in taking walking trips to different points in the surrounding country.

He left the planning of these trips to me. So, being very much interested in the possibilities for health and adventure, I tried to foresee every difficulty in advance and made my arrangements carefully. My pal was a good soldier and always accepted my plans without argument.

In a walking trip like anything else, good plans are half the battle. Most of our trips were to the Smelter City, about 25 miles to the east, though sometimes we would go to Tombstone, the historical mining camp 28 miles to the north. The walk was the main thing and it didn't make so much difference where we went, though it was a good thing to have an objective point.

A few days before the great day arrived we would see that our suitcases were packed with our Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. (The gentle reader raises his eyebrows and turns up his nose. "A fine way to hike," I hear him say, "attired for dress parade." But not so fast, please.) We would also put in our shaving tackle, brushes, shoe polish and everything needed to dress. Then I would ship these suitcases by stage to Douglas, the Smelter town, so that we would find them there when we arrived on foot. Then we would count the hours until we were free to start. We did not try to spare ourselves during the 8 hours work on Saturday, nor did we look forward with any feeling of dread to starting on a long hike after our exhausting day's work in the mine—that is, not after the first trip. A change of occupation is the best rest.

When 3:30 finally came around, and we were hoisted to the surface through the shaft, sweating and grimy, with other miners on the cage, we felt like school boys let loose.

© Marjorie Kellberg

"To know a book you must think through it, and to know a country you must walk through it." —Huxley.

As we removed our digging clothes, stood under the shower bath in the change room, and afterwards donned our clean garments, our thoughts were pleasurably active.

Physically we were tired, that is, one set of muscles were very tired, but mentally we were keen and optimistic. Arriving home, we put on our hiking togs—stout, thick-soled, yet comfortable shoes, flannel shirts and slouch hats. Leather puttees, a camera and a pair of field glasses added a touch of distinction and our hands grasped stout walking sticks. In addition, we would take a blanket apiece, in a long roll with ends tied together with string, and carried traverse, top resting on our right shoulder, crossing the body to our left side.

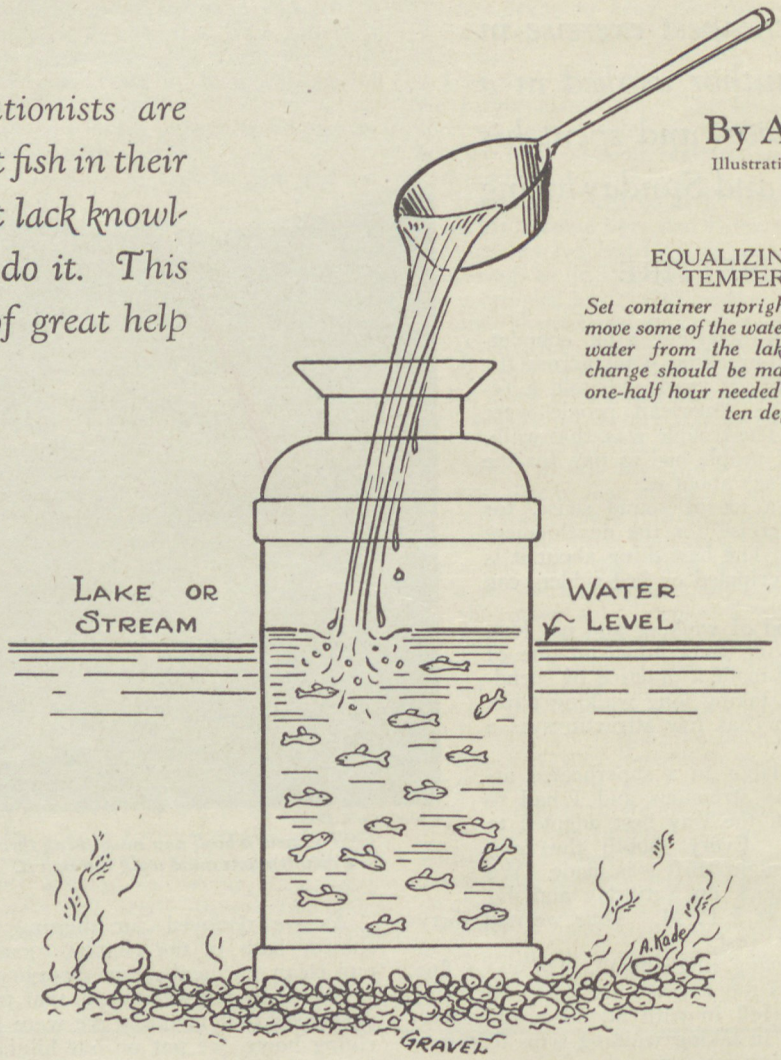
For food we would take two loaves of whole wheat bread, a pound of cheese and maybe some cans of sardines or salmon, salt, sugar, coffee and a small coffee pot, tied to my belt, for camping out one night was part of our delectable program. On our way through town we would stop at the restaurant and eat a light supper.

It would be twilight when we left the noisy town and stepped out on the vast, silent plain. By this time we would be feeling much better mentally and physically and, strange to say, not nearly so tired as when we left the mine. We were buoyed up by the feeling of adventure and actually felt refreshed—though at the time that we had finished our shift at the mine we would frequently feel physically "all in." Ah, those walks and talks! I shall never forget them. They stand out in golden retrospect on memory's page as among the most interesting and beneficial things in my life. For stretches we would walk along in silent companionship. Sometimes we would converse about different things in our lives and about people we knew. Walking is a great aid to sincerity and frankness. We would have no certain distance to make that night. Sometimes we would walk ten, sometimes fifteen miles. When we felt like it we would camp, build a fire, eat a bite, spread our blankets on the ground, and while sensing that *(Continued on page 48)*

Planting Fry and Fingerlings

Many conservationists are anxious to plant fish in their local waters, but lack knowledge of how to do it. This article will be of great help

By ART KADE
Illustrations by the Author



EQUALIZING WATER TEMPERATURE

Set container upright in water and remove some of the water and pour in slowly water from the lake or stream. The change should be made gradually, about one-half hour needed to effect a change of ten degrees.

FRY and fingerlings are available for stocking in public waters from the state fish commissions and the United States Bureau of Fisheries. Application must be made on blanks provided for that purpose and a thorough description of the waters to be stocked must be given according to the questions on the blanks. This is done in order that the proper species of fish will be stocked in waters most suited thereto.

The cost of hatching the fry and reclaiming young fish is quite a good sum, therefore stocking of waters should be done with considerable care and in waters best suited to the species planted and with the least possible loss of fish life.

PLANTING

When notified that the fish are about to arrive all arrangements should be made beforehand so that ample transportation and help will be there to meet them.

When the cans of fry or fingerlings arrive they should be taken *immediately* to the lakes or streams in which they are to be planted, with the least possible loss of time.

The cans of young fish should be kept cool and shaded during transit. In hot weather it is well to place a few small pieces of ice in the can to keep the water cool. Sometimes pieces of ice are placed on the cover of the can permitting the melted ice water to drip down into the can.

The water in the cans should be kept well aerated during transit as the young fish require oxygen to live. This can be accomplished by stirring the water occasionally or spilling a few dippers of water therein.

The young fish have been well cared for up to the time they arrive and it is now up to you to take care of them properly during transit and planting.

Upon arrival at the lake or stream, select a shallow place to plant the fish in which the fish can immediately find cover to protect himself from his natural enemies.

In *Lake* planting select a shallow place near weed beds and stony or gravelly bottoms, so the fish may enter these weed beds or swim under the stones. Do not plant the fish in places inhabited by turtles, frogs, water snakes, pike, pickerel or other enemies.

In *Stream* planting do not plant the fish in the main stream, but rather in the small spring-fed feeders or creeks where there is plenty of cover or brush and, if possible, water-cress or other weed beds. Do not plant them in creeks or feeders which may dry up at any time of the year. Do not plant them where the current is so strong it will wash the young fish away. Do not plant them in large deep spring holes where larger fish live. They can be planted in the shallow outlets from these spring holes. If cress beds or other weed beds are not available it is sometimes well to tie together bundles of branches and brush with wire and sink them in the lake or stream. The young fish can be planted nearby and will enter these covers where the larger fish cannot enter. Do not plant stream fish where such enemies as turtles, water snakes, sculpins (sometimes called water lizards or miller's thumb) or any larger voracious fish or natural enemies can devour them.

On arrival at the stream where the fish are to be planted, the temperature of the water in the can or container should be brought to that of the water in the lake or stream. This can be done by removing some of the water from the container and replacing it with water from the lake or stream. The change should be made gradually, about one-half hour being consumed in effecting a change of 10 degrees. It is important that the water be gradually changed to the same temperature, as the shock of sudden change would kill the young fish.

When the water in the can is the same temperature the can should be tipped over onto its side with the mouth of the can partially submerged so a small amount of air can enter through the mouth. If the can is left this way for a short while the fish will swim out of their own accord and will seek shelter and food. Place the mouth of the can near some weed bed or other cover for the young fish to swim into.

Under no conditions should the cans of fish be poured into the lake or stream with the mouth of the can above the

surface of the water such as from a boat, a pier, a bridge or the bank. This sudden shock of striking the water would kill the young fish almost immediately.

Do not plant spiny-finned fish in the same waters in which soft finned fish exist, nor soft finned fish in the same waters in which spiny-finned fish exist. Do not plant soft finned fish in waters where voracious fish such as pike, pickerel or wall-eyes exist.

Immediately after through planting your fish *return the cans* to the hatcheries as instructed. They are needed that other fish might be shipped. Do not delay others or the hatcheries.

HABITATS

This part of this article on fish planting is given that the proper fish might be planted in the waters most suited for them and where the fish will thrive and reproduce best.

Speckled Brook Trout (Salvelinus fontinalis)

This fish is a member of the charr family. He should be planted in streams which are clear, cool and spring fed, and not too sluggish. The temperature should not become warmer than 60 or 65 degrees Fahrenheit, although at the latter he would not thrive or reproduce as well. The water should be well aerated by currents, riffles and small waterfalls. He prefers the smaller, fast running streams with overhanging banks and plenty of well shaded cover, gravel and sandy bottoms. He will avoid the deep, warm, muddy or clay bottom streams. He is voracious and even cannibalistic, at times devouring his own kind.

Plant only the shallow spring-fed feeders having plenty cover and shade and cress or brush or weed beds in which they may shelter and feed.

Rainbow Trout (Salmo shasta or Salmo irideus)

He will endure slightly warmer water than the speckled trout but will not do well in waters warmer than 70 degrees. He also prefers the fast running streams with clear, cool, well aerated water and plenty of shade and cover. He is not as voracious as the speckled trout and does not feed as much on young fish but depends more on worms, larvae, crustaceans and more adult insect life. He does not feed often on young trout but will eat minnows and chubs.

Plant only the small spring fed feeders and creeks having plenty shade and cover, brush, cress and weed beds in which they may find shelter and food.

Brown Trout (Salmo fario)

He is the hardiest of these three species of trout and is the best able to cope with the advance of civilization. He is the Brown Trout of Europe and the speckled trout of England. While he prefers the cool water yet he will exist even though the water become as warm as 73 or 75 degrees, but he will not thrive as well as when the waters are cooler. While he also prefers the fast well aerated waters which the speckled and rainbow inhabit yet he is able to endure the quieter and more sluggish streams as long as they are cool and clean enough and contain enough oxygen. He, like the speckled trout, is also voracious and at times will resort to cannibalism. His food consists of about the same as the rainbow but with a still higher percentage of adult insects. He grows more rapidly and attains a greater size than the speckled or rainbow trout.

Plant only the spring fed feeders having plenty shade and cover and brush, with cress or other weed beds in which they may find shelter and food.

Small-Mouth Black Bass (Micropterus dolomieu)

He is adapted to both lakes and streams, but in lakes he prefers those with clear, cool waters having stony, rocky, gravel and sandy bottoms with occasional weed beds. He cannot endure as warm or sluggish waters as the large-mouth bass. He is a spiny-finned fish and feeds on minnows, frogs, crawfish, worms, larvae, crustaceans and adult insects.

Plant only the shallow parts of lakes or feeders of the streams having gravel, stony or sandy bottoms in the vicinity of gravel or stony spots and weed beds, the water to be fairly cool and clean.

Large Mouth Black Bass (Micropterus salmoides)

He prefers the warmer and more sluggish streams and lakes than the small-mouth bass with plenty of weed beds and lily pads near the shore. He is adapted to most of our lakes. He feeds about the same *(Continued on page 48)*

HARMONY

STUART FALCONER FORBES

Broad meadows sweep beneath my feet
And gently curve and rise
In waves that freeze in jagged peaks
That pierce the charming skies.

The banks of snow-white blossoms here
Glow, fragrant every one,
Like melting mists from curling foam
That glisten in the sun;

And on and on and always on
In endless reverie,
The shadows drift and steal away
Beyond the ridge I see;

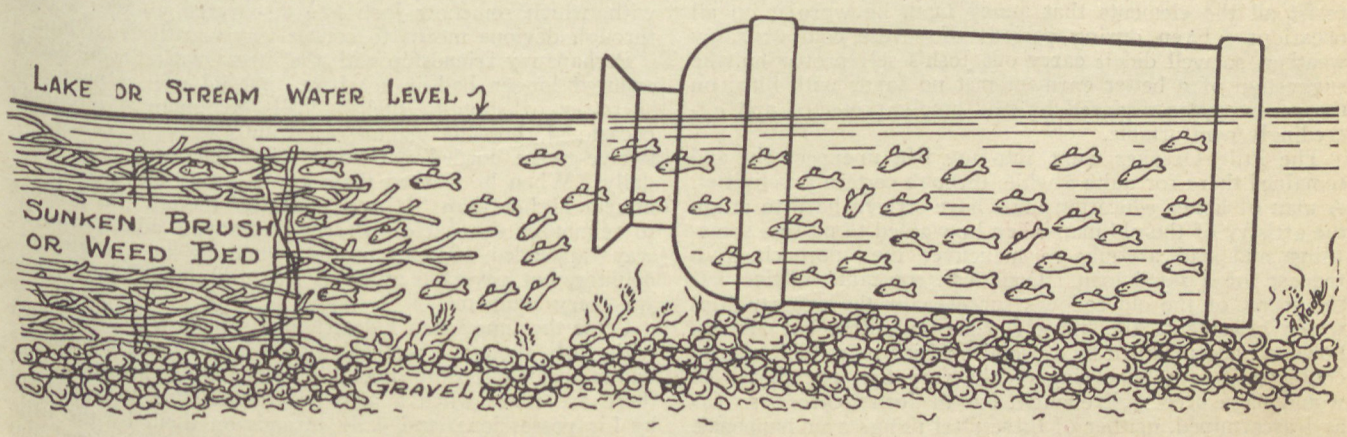
And ever in my dreams I hear
The cadence low and sweet,
Of wind-mermaids who play their harps
When by some chance they meet.

Far out across the velvet haze
The phantom ships pass by
A-voyaging with fairy crews
That signal from the sky.

The sails that dot the ocean's breast
Fade slowly from my view
As spirit souls might slip away
That once were near to you.

The sun and moon and stars smile down
In most approving way
For Peace rules in my mountain vale
Through all the night and day.

No land that I have seen before
Is quite so fair to me
As this—where earth and sea and sky
Are all in harmony.



LIBERATING THE YOUNG FISH. *The container should be turned over on its side with the mouth near sunken brush or weed beds. The fish will swim out of their own accord and seek cover. Do not pour them out.*

The Ridding of Josh

Josh was a fixture—a barnacle on the side of progress. He borrowed shells until Ozark helped him out with some real ones.

By OZARK RIPLEY

THIS may well be named a story of repetition, because I have told it before, as well as the tale of the outcome of economical motives.

Economy, at the time, was a glaring necessity. But I regarded Josh as a necessity mingled considerably with the characteristics of a pest. When he was around all my ideas toward saving enough for carrying out my living schemes in order to meet half way his importunities were wrecked.

I stood Josh for a long time. And now that the little, rat-faced, irresponsible Ozarker is no more, I feel myself longing for him and his companionship, actually craving for a sight of the slight figure which carried with it great strength and unbelievable powers of endurance. The outward view of that irrepressible and unreliable old man was not altogether prepossessing. His long straggling gray hair invariably pierced the crown of his tattered black hat, and, like a witch's wraith, cascaded to his shoulders. No other covering was he ever known to wear than brown denim overalls so plentifully patched that they defied further additions. A faded blue shirt of unknown material completed his sartorial arrangements, yet it was an object of considerable value to him because the grime of continuous use had saturated it to the extent that it was both wind-resistant and waterproof and, on account of its ability to resist all the elements that annoy man, he wore it on all occasions. Even during periods of severe cold or rainy weather, so well did it carry out Josh's self protection, the suggestion of a better garment met no favor with him; on the contrary, he declared he was amply protected and exceedingly comfortable.

Josh and Ozark at the cabin, with Ozark holding one of his prize setters.

The little Ozarker came into my life unexpectedly and remained there for quite a while through certain proclivities. A man of better education must have striven hard to attain the artistry of the old man when he wanted to possess something and had artfully to maneuver the approach to a request for a small loan. Doubtless, constant practice was the secret of the old fellow's success, for the opportunities which he erected for himself were unlimited, but always, however, accompanied by a promise which no gullible mortal could resist of reimbursing on the very first pay day. All would have been well enough, but in Josh's career, so far as I ascertained, neither of these vital things ever happened.

Life in the wilderness and the sense of loneliness which creeps stealthily therein develops a fondness for strange companions. I appreciated the companionship of Josh, and, too, other traits in his composition. When he wanted to, he could do more work, and faster, than any mortal I have ever seen. And he believed, or, at least appeared to believe, every hunting and fishing story I told. I could in those days fancy some marvelous ones, and yet Josh never blinked an eye when I related them; instead, so enraptured did he seem that I continued fabricating them until late hours when the big hickory logs in the fireplace succumbed to an insignificant, pale lambency.

According to the Ozarker's size of pecuniary requests he established my relationship to him. He was always in haste when voicing his needs and wants. Never did I once hear him ask for money in a leisurely fashion. Ordinarily, he affably called me "Mister Johnnie." When he felt the need of twenty-five cents, he addressed me as "Cousin Johnnie." Fifty cents always elevated me in his mental kinship to the extent of "Uncle Johnnie."

There was never an intermediate gradation between fifty cents and a dollar. What mortal could resist an importunity for money until next pay day when it was so well veiled with the sudden appending of the title "Grandpaw" to a man some forty years his junior? All other bestowals often failed, but when the dominating scale was reached invariably I succumbed when I had the wherewith, which somehow Josh had discovered, though I tried through devious means to conceal my wealth from him.

Perhaps my friendship with the little Ozarker would have endured longer had it not been that he was a persistent borrower of shotgun shells. Calls for money were only occasional, but his clamor for "hulls"—as he called my twelve-gauge loaded cartridges—was continual, at times daily. When he wanted them I was never elevated in his esteem higher than "Mister Johnnie," though the promise to reimburse on that evanescent pay day, I admit, was always appended. Money means something in a wilderness country, but never so much as shotgun shells where game was very abundant.

Came the time when I determined somehow I would part with Josh, though I realized that I would greatly miss his quaint companionship and his outstanding loyalty. But there are times when a man has to measure such matters by his possessions, and daily inroads on them by the little man had come to the breaking point. Refusals deterred him none; rather it seemed made him but more artful and per-

sistent. I could hardly keep up with his calls for "hulls" and the cowardly thought often asserted itself in my cogitations that a glorious feeling would ensue if some accident happened to Josh which would incapacitate him in some manner—and such hopes had reasonable basis for their foundation.

"The longest and the heaviest!" Josh declared emphatically when he was buying a shotgun two years before my decision to part with him formed itself. "Back a letter"—he meant address—"and order that one." His dirty finger rested on the page of a Chicago firm's catalog where a wonderful hammer shotgun was described; his eyes were literally rooted on the announcement that it was a ten-gauge, of Belgian manufacture, and would stand the racket of modern nitro "powder."

"Hammers, that's what I wants," he voiced his disparagement of hammerless guns, "I wouldn't have one uv them Manleys. The bigger the hammer, the better they air."

Josh was short only one dollar of sufficient money to purchase his heart's desire. It was quickly forthcoming, however, when the potent "Grandpaw" was attached to me. A little later the marvel gun arrived, as well as added trouble from the Ozarker's habit of borrowing. He discovered that his exotic of pot metal, though of ten gauge, would handle twelve gauge shells. The possibility of poignant dynamic results of an undesirable character never entered his mind. His one thought was for hunting, and how often in one week he could lead me into lending shells, though the inevitable promise of returning them on that pay day of his which was always concealing itself in the remote future.

But that gun gave me a cowardly hope. Actually, Josh's desire was so insatiable that against all fair principles of sportsmanship many a night I went to bed in a happy frame of mind after I had visualized the possibilities of some superior force in the shells I lent him exploding and ultimately wrecking his desire to use me as a borrowing medium for a long time. But the gun held up, and so did the old man's outstanding propensity.

A little punishment all at once happened to me from a necessary desire to economize. The most expensive part of my outdoor life was in continually providing myself with shotgun shells. It was hard enough to assure my own supply, without that of the unappreciative native. One day I learned of a new concern which was selling direct to sportsmen reloaded shotgun shells at a remarkably low price. They gathered the empties at trap shoots and loaded them with a very new and powerful powder. The price was what most attracted me. Right off, when I learned what it was, I sent for five cases, and not long after they were in my hands.

In all things the initiate proceedings in sportsmanship, from guns to dogs, are a tryout. I could hardly wait to experiment with the cheap new arrivals. If they were what they were advertised to be, they meant a new vista of sport whereby I could keep myself perpetually supplied with ammunition. Next to permanent lodgment in heaven, I could fancy no greater happiness, for then I could even supply Josh.

Filling my pockets with the newcomers forthwith I went into one of the big fields not far from my cabin. Right away I loaded my gun, and, with great anticipation, too, for an old dog of mine was pointing staunchly in a little patch of ragweed close to the corn. I hurried to him. He was always infallible. So I was sure he had a bevy of quails. But those birds became restless and the wily fourlegged companion swung quickly into the corn and stopped them effectively against wind.

Just as I approached, the birds flushed. I raised my gun quickly, then fired. The entire American Continent seemed suddenly to make a forceful uplift and pound viciously at my jaw and shoulders simultaneously. Also, I sat down on the hard ground without invitation. When things cleared up, my jaw pained me badly. Blood was on my hand when I rubbed it. Such terrific upheaval within my right gun barrel had caused it to disport itself in a vicious manner.

When terrestrial affairs again appeared normal, I tried to open my gun. The cross bolt was fast, but yielded after a while to my incessant tapping. I thought much about the whole affair and reconciled myself to the possible fact that I had come across an extra-heavily loaded shell by chance and thus I had suffered. I did *(Continued on page 49)*

Long 'bout the openin' o' the season.

Where Salmon Leap

Four Musketeers make their annual pilgrimage to New Brunswick after the famous salmon fishing of that region

By L. G. BRADFORD

Photographs by Fred N. Peet

I *KNEW* I was to be with expert fishermen from the moment I accepted Dr. E. R. Zimmerman's invitation to be one of Fred Peet's party, on his annual salmon fishing trip down the Caines River, New Brunswick, Canada.

Harry Faxon of Chicago, a fine fly caster, Dr. Zimmerman of Elkhart and I were Fred's companions. We arrived at Fredericton, N. B., on Thursday, May 20th. Here we donned our fishing clothes, leaving our traveling clothes at the hotel.

The thing that was bothering me up to this time was how in the world would I, who had never cast a fly, land even a fifteen-pound salmon, after I had once hooked him. We were to use five and one-half ounce, nine-foot, split bamboo rods, and fifteen or twenty pounds on the line was unbelievable to me. Fred and Doc, experienced in salmon catching, were confident, but I was not so sure of my ability.

Fred Peet, Dr. Zimmerman, Harry Faxon, and the Author.

Harry Allen and his crew of guides met us the following day on board the train for the Caines, with canoes and provisions for fourteen days. We detrained at a bridge some eighty miles from Fredericton and here I had my first glimpse of the Caines, a beautiful winding stream, flowing swift and strong between the rocky banks which were almost perpendicular in places and thickly wooded. The deep pools of the stream looked like fine places for trout. Many varieties of white birch, spruce and princess pine covered the entire surrounding hill sides, but no house nor sign of civilization met our eyes. We had reached a spot far away from telephone and business.

We were a happy group as we loaded the canoes with four hundred pounds of luggage.

Fred Peet and George Allen, being our manager and head guide, respectively, shoved off first. Harry Boyce, my guide, next slipped into the current, followed closely by Dr. Zimmerman and his guide, Alex Summerville. Harry Faxon and his Scotch guide, Jim Dunkin, next took the stream, and Percy Gilmore, the cook, brought up the rear with an old flat-bottomed boat which he handled with the dexterity of an Indian, singing good old New England church songs that echoed through the wooded hills.

The quest for salmon had begun in earnest. Allen informed us that the salmon were returning to the sea, consequently we would have to drop down the river about twenty-five miles before we could start fishing. I will always remember this beautiful glide down stream, past towering hills and overhanging rocks. In one place my guide stopped the canoe suddenly and called my attention to a calf moose on the shore. The little thing scrambled to its feet when it saw us, and followed the cow moose into the underbrush near by.

We made camp the first night at a log cabin called Murrays Lodge. It had one room with stove, table and bunks, also plenty of wood. Here I learned the rules that guides

and river travelers follow religiously—*always leave wood for the next party* who may arrive in the night or during a storm. The first thing our guides did was to cut plenty of wood. Guests had not been very numerous as I noticed by a log book register which we signed.

A tent just large enough for three sleeping bags was put up for Harry, Fred and me, but poor Doc had to sleep alone. His tent, a small one, was placed some fifty yards from ours. Doc took his exile good-naturedly, but I had some fear for his safety. Moose follow a call and I was afraid Doc would develop this call and old daddy moose might answer and overturn his tent.

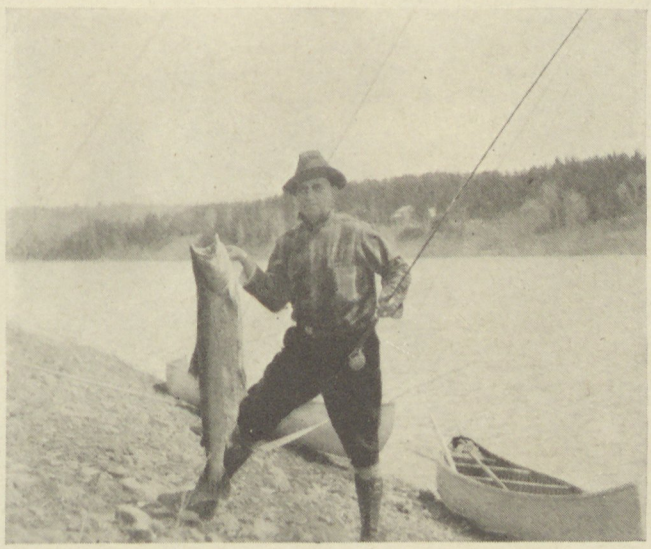
Arising at 5:30 the following morning was pretty chilly work, but coffee, bacon and corn cakes hit the right spot.

Harry, my guide, had our canoe loaded first and we took the current at 7:30. About a mile down stream he said: "Here is a pool we might try. It's not too bad" (which is a characteristic way for a Canadian to express himself about a perfectly satisfactory situation).

I cast in mid-stream, letting the fly go down with the current, all the while moving it by raising the rod upward, this according to Fred's instructions. After about six or seven of the casts something happened, and I want you to know that it happened quickly, a pull on the line. Startled, I unconsciously jerked the rod, and hooked him.

He jumped out of the water about two feet and fell flat on his side. Before I could collect my scattered wits he was out of the water again and again, but still on the line. He decided to make a run for it and went up the river about twenty yards like a streak, turned and came back just as fast. I took up the slack in a hurry. After several turns and a final jump he came to the top of the water. The guide said he was getting tired and told me to keep a tight line on him, but not so tight as to snub him and break the leader. I kept the line taut while my guide brought the canoe to shore and after a few more short runs I brought in the fish.

I had caught a ten-pound salmon. My guide assured me that I would get my share. My fear was over, but that was some fight. I caught several more before time to make camp. Fred had made several catches and Doc had a nice string. Harry landed one too.



The Author and his prize.

"Doc" Zimmerman holding one of his catches. The man at the left is "Doc's" guide.

Fred N. Peet, National Secretary I. W. L. A., lands one.

It had been a great day and we made our first camp on a bend of the river, named The Pines for the towering trees above us. We caught several trout the next day. The long Canadian evenings of enchanting twilight were wonderfully restful. The early dawn and fine bracing air was ideal.

One day I caught a grilse (a baby salmon weighing five pounds or under). In the left front fin was a fly, the fly which was used only by us, one of Fred Peet's own make. One of our party had lost the fish. I carefully removed the fly and took it back to camp with me.

That evening I listened to the stories of the "big ones" that got away. Doc had lost one which had taken his fly. But before I could pin to him a story of having lost a big one he frankly said he had lost a grilse, hooked foul. I returned his fly to him. The laugh was on me.

We had good luck at The Pines. Doc brought in an eighteen-inch trout, but there were new pools to conquer, so we ran on down the stream to Shinnickburn. I had a bet on with Doc for the first fish caught at Shinnickburn. Doc hooked a big fellow, but while informing me of his luck, the fish got away. I hooked a forty-inch fellow which took me forty minutes to land, and I was in hot water until I had him in, fearing that Doc would hook and land a small one while I was working with mine, but luck was with me, and I landed the old granddaddy and collected a nice, new Canadian paper dollar.

Fred declared that this was the greatest salmon fishing trip he had ever taken with more fish and all with an extra amount of pep.

One afternoon at Shinnickburn the province game warden, Larry Parks, came into camp. He had been making his weekly trip. He watched Fred hook seven salmon and put them back carefully, as we were very particular to kill only those we needed. Mr. Park was under cover, afterwards coming out and introducing himself and complimenting Fred on his tactics. He later told me of the fine report that he would send into headquarters about the clean camp, and condition of the river, and the fact that he had found only one dead salmon during his entire run down the Caines, and this was killed presumably by logs or ice. I asked him to send me a copy of his report *(Continued on page 50)*

What is Stream Pollution?

Is every type of pollution dangerous to aquatic life? Some interesting facts on a very important conservation problem

By R. E. GREENFIELD

Photographs by Kenneth M. Wright

The Pollution Department is edited by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, a leading national authority on this subject. We are particularly anxious to know what the individual Chapters of the League are doing to eradicate pollution from their community streams or lakes. Address all such material to Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Pollution Department, OUTDOOR AMERICA, *536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.*

DURING the past months many articles on pollution have appeared on this page. Each article has taken up a different phase of the question. Some have described serious pollution due to paper mill wastes, others discussed the wastes from other industries and the damage being done. Another told of the cleaning up of a stream which had been polluted with a purely domestic sewage. Each article in itself was excellent, but if the remedies suggested in one had been applied in some of the cases described in others, the results would often have been far from satisfactory.

Often, if inquiries are made, even among those vitally interested in the prevention of stream pollution, a considerable confusion of ideas is found. Some one industry or condition is blamed, and desperate efforts are made to legislate against the supposed guilty party, when careful investigation would show that at best the particular waste blamed may be only one of several, all equally serious.

Campaigns to prevent stream pollution may be seriously handicapped by a failure of agreement among those most interested as to just what should be prevented. Some agitators will be interested only in the wastes, let us say, from a zinc mill, some will blame all the trouble on a pea cannery, and some will have still other ideas or theories; while, actually, the best solution may not be an absolute stoppage of any one waste but a general reduction of all.

In the light of these facts it would seem advisable for all of us to check up on just what we think of when we say "stream pollution." Are we willing to take a broad view and be guided by a careful survey of the local situation, or have we preconceived notions which will for the most part fix our action on the matter?

Although it may not be possible to word a definition so as to please everyone or to include all factors which should come under the heading of "stream pollution," we may say that, at least from the standpoint of those interested in outdoor life and in the natural economic value of our streams, pollution is the addition to a stream or body of water of materials of such a nature and in such quantities as to injure the desirable animal and plant life of the stream or to decrease the economic value of the stream for other purposes.

© Kenneth M. Wright

Along the creek.

We may inquire what materials cause such effects and by what means does the added material injuriously affect the life of the stream. These materials may be divided into two main classes on the basis of their effect. As is to be expected in such a classification, some materials will overlap, some of their effects placing them in one group and other effects placing them in the other.

The first group includes materials which by chemical or biological reactions alter essential conditions necessary for normal life. In this group we place materials which deplete the dissolved-oxygen content of the stream.

The second group includes materials which act specifically either as a poison or mechanically on the organisms themselves.

The first class of materials has probably been the most studied; the second group may be, in fact probably is, equally important, but since it involves so many possibilities only a comparatively few cases have been thoroughly investigated.

The first class, those materials which deplete the dissolved-oxygen content of the water, is certainly of prime importance. A sufficient concentration of dissolved oxygen in the water is necessary for the existence of all the desirable forms of aquatic life, and at the same time all of the forms with the exception of green chlorophyl-bearing

plants are continuously using up this necessary supply of oxygen.

The main sources of the oxygen dissolved in water are two in number. The first, and probably most important, is solution from the air, called reaëration. When fully saturated with air, water contains, depending somewhat on the temperature and dissolved solids, from seven to twelve parts per million by weight of oxygen. The rate at which oxygen can be taken up from the air depends on the completeness of saturation already attained, the amount of surface exposed to the air, and the rate of stirring. The second main source is from the green organisms. In a bright light such organisms break down carbon dioxide and liberate oxygen, the rate of this reaction, of course, depending on the number and activity of the green organisms and the amount of sunlight reaching them. The amount of oxygen available from these sources is relatively large but is, nevertheless, limited.

Balanced against this continuous supply, we have the continuous utilization of the oxygen by all the other living organisms. Dead organic matter from decaying matter washing from the fields and wastes from all sources are carried into the streams. This material is used by small organisms for food; these small organisms serve as food to larger organisms which in turn are eaten by others, and so on up the line until we reach the stage of small fish being eaten by the larger; but at each step oxygen is required in digestion and utilization of this food material. In the end, the total amount of life possible and the total amount of oxygen needed will be fixed by the amount of raw organic matter which comes into the stream to serve as food. In nature the balance between the supply of oxygen and the amount needed to digest the food material results in an excess of oxygen; in other words, the business is carried on with plenty of oxygen on the credit side of the ledger. Now, when man introduces sewage or other organic wastes, they will not only furnish more food to the organisms of the stream but will also use up more oxygen. Since most streams naturally have a fairly large margin of safety on the credit side of the oxygen balance, they are capable of utilizing a reasonably large amount of such wastes with an increase in the life of the stream and a net beneficial result. If, however, too much is added, then the oxygen supply cannot keep up with the demand. Unfortunately, it is the larger and more desirable forms of life which suffer first from this depletion of oxygen. They find themselves in the position of having plenty of food but not enough of the essential oxygen to carry on with. Because of the enormous additions of sewage and, what is often more serious, large quantities of highly concentrated trade wastes such as come from distilleries, corn products plants, pea and corn canneries, paper mills, etc., many of our streams suffer from depleted oxygen. The streams are in a position similar to that of a man who suffers from indigestion.

Recently it has been stated that the petroleum oil wastes were so excessive as to cover all of our streams with a layer of oil which prevented reaëration and that this caused oxygen depletion. Even if such an oil layer existed, it could not explain the low oxygen concentrations, for it was shown a good while ago that even quite thick layers of oil did not check reaëration. That a film of oil might act specifically on some organisms, thus falling in our second class of polluting materials, is not to be denied.

Many specific examples of the second class of polluting materials have been cited, but there are undoubtedly many others which are assisting in the depopulation of our streams and are never even suspected. Sawdust and the wastes from strawboard plants have been known to clog the gills of fish. Phenolic and *(Continued on page 73)*

Slime and oil floating down stream.

POSTER No. 45 (B1) U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE ISSUED JUNE 26, 1926

OPEN SEASONS FOR GAME, 1926-27

[Compiled by TALBOTT DENMEAD, *Acting Chief U. S. Game Warden*, and FRANK L. EARNSHAW, *Assistant, Interstate Commerce in Game, Bureau of Biological Survey*]

THE OPEN SEASONS HERE SHOWN INCLUDE BOTH DATES. When the season is closed for a fixed period the date terminating the close season is given.

County seasons in North Carolina may be learned on application to the Legislative Reference Librarian, Raleigh, or Secretary, Audubon Society, Raleigh, N. C. Local seasons in Idaho will be published in the "Farmers' Bulletin on 'Game Laws for the Season 1926-27.'"

CONSULT FEDERAL AND STATE LAWS in regard to sunset and sunrise provisions as the Federal law prohibits hunting migratory game birds from sunset to half an hour before sunrise, and some States further restrict hunting hours.

The term "rabbit" includes hare; "quail," the bird known as "partridge" in the South; "grouse" includes Canada grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chicken; "prairie chicken" is restricted to the Old World pheasants.

Open seasons have been established in the States where hunting is contemplated, as provisions of minor importance are omitted from this poster. The "Farmers' Bulletin on 'Game Laws for the Season 1926-27,'" and a directory of game protection officials may be had free on application to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

PERSONS ARE ADVISED to obtain from State officials full information relative to the open seasons in the States where they intend to hunt.

		State	BIG GAME		UPLAND GAME								
			Deer	Moose	Rabbit	Squirrel	Quail	Grouse	Prairie Chicken	Introduced Pheasant	Wild Turkey	
UNITED STATES	1	Alabama	Nov. 1–Dec. 31 ♂			Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 20–Feb. 20	Nov. 15, 1927 Sept. 1–Feb. 28		Nov. 15, 1927	Dec. 1–Mar. 31 ♂	1
	2	Alaska *	Sept. 1–Nov. 30 ♂	Sept. 1–Dec. 31 ♂			Oct. 15–Dec. 31 *	No open season		No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	2
	3	Arizona	Oct. 1–Nov. 1 ♂			May 15–Jan. 15 †	Dec. 20–Feb. 28†	Dec. 15–Jan. 15	Dec. 15, 1928	Dec. 15, 1928	Nov. 10–Jan. 15 ♂*	3
	4	Arkansas	Nov. 10–Jan. 15 ♂*			Sept. 1, 1927 ‡	Dec. 1–Dec. 31 *	Sept. 15–Oct. 14		No open season	No open season	4
	5	California	Aug. 1–Sept. 14 ♂*		Dec. 1–Dec. 31	No open season ‡	Oct. 1, 1930	Oct. 1–Oct. 15	Sept. 15–Oct. 1	Sept. 1, 1930	No open season	5
	6	Colorado	Oct. 12–Oct. 15 ♂			Oct. 8–Nov. 23	Oct. 8, 1927	Oct. 8–Nov. 23		Oct. 8–Nov. 23 ♂		6
	7	Connecticut *	(*)		Nov. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Oct. 15	Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 31		No open season		7
	8	Delaware			Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Feb. 1	No open season	No open season	No open season		No open season	8
	9	District of Columbia *			Nov. 1–Feb. 1	Nov. 20–Feb. 15 †	Nov. 20–Feb. 15†	Nov. 20–Dec. 19		Nov. 20–Dec. 19 †	Nov. 20–Feb. 15†	9
	10	Florida †	Nov. 20–Feb. 15†									10
	11	Georgia *	Nov. 1–Dec. 31			Nov. 20–Mar. 1 ‡*	Nov. 20–Mar. 1	No open season		No open season	Nov. 20–Mar. 1	11
	12	Hawaii	Apr. 1–Oct. 31				Nov. 1–Jan. 31†			Nov. 1–Jan. 31† ♂		12
	13	Idaho † *	No open season *	No open season			No open season †	Local seasons	No open season	No open season †		13
	14	Illinois	Nov. 10, 1929		Nov. 10–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 1 *	Nov. 10–Dec. 10	No open season	Nov. 10–Nov. 21	Nov. 10–Nov. 15 ♂	Sept. 16, 1929	14
	15	Indiana	No open season		Apr. 1–Jan. 9	Aug. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 10–Dec. 20	Nov. 10–Dec. 20	Oct. 15–Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	15
	16	Iowa	No open season			Sept. 1–Jan. 1	Nov. 1, 1927	Nov. 1, 1932	Sept. 1, 1927	Oct. 1, 1927	Nov. 1, 1932	16
	17	Kansas	No open season			Aug. 1–Jan. 1 † *	Nov. 20–Nov. 30	No open season	Oct. 20–Oct. 30	No open season		17
	18	Kentucky	Nov. 15, 1928		Nov. 15–Dec. 31	July 1–Dec. 15	Nov. 15–Jan. 1	Nov. 15–Jan. 1		Nov. 15, 1928	Nov. 15, 1928	18
	19	Louisiana	Nov. 15–Jan. 15 *		Oct. 1–Feb. 28	Dec. 1–Jan. 15	Dec. 1–Feb. 15		Nov. 1, 1926	Nov. 1, 1926	Mar. 5–Apr. 5	19
	20	Maine *	Oct. 16–Nov. 30 *	No open season	Oct. 1–Mar. 31 *	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 ‡	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 30		No open season †		20
	21	Maryland	Nov. 10, 1928 *		Nov. 10–Jan. 1	Sept. 1–Oct. 15 *	Nov. 10–Jan. 1	Nov. 10–Jan. 1		No open season	Nov. 10–Jan. 1 *	21
	22	Massachusetts	Dec. 6–Dec. 11 *	No open season	Oct. 20–Feb. 15 *	Oct. 20–Nov. 20	Oct. 20–Nov. 20 *	Oct. 20–Nov. 20 *	No open season	Oct. 20–Nov. 20 ♂*		22
	23	Michigan *	Nov. 15–Nov. 30 ♂	No open season	Oct. 25–Jan. 31 *	Oct. 25–Oct. 30 ‡	No open season	Oct. 25–Oct. 31	Oct. 25–Oct. 31	Oct. 25–Oct. 31 ♂	No open season	23
	24	Minnesota	Nov. 20–Nov. 30	No open season		Oct. 15–Jan. 1 ‡	Oct. 15, 1927	Oct. 15, 1927 *	Sept. 16, 1927	Oct. 15–Nov. 1 ♂		24
	25	Mississippi *	Nov. 15–Feb. 15 ♂			Oct. 1–Dec. 15 *	Nov. 20–Jan. 15†	No open season		No open season	Jan. 1–Mar. 31 ♂	25
	26	Missouri	Dec. 1, 1930			June 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 10–Dec. 31	No open season	No open season	No open season	Dec. 1–Dec. 31	26
	27	Montana	Oct. 15–Nov. 15 ♂*	No open season			No open season	Sept. 15–Sept. 24 *	Sept. 15–Sept. 24 *	No open season		27
	28	Nebraska	No open season			Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	Oct. 1–Nov. 1	No open season	No open season	28
	29	Nevada *	Oct. 16–Oct. 31 ♂*		Nov. 1–Dec. 31		Sept. 24–Sept. 30†*	Sept. 24–Sept. 30	No open season *	No open season *		29
	30	New Hampshire	Oct. 15–Nov. 30 *	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 28	Oct. 1, 1929	No open season	Oct. 1–Nov. 30		No open season *		30
	31	New Jersey	Dec. 17–Dec. 21 ♂		Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15 *	Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15	Nov. 10–Dec. 15 ♂	No open season	31
	32	New Mexico	Nov. 10–Nov. 20 ♂			Nov. 10–Nov. 20 †	Dec. 1–Dec. 31 ‡	No open season	No open season	No open season	Nov. 10–Nov. 20	32
	33	New York *	Oct. 15–Nov. 15 ♂*	No open season	Oct. 15–Jan. 31 *	Oct. 15–Nov. 15 † *	No open season *	Oct. 1–Nov. 15 *		Oct. 21, 23, Nov. 6, 13 ♂		33
	34	Long Island	No open season		Nov. 1–Dec. 31 *	Nov. 1–Dec. 31 *	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31		Nov. 1–Dec. 31 ♂		34
	35	North Carolina *	Local laws			Local laws	Local laws	Local laws			Local laws	35
	36	North Dakota	No open season	No open season			No open season	Sept. 16–Oct. 16 *	Sept. 16–Oct. 16	No open season		36
	37	Ohio	No open season		Nov. 15–Jan. 1	Sept. 15–Oct. 20	No open season	Nov. 15–Nov. 25		Nov. 15–Nov. 25 ♂		37
	38	Oklahoma	Nov. 15, 1931				Dec. 1–Dec. 31		No open season	No open season	Nov. 15, 1931	38
	39	Oregon { East	Sept. 10–Oct. 20 ♂	No open season		Sept. 15–Oct. 15 ‡	No open season *	Sept. 10–Oct. 20	No open season	Oct. 17–Oct. 24 *	No open season	39
		Oregon { West	Sept. 10–Oct. 20 ♂	No open season		Sept. 15–Oct. 15 †‡	Oct. 15–Oct. 31 *	Oct. 17–Oct. 24 *	No open season	Oct. 17–Oct. 24 *	No open season	
	40	Pennsylvania	Dec. 1–Dec. 15 ♂		Nov. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 1–Nov. 30 †	Nov. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 1–Nov. 13		Nov. 1–Nov. 13 ♂	No open season	40
	41	Rhode Island	No open season		Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31†	Oct. 15–Dec. 15 *	Oct. 15–Dec. 15 *		Oct. 15–Dec. 15 ♂*		41
	42	South Carolina	Sept. 1–Jan. 15 ♂		Nov. 25–Mar. 1 *	Nov. 25–Mar. 1 *	Nov. 25–Mar. 1	No open season		No open season	Nov. 25–Mar. 1	42
	43	South Dakota	Nov. 1–Nov. 30 ♂*				No open season	Sept. 16–Oct. 15	Sept. 16–Oct. 15	No open season *		43
	44	Tennessee	Dec. 20–Dec. 31 ♂		Nov. 15–Feb. 15†	June 1–Jan 1†	Nov. 25–Feb. 1 *	No open season		No open season	Nov. 15, 1928	44
	45	Texas	Nov. 16–Dec. 31 ♂			May 1–July 31 *	Nov. 16–Jan. 1 *	No open season	Sept. 1–Sept. 10	No open season	Nov. 16–Dec. 31 ♂*	45
	46	Utah *	Oct. 20–Oct. 30 ♂				No open season *	No open season *	No open season *	No open season		46
	47	Vermont	Nov. 1–Nov. 13 ♂	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 28	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 †	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Oct. 31		Sept. 15, 1932		47
	48	Virginia	Nov. 15–Dec. 31 ♂*		Nov. 15–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 15–Jan. 31 *	Nov. 15–Jan. 31			Nov. 15–Jan. 31	48
	49	Washington	(*)	No open season		No open season	(*)	(*)	(*)	(*)	(*)	49
	50	West Virginia	Nov. 1, 1927		Oct. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 28–Nov. 30 *	Nov. 1–Nov. 30 *	Oct. 15–Nov. 30		No open season	Oct. 15, 1927	50
	51	Wisconsin	Dec. 1–Dec. 10 ♂	No open season	Oct. 1–Feb. 1 †	Nov. 1–Feb. 1 *	No open season	Oct. 2–Oct. 5 *	Sept. 18–Sept. 21 *	No open season		51
	52	Wyoming	Oct. 1–Oct. 15 ♂*	Oct. 1–Oct. 31 ♂*			1927	Oct. 1–Nov. 15 *	No open season	1927		52
CANADA	53	Alberta	Nov. 1–Dec. 14 ♂*	Nov. 1–Dec. 14 ♂*				Oct. 1–Oct. 31	Oct. 1–Oct. 31	No open season		53
	54	British Columbia *	(*)	Sept. 1–Dec. 15 ♂*			(*)	(*)		(*)		54
	55	Manitoba	Dec. 1–Dec. 10 ♂	Dec. 1–Dec. 10 ♂			Sept. 15, 1927	Oct. 15–Oct. 22	Oct. 15–Oct. 22	Sept. 15, 1927		55
	56	New Brunswick	Sept. 15–Nov. 30 *	Oct. 1–Nov. 30 ♂				Oct. 1–Oct. 31				56
	57	Northwest Territories *	Sept. 1–Mar. 31 ♂*	Sept. 1–Mar. 31 ♂*				Sept. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 31			57
	58	Nova Scotia	Oct. 16–Oct. 31 ♂*	Oct. 1–Nov. 15 ♂*	Nov. 1–Feb. 28			No open season		No open season		58
	59	Ontario	Sept. 15–Nov. 15 *	Sept. 15–Nov. 15 ♂*		No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	No open season	59
	60	Prince Edward Island			Nov. 1–Feb. 1			Oct. 15, 1927		No open season		60
	61	Quebec	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 10–Dec. 31 *	Oct. 15–Jan. 31			Sept. 1–Dec. 14				61
	62	Saskatchewan	Nov. 15–Dec. 14 ♂*	Nov. 15–Dec. 14 ♂*				Oct. 1–Oct. 31	Oct. 1–Oct. 31			62
	63	Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1 ♂	Aug. 1–Mar. 1 ♂				Sept. 1–Mar. 15	Sept. 1–Mar. 15			63
	64	Newfoundland		No open season	Sept. 20–Jan. 1			Sept. 20–Jan. 1				64
	65	Mexico *	Oct. 16–Feb. 15 ♂ *		Sept. 1–Feb. 28		No open season				Sept. 1–Dec. 31	65

MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS**

(The seasons here shown are those when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Federal regulations or State laws)

	State	Duck, Goose, Brant, Coot, Gallinule	Wilson Snipe or Jacksnipe	Yellowlegs	Woodcock	Rail	Dove	
UNITED STATES	1 Alabama	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	1
	2 Alaska	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15				2
	3 Arizona	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 15–Dec. 15		Oct. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15 *	3
	4 Arkansas	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	4
	5 California	Oct. 16–Jan. 15	Oct. 16–Jan. 15	No open season		No open season	Sept. 1–Sept. 30 *	5
	6 Colorado	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1, 1930	6
	7 Connecticut	Oct. 1–Jan. 15 *	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 8–Nov. 23	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	7
	8 Delaware	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15 *	8
	9 Dist. Columbia *	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	9
	10 Florida †	Nov. 20–Jan. 31	Nov. 20–Jan. 31	Nov. 20–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 20–Nov. 30	Nov. 20–Jan. 31	10
	11 Georgia	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	11
	12 Idaho	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	12
	13 Illinois	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Nov. 10, 1929	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Sept. 30	13
	14 Indiana	Oct. 1–Jan. 15 *	Oct. 1–Dec. 20	Sept. 16–Dec. 20	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	14
	15 Iowa	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	15
	16 Kansas	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	16
	17 Kentucky	Nov. 1–Jan. 31 *	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	17
	18 Louisiana	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	18
	19 Maine	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	19
	20 Maryland	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Nov. 10–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 1	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	20
	21 Massachusetts	Sept. 16–Dec. 31 *	Sept. 16–Dec. 31 *	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Oct. 20–Nov. 20	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	21
	22 Michigan *	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 25–Oct. 31	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	22
	23 Minnesota	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Oct. 1	23
	24 Mississippi *	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	24
	25 Missouri	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Nov. 16–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	25
	26 Montana	Sept. 16–Dec. 15	Sept. 16–Dec. 15	Sept. 16–Dec. 15		Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	26
	27 Nebraska	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	27
	28 Nevada	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	28
	29 New Hampshire	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	29
	30 New Jersey	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	30
	31 New Mexico	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 15		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	31
	32 New York	Sept. 24–Jan. 7	Sept. 24–Jan. 7	Sept. 24–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 24–Nov. 30	No open season	32
	33 Long Island	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 24–Nov. 30	No open season	33
	34 North Carolina *	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	34
	35 North Dakota	Sept. 16–Dec. 1 *	Sept. 16–Oct. 16	Sept. 16–Dec. 16	Oct. 1–Oct. 16	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	35
	36 Ohio	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Nov. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	36
	37 Oklahoma	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Nov. 1–Dec. 15	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	37
	38 Oregon	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15		Oct. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	38
	39 Pennsylvania	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	39
	40 Rhode Island	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Oct. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	40
	41 South Carolina	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Oct. 16–Jan. 31	41
	42 South Dakota	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	No open season	No open season	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	42
	43 Tennessee	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	No open season	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	43
	44 Texas	Oct. 16–Jan. 31 *	Oct. 16–Jan. 31 *	Sept. 1–Oct. 31	No open season	Sept. 1–Oct. 31	Sept. 1–Oct. 31 *	44
	45 Utah *	Oct. 1–Dec. 31 *	Oct. 1–Dec. 31 *	Oct. 1–Dec. 31 *		No open season	No open season *	45
	46 Vermont	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Oct. 1–Oct. 31	No open season	No open season	46
	47 Virginia	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Nov. 1–Jan. 31	Aug. 16–Nov. 30	Nov. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	47
	48 Washington (E. of Cascades)	Oct. 1–Dec. 31	Oct. 1–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31		Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	48
	(W.)	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15	Oct. 1–Jan. 15		Oct. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	
	49 West Virginia	Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 16–Dec. 31	Nov. 15–Nov. 30	Nov. 15–Nov. 30	No open season	49
	50 Wisconsin	Sept. 16–Dec. 20 *	Sept. 16–Dec. 20	Sept. 16–Dec. 20	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 16–Nov. 30	No open season	50
	51 Wyoming	Sept. 16–Dec. 16	Sept. 16–Dec. 16	Sept. 16–Dec. 16		Sept. 1–Nov. 30	No open season	51
CANADA**	52 Alberta	Sept. 15–Dec. 14	Sept. 15–Dec. 14	Sept. 15–Dec. 14		Sept. 15–Dec. 14	No open season	52
	53 Br. Columbia *	Sept. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 15–Dec. 31		Sept. 15–Dec. 31		53
	54 Manitoba	Sept. 15–Nov. 30 *	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	No open season	No open season	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 15, 1927	54
	55 New Brunswick	Sept. 15–Dec. 31 *	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Dec. 31		55
	56 Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 1–Dec. 14		Sept. 1–Dec. 14		56
	57 Nova Scotia	Sept. 15–Dec. 31 *	Oct. 1–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 15–Dec. 31 *		57
	58 Ontario	Sept. 1–Dec. 15 *	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	No open season	58
	59 Pr. Edward Isl.	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Nov. 15	Sept. 15–Nov. 30	Sept. 1–Dec. 14		59
	60 Quebec	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15	Sept. 1–Dec. 15		60
	61 Saskatchewan	Sept. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 15–Dec. 31	Sept. 15–Dec. 31		Sept. 15–Dec. 31		61
	62 Yukon	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 1–Dec. 14	Sept. 1–Dec. 14		Sept. 1–Dec. 14		62
	63 Newfoundland	Sept. 20–Jan. 1 *	Sept. 20–Jan. 1	Sept. 20–Jan. 1				63
	64 Mexico*	Oct. 1–Feb. 28 *	Nov. 1–Feb. 28	Aug. 16–Sept. 15 *			Sept. 16–Nov. 15	64

* Laws of 1926 not received.

† Local exceptions (see "Game Laws for the Season 1926–27").

‡ Certain species.

♂ Males only.

** Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed on the band-tailed pigeon, swan, wood duck, eider duck, auk, auklet, bittern, crane, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, heron, jaeger, loon, murre, petrel, puffin, shearwater, tern, and all shorebirds (except woodcock, Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, and yellowlegs) in the United States and Canada.

Owing to damage to rice crops in the South the Secretary of Agriculture has ordered that bobolinks, commonly known as reedbirds or rice birds, may be killed by shooting, between half an hour before sunrise and sunset of any day from September 1 to October 31, inclusive, in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, and from August 16 to November 15, inclusive, in Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida; reedbirds so killed may not be sold, shipped for sale, or wantonly wasted or destroyed, but may be used for food by the persons killing them or may be transported to hospitals and charitable institutions for use as food.

OTHER GAME

(Season closed in States and Provinces not mentioned)

BIG GAME

Antelope	
Wyoming	Oct. 1–Oct. 31. ♂*
Bear (Unprotected in other States)	
Alabama	Nov. 1–Feb. 28.
Alaska	Sept. 1–June 15. *
Arkansas	No open season.*
California	Oct. 15–Mar. 1.
Louisiana	Oct. 15–Jan. 5.
Michigan	Nov. 15–Nov. 30.
Mississippi	Nov. 1–Feb. 28.
Nevada	Oct. 15–Mar. 15.
New York	Oct. 15–Nov. 15.
Oklahoma	No open season.*
Oregon	Unprotected.*
Pennsylvania	Nov. 10–Dec. 15.
South Carolina	Nov. 25–Mar. 1.
Texas	Nov. 16–Dec. 31.
Utah	Sept. 1–May 1.
Washington	(*)
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–June 30.*
Quebec	Aug. 20–June 30.
Mexico	Sept. 1–Oct. 31.
Caribou	
Alaska	Sept. 1–Dec. 31.*
Alberta	Nov. 1–Dec. 14.*
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–Dec. 15. ♂*
Manitoba	Dec. 1–Dec. 10. ♂
Northwest Ter.	Dec. 1–Mar. 31.*
Ontario	Sept. 15–Nov. 15.*
Quebec	Sept. 20–Dec. 31.
Saskatchewan	Nov. 15–Dec. 14.*
Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1. ♂
Elk	
Idaho	No open season.*
Montana	Oct. 15–Nov. 15.*
Pennsylvania	Dec. 1–Dec. 15. ♂
Virginia	Dec. 15–Dec. 31.*
Wyoming	Sept. 15–Nov. 15.*
Goat	
Alaska	Sept. 1–Dec. 31.*
Idaho	No open season.*
Alberta	Sept. 1–Oct. 31.*
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–Dec. 15.*
Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1–Mar. 31.
Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1. ♂
Sheep	
Alaska	Aug. 20–Dec. 31. ♂*
Wyoming	Sept. 15–Nov. 15. ♂
Alberta	Sept. 1–Oct. 31. ♂*
Br. Columbia	Sept. 1–Nov. 15. ♂*
Northwest Ter	Dec. 1–Mar. 31.*
Yukon	Aug. 1–Mar. 1. ♂

GAME BIRDS

Ptarmigan	
Alaska	Sept. 1–Feb. 28.
Washington	(*)
Alberta	Oct. 1–Oct. 31.
Manitoba	Oct. 1–Oct. 20.
Northwest Ter.	Sept. 1–Dec. 31.
Quebec	Nov. 1–Jan. 31.
Saskatchewan	Oct. 1–Oct. 31.
Yukon	Sept. 1–Mar. 15.
Newfoundland	Sept. 20–Jan. 1.
Reedbird**	
Delaware	Sept. 1–Oct. 31.
Dist. Columbia	Sept. 1–Oct. 31.
Florida	Aug. 16–Nov. 15.
Georgia	Aug. 16–Nov. 15.
Maryland	Sept. 1–Oct. 31.
North Carolina	Aug. 16–Nov. 15.
Pennsylvania	Sept. 1–Oct. 31.
South Carolina	Aug. 16–Nov. 15.
Virginia	Aug. 16–Nov. 15.
Sage Hen	
California	Aug. 1–Aug. 15.
Colorado	Aug. 1–Aug. 15.
Idaho	Local seasons.
Montana	Sept. 15–Sept. 24.*
Nevada	No open season.*
South Dakota	Sept. 16–Oct. 15.
Washington	(*)
Wyoming	Aug. 15–Aug. 31.*

DAYS EXCEPTED

All hunting is prohibited on—

Sundays.—In all States and Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Illinois, Louisiana, Michigan, Rhode Island, Texas, Wisconsin, and Quebec.

Mondays.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in Maryland and North Carolina.

Tuesdays.—For waterfowl in Nevada and on the Susquehanna Flats and certain rivers in Maryland.

Other days.—For waterfowl in Nevada and locally in Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

Election day.—In Allegany, Baltimore, Cecil, Charles, Frederick, and Harford Counties, Maryland.

Days when snow is on the ground.—In New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland.

*ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS

Alaska.—All hunting prohibited in Mount McKinley National Park, Katmai and Glacier Bay National Monuments, Aleutian Islands (including Unimak Island), and other bird and game reservations, and on Kruzof and Partofshikof Islands. Closed north of 68th parallel and in drainage of Buckland, Kobuk, Noatak, and Selawik Rivers, Sept. 1–Mar. 31. *Deer* (male with horns 3 inches long) east of long. 141° only (southeastern Alaska), Sept. 1–Nov. 30. *Sheep* and *goats* on Kenai Peninsula east of long. 150°, and *goats* on Baranoff and Chicagof Islands, no open season. Killing of females and young of *moose, mountain sheep,* and *deer,* and *mountain goat kids* and *caribou fawns* prohibited. *Black bear* (including its brown and blue, or glacier bear, color variation) south of Alaska Range and Ahklun Mountains, Oct. 1–May 31; north to parallel 68, Sept. 1–June 15; *large brown* and *grizzly bears,* Sept. 1–June 20; *polar bear* in Fur Districts 2 and 3, and *black bear* in Fur District 3, no close season. (For definition of Districts, see Alaska Game Regulations, Circular No. 2.)

Arizona.—*Bobwhite quail,* no open season. *Mourning dove,* Sept. 1–Dec. 15; *whitewings,* July 15–Dec. 31.

Arkansas.—*Deer* (male), *turkey gobbler, bear,* in Chicot and Desha Counties (15 days)—Nov. 15–19; Dec. 26–30; and Jan. 1–15, inclusive. *Deer* (male) and *turkey gobbler,* in Poinsett County, Nov. 10–Dec. 1; in Perry County, no open season. *Turkey gobbler,* additional open season in State, Mar. 1–May 1.

California.—*Deer* (male, except spike buck), in Districts 2, 2½, and 3, Aug. 1–Sept. 14; in Districts 4 and 4¾, Sept. 16–Oct. 15; in District 1¾ (mule deer must have more than 2 branches to each antler), Sept. 15–Oct. 15; in Districts 1, 1½, 4½, 23, 24, 25, and 26, Sept. 15–Oct. 15. *Mountain* and *valley quail,* in District 1½, Nov. 1–Dec. 31. *Bobwhite quail,* in State, no open season. *Pheasant,* in District 4½ only, Dec. 1–Dec. 7. *Dove,* in Districts 4, 4½, and 4¾, Sept. 1–Oct. 31. (For counties in each game district see "Game Laws, 1926–27.")

Connecticut.—*Deer,* owner of agricultural lands, member of family, or employee, may kill with shotgun on own lands deer destroying fruit trees or growing crops, but must report killing to commissioners within 12 hours. *Coot* (mud hen), *gallinule,* Oct. 1–Dec. 31.

Delaware.—*Dove,* New Castle County, no open season.

District of Columbia.—Hunting permitted only on marshes of Eastern Branch, north of Anacostia Bridge, and on Virginia shore of Potomac.

Georgia.—*Fox squirrel,* no open season.

Idaho.—*Deer, mountain goat,* in Adams, Blaine, Boise, Butte, Custer, Elmore, Lemhi, and Valley Counties, Oct. 1–Oct. 31; in Clearwater and Idaho Counties, Oct. 1–Nov. 15; *deer,* in Bingham, Bonneville, Clark, Fremont, Jefferson, Madison, Teton, and Washington Counties, Oct. 1–Oct. 31; in Benewah, Bonner, Boundary, Kootenai, Latah, Lewis, Nez Perce, and Shoshone Counties, Nov. 1–Nov. 30. *Elk,* in Clearwater and Idaho Counties, Oct. 1–Nov. 15; in Bingham, Bonneville, Clark, Fremont, Jefferson, Madison, and Teton Counties, Dec. 1–Dec. 15. *Deer, elk, mountain goat,* no open season, except as above. (See "Game Laws, 1926–27," for local seasons on upland game birds.)

Illinois.—*Squirrel,* in northern zone, Sept. 1–Dec. 1; in central zone, Aug. 1–Dec. 1; in southern zone, July 1–Dec. 1. (For counties in each zone, see "Game Laws, 1926–27.")

Indiana.—*Coot, gallinule,* Oct. 1–Dec. 20.

Kansas.—*Fox squirrel,* Aug. 1–Jan. 1; *other squirrels,* no open season.

Kentucky.—*Coot, gallinule,* Nov. 1–Dec. 31.

Louisiana.—*Deer,* in Northern Zone, Nov. 15–Jan. 15; in Southern Zone, Oct. 15–Jan. 5. (For definition of zones, see "Game Laws, 1926–27.")

Maine.—*Deer,* in Androscoggin, Cumberland, Kennebec, Knox, Lincoln, Sagadahoc, Waldo, and York Counties, Nov. 1–Nov. 30; in rest of State, Oct. 16–Nov. 30. *Hare, rabbit,* in Androscoggin, Sagadahoc, and York Counties, Oct. 1–Feb. 28. (See also "Game Laws, 1926–27.")

Maryland.—*Deer* (male—having an antler of 6 or more inches in length without points), in Allegany County and within game preserves inclosed with 7-foot fence in Washington County, Dec. 1–Dec. 15. *Squirrel,* Sept. 1–Oct. 15 and Nov. 20–Jan. 1, but owner or tenant may shoot squirrels on own land Sept. 1–Jan. 1. *Wild turkey,* Garrett County, Nov. 1–Dec. 31.

Massachusetts.—*Deer,* in Essex County, no open season. *European hare,* in Nantucket County, Oct. 20–Feb. 28; in Dukes County, Nov. 15–Feb. 15; in Essex County, no open season; in Berkshire County, unprotected. *Quail,* in Essex, Hampden, Hampshire, Middlesex, Nantucket, Norfolk, and Worcester Counties, July 1, 1928. *Ruffed grouse,* in Dukes County, no open season. *Pheasant,* Division of Fisheries and Game fixes open season. In Dukes and Nantucket Counties, *waterfowl,* Oct. 1–Jan. 15, and *Wilson snipe, coot,* and *gallinule,* Oct. 1–Dec. 31.

Michigan.—Director of conservation may shorten or close season or otherwise restrict the taking of any species of game. *Snowshoe* or *jack rabbit,* Oct. 25–Feb. 15.

Minnesota.—*Ruffed grouse,* Oct. 15, 1927; *white-breasted* or *sharp-tailed grouse,* Sept. 16, 1927. *Canada spruce grouse,* no open season.

Mississippi.—*Squirrel,* May 1–June 1 and Oct. 1–Dec. 15. Boards of Supervisors may shorten or close seasons. For local regulations apply to sheriff or county clerk, at county seat.

Montana.—*Deer,* either sex, in Flathead, Lake, Lincoln, Mineral, Ravalli, and Sanders Counties, Oct. 15–Nov. 15; in Carbon, Carter, Custer, Dawson, Garfield, Musselshell, McCone, Phillips, Powder River, Prairie, Richland, Roosevelt, Rosebud, Stillwater, Teton, Treasure, Valley, Yellowstone, and parts of Fergus, Gallatin, Glacier, Lewis and Clark, and Pondera Counties, no open season. *Elk,* in Flathead, Glacier, Madison, Pondera, Sweet Grass, Teton, and parts of Gallatin, Missoula, and Powell Counties, Oct. 15—Nov. 15; in part of Lewis and Clark County, Nov. 1–Nov. 15; in Jefferson County (bulls only), Nov. 15–Nov. 14; in Park County, Oct. 15–Dec. 20, unless shortened by commission; in rest of State, no open season. *Grouse, prairie chicken, sage hen,* in Toole County, no open season.

Nevada.—Boards of county commissioners may designate 15-day open season on *buck deer* between Sept. 15–Nov. 15 instead of Oct. 16–31; may fix open seasons on *sage hens, prairie chickens, pheasants,* and *valley quail;* and may shorten open season on other game or close season entirely. *Migratory waterfowl* may be hunted only on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays of each week during the open season, and in addition on Oct. 12 and 31, Nov. 11, Thanksgiving and Christmas Days, and Dec. 31.

New Hampshire.—*Deer,* in Coos County, Oct. 15–Nov. 30; in Carroll County, Nov. 15–Dec. 15; in Grafton County, Nov. 1–Dec. 15; in rest of State, Dec. 1–Dec. 31. *Male pheasant,* in Hillsboro, Rockingham, and Strafford Counties only, Nov. 1–Nov. 6.

New Jersey.—*Quail* in Bergen, Essex, Hudson, Hunterdon, Morris, Passaic, Somerset, Sussex, Union, and Warren Counties, March 2, 1928.

New York.—Commission may shorten open season on game (see "Game Laws, 1926–27"); *Deer* (male), in Adirondacks, Oct. 15–Nov. 15, except in towns of Jackson, Salem, and White Creek, Washington County, Nov. 7–Nov. 19; in Columbia, Delaware, Orange, Sullivan, Ulster, and Ulster Counties, Nov. 1–Nov. 15; in Greene County, Nov. 1–Nov. 8; on own land in Dutchess County, Nov. 1–Nov. 15. Shotgun only may be used in Nassau and Rensselaer Counties. *Varying hare,* Oct. 15–Jan. 1. *Cottontail rabbit,* Oct. 15–Jan. 31. *Fox squirrel,* no open season. *Quail,* in Dutchess, Greene, Orange, Putnam, Rensselaer, Sullivan, and Westchester Counties, Nov. 15–Nov. 30. *Grouse,* in Columbia, Delaware, Dutchess, Greene, Orange, Putnam, Rensselaer, Rockland, Sullivan, Ulster, and Westchester Counties, Oct. 15–Nov. 30.

Long hare, Varying hare, Oct. 16–Mar. 1; *cottontail rabbit,* Nov. 1–Dec. 31. *Fox squirrel,* no open season.

North Carolina.—For local laws, apply to Legislative Reference Librarian, Raleigh, or Secretary, Audubon Society, Raleigh, N. C. *Migratory birds,* county season date controls when it opens the season later or closes it earlier than the Federal Regulations.

North Dakota.—*White-breasted* and *sharp-tailed grouse,* Sept. 16–Oct. 16; *ruffed grouse,* in Bottineau, Cavalier, Pembina, and Roulette Counties only, Oct. 1–Oct. 16. *Coot, gallinule,* Sept. 16–Dec. 31.

Oklahoma.—*Bear* in Blaine, Caddo, Comanche, Kiowa, and Major Counties, no open season; in rest of State, unprotected.

Oregon.—*East of Cascades: Bear,* in Klamath County, Nov. 1–Nov. 30; in rest of District, no close season. *Mountain* or *plumed* and *California* or *valley quail,* in Deschutes and Klamath Counties only, Oct. 15–Oct. 31. *Chinese pheasant,* in Baker, Grant, Hood River, Klamath, Morrow, Umatilla, Union, Wallowa, and Wasco Counties, Oct. 17–Oct. 24; in Malheur County, Oct. 15–Oct. 31.

West of Cascades: Bear, in Jackson and Josephine Counties, Nov. 1–Nov. 30; in rest of District, no close season. *Chinese pheasant, blue* or *sooty grouse,* or *native pheasant,* in Clatsop, Curry, Lincoln, and Tillamook Counties, no open season; *mountain* or *plumed,* and *California* or *valley quail* in Coos, Curry, Jackson, and Josephine Counties, Oct. 15–Oct. 31.

Rhode Island.—*Quail,* in Newport County, Nov. 1–Dec. 15; on Island of Rhode Island, Nov. 1, 1928. *Upland game birds* and *gray squirrels,* on Island of Conanicut, Nov. 1, 1928.

South Carolina.—Between September 1 and Thanksgiving Day *rabbits* may be hunted without firearms and *squirrels* without dogs.

South Dakota.—*Deer,* in Campbell, Corson, Dewey, Harding, Perkins, Potter, Walworth, and Ziebach Counties, no open season. *Chinese, ring-necked,* or *English pheasants,* may be taken under permit from State Secretary of Agriculture before.

Tennessee.—*Quail,* in Fayette, Hardeman, Haywood, and Lauderdale Counties, Dec. 10–Mar. 1; in McNairy County, Dec. 20–Feb. 15; in Sullivan County, Nov. 25–Jan. 1; in Washington County, Nov. 25–Jan. 15.

Texas.—*Squirrel,* May 1–July 31 and Oct. 1–Dec. 31, except in Brown, Burnet, Caldwell, Comal, DeWitt, Edwards, Gillespie, Guadalupe, Kendall, Kimble, Llano, McCulloch, Mason, Menard, Mills, San Saba, and Schleicher Counties, no close season. *Quail* or *partridge, chachalaca* or *Mexican pheasant,* Nov. 16–Jan. 1; in South Texas, Nov. 16–Jan. 16. *Wild turkey,* in Brooks, Cameron, Hidalgo, Kenedy, Kleberg, Nueces, Starr, and Willacy Counties, Nov. 16, 1930. *Mourning dove,* in North Zone, Sept. 1–Oct. 31; in South Zone, Nov. 1–Dec. 31; *white-winged dove,* Sept. 1–Sept. 30. *Waterfowl, coot, gallinule, Wilson snipe,* in North Zone, Oct. 16–Jan. 31; in South Zone, Nov. 1–Jan. 31. North and South Zones divided by International & Great Northern and Texas & Pacific Railroads from Laredo to Texarkana.

Utah.—*Waterfowl, coot, gallinules, yellowlegs, Wilson snipe,* in Beaver, Emery, Grand, Iron, Kane, Millard, Morgan, Rich, San Juan, Sevier, Summit, Uintah, Wasatch, and Washington Counties, Oct. 1–Jan. 15; *duck,* in Fish Lake Game Preserve, Oct. 1–Nov. 30. Commissioner may fix open seasons on *quail, grouse,* and *dove.*

Virginia.—*Deer,* in Chesterfield and Nansemond Counties, Oct. 1–Nov. 30; in Dinwiddie County, Nov. 1–Dec. 31; in King George, Lancaster, Northumberland, Richmond, Rockingham, Stafford, and Westmoreland Counties, no open season. *Elk,* protected in national forest areas; *bull elk* only in Bland, Craig, Giles, Montgomery, and Pulaski Counties, Dec. 1–Dec. 3. *Quail,* in Dinwiddie County, Nov. 1–Jan. 15.

Washington.—Open seasons on *deer* (male), *bear,* and *upland game birds* fixed by county game commissions.

West Virginia.—*Red squirrel,* unprotected. *Quail,* in Marshall and Roane Counties, Nov. 1, 1929.

Wisconsin.—*Deer* (male) in Pierce, Barron, Eau Claire, Clark, Wood, Lincoln, Langlade, Oconto (north of Township 30), and all counties north thereof (except Marathon), Dec. 1–Dec. 10; in Marathon and balance of State, no open season. *Squirrel,* in Crawford, Richland, and Vernon Counties, Oct. 1–Jan. 1; in Dodge, Fond du Lac, Jefferson, Kenosha, Milwaukee, Ozaukee, Racine, Walworth, Washington, and Waukesha Counties, no open season; in rest of State, Nov. 1–Feb. 1. *Grouse,* in Calumet, Columbia, Dane, Dunn, Fond du Lac, Grant, Green, Iowa, Jefferson, Kenosha, La Crosse, Lafayette, Lincoln, Manitowoc, Milwaukee, Oneida, Ozaukee, Polk, Racine, Richland, Rock, Sauk, St. Croix, Vernon, Walworth, Washington, Waukesha, Waupaca, and Winnebago Counties, no open season. *Duck, coot, gallinule,* Sept. 16–Dec. 20; *geese* and *brant,* Sept. 16–Dec. 31. (See "Game Laws, 1926–27.")

Wyoming.—*Deer* (male), in Lincoln, Park, Sheridan, Sublette, and Teton Counties, Sept. 15–Nov. 15; in Big Horn, Campbell, Crook, Goshen, Niobrara, and Weston Counties, Nov. 1–Nov. 15; in balance of State, Oct. 1–Oct. 15. *Elk,* in Lincoln, Teton, Sublette, Park, and part of Fremont, Sept. 15–Nov. 15; in rest of State, no open season. *Bull moose* and *buck antelope,* commission may issue 100 permits for moose and 300 for antelope. *Antelope,* in Albany, Campbell, Carbon, Fremont, Goshen, Hot Springs, Johnson, Laramie, Niobrara, Sheridan, Sweetwater, and Uinta Counties, no open season. *Grouse* (except *sage grouse*), in Albany, Big Horn, Converse, Goshen, Hot Springs, Johnson, Laramie, Natrona, Niobrara, Park, Platte, Uinta, and Washakie Counties, Oct. 1, 1927. *Sage grouse,* in Big Horn, Goshen, Hot Springs, Laramie, Niobrara, Park, Platte, and Washakie Counties, no open season.

Canada.—Communicate with Commissioner, Canadian National Parks, Ottawa, Ont., for 1926 amendments to the Canadian Regulations on Migratory Birds.

Alberta.—All big game must have horns at least 4 inches long. *Deer, moose,* and *caribou,* in Forest Reserves of Rocky Mountains, under special license, Sept. 1–Oct. 31.

British Columbia.—Open seasons on deer and upland game birds fixed annually by Order-in-Council, which may be obtained from Provincial Game Warden, Victoria, B. C. *Bull moose,* in Atlin, Fort George, Omineca, and Skeena Electoral Districts north of main line Canadian National Railway and south of said railway in Cariboo, Fort George, Omineca, and Skeena Electoral Districts, Sept. 1–Dec. 15; in Columbia Electoral District (except west of Columbia River), Oct. 1–Oct. 31; in rest of Province, no open season

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

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CHARLES W. FOLDS, PRESIDENT

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EWART H. ROSS
Managing Editor

Another Tragedy?

THEY propose to dam the Pere Marquette.

Some people would tear down the Grand Canyon could they but utilize some of its gloriously colored sands and rocks in the manufacture of barn paint; they would chop down the Charter Oak and saw it up into shingles for outhouses and plaster up the statue of liberty with posters advertising somebody or other's corn cure could they but realize a few measley dollars for their desecration of these things sacred to American tradition.

That, to their feeble minds, would constitute "good business," and perhaps would be "good business" for those promoting it. But for the thousands of people to whom these things actually belong it would constitute nothing less than tragedy.

The Pere Marquette River is just as sacred to those who know its charms as any scenic wonder of the world. Its purling waters eddying swiftly around the old logs, the sunlight and shadows playing on its surface and the flash of the rainbow trout leaping from the white riffles, form a picture that cannot be forgotten.

Picture in its place a sluggish stream, a dry stinking river bed—when the water is withheld in the summer time to furnish power for a few private individuals. Picture slimy nauseating carp floating lazily in the filthy water caused by the pollution from power plants that will follow the construction of dams as surely as night follows day. Picture that beautiful river as it will stand—a glorious old monarch sacrificed to the God of Greed. A priceless heritage to the future men and women of Michigan, despoiled and desecrated for the miserable purpose of adding a few dollars to the pockets of individuals whose sole conception of the beauties of life are found on the unique engraving of a dollar bill.

Petitions are being circulated asking the county supervisors of Mason County to permit the construction of these dams.

We are certain that men elected to such a position of authority realize that their sole responsibility lies in their duty to the people of their county. We are sure that these men know of the thousands of people throughout the United States who love the old Pere Marquette. We believe the supervisors recognize the fact that the tourists and fishermen who annually journey to Mason County will leave more good money within the county in a season than will ever be derived from the construction of indifferent power plants that will drive these people away. We have every confidence in the earnestness and integrity of the board of supervisors and we know they will not be misled by the pleas of power interests, that will kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

The Walter Camp Memorial

SPORTSMEN throughout the country are contributing to a fund for the purchase of a memorial to the late Walter Camp whose interest in athletics was known throughout the world.

This memorial will be a gateway to the Yale athletic fields in New Haven, Connecticut, and will cost $300,000, half of which amount will be contributed by Yale alumni.

Walter Camp's memory deserves a monument for he spent his life working for clean sport. His proteges often won for he knew the fine points of the game, and Walter Camp was a good winner. Sometimes the sons of old Eli went down in defeat but Walter Camp smiled—he was a good loser.

Walter Camp was a sportsman.

Late Spawning Season

THE past spring (if it is past) has been unusually cold and because of this unseasonal weather fish are still spawning in many sections of the country.

However, the fishing season has been officially opened and many anglers whose enthusiasm outweighs their intelligence are gayly hauling in black bass and other fish. Often these fish have their bellies full of spawn, but the angler salves his conscience by pulling out his fishing license and complacently referring to the fact that the season is open.

We realize that it is impossible to legislate sportsmanship into an individual, but we do believe that laws should be enacted in each state giving the commissioner of fish and game the authority to arbitrarily close the season in the event of unseasonable weather until the fish have left the spawning beds.

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Edited by ED. H. PHILIPPI

Executive Secretary

Iowa State Convention

THE Fourth Annual Convention of the Iowa Division was held at Independence, June 9, 10 and 11, 1926. One hundred ninety delegates answered the call on the first day. Convention was opened at 1:30 o'clock p. m. by President Judge Geo. W. Wood. Charles D. Huston of Cedar Rapids was elected permanent chairman.

Chairman Huston immediately announced his committee and the real work of the convention started. At 4 o'clock convention adjourned to attend the Bait Casting Contest, sponsored by the Wapsie Valley Chapter of Independence, in which over 100 entries contested. During the contest the Ladies' Committee of the Wapsie Valley Chapter entertained the visiting lady delegates with auto trips and also at a 6 o'clock dinner at the Gedney Hotel. At 8 o'clock a smoker was held in the city hall and Roger M. Cummings, of the South Bend Bait company, delighted the audience in his impersonations and witty stories.

Convention opened promptly at 9 o'clock a. m. Thursday for the regular business and at the same time many committees were in caucus. The first to report was the nominating committee, who made their report, and the following officers were reported and elected unanimously without opposition:

President—Dr. Bohumil Shimek, Iowa City.

First Vice-President—Dr. E. G. Wollenweber, Keokuk.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. Francis E. Whitley, Webster City.

Treasurer—Miss Emma L. Lumsden, Davenport.

Following the election of officers, "Ozark" Ripley, the famous guide of Jack London, addressed the convention. "Ozark" was in just the right mood to entertain the convention with his experiences.

The feature of the convention was the hundred and fifty delegates and visitors the Sacred Heart Guild at the St. John's church, and the committee from the Wapsie Chapter must be congratulated for the wonderful success of the program. Three hundred and fifty delegates and visitors were seated and the ones who were unable to attend the convention and this banquet missed an entertainment that will be remembered by all for some time to come. President Judge Geo. W. Wood presided as toastmaster. The speakers on the program were Hon. Smith Brookhart, Charles W. Folds, national president of the Izaak Walton League of America, Mrs. Francis E. Whitley, Judge Escar Floyd, president of the Texas Division.

Francis E. Whitley, conservationist, spoke on "What Does the Izaak Walton League in Iowa Want?" Judge Floyd of "way down south" kept the hearers in a good humor with his southern descriptions and his interpretation of the Spirit of Waltonianism.

Hon. Smith Brookhart, in his forceful way, told what the League had accomplished and what it could do in the future.

During the program the Izaak Walton League Quartet of Cedar Rapids gave several numbers. Every man is an artist, and together the harmony was perfect. Arthur Hartson's Scotch impersonations was a hit of the evening.

Friday, the last day of the convention, was given over to reports, also selection of District presidents from the eleven Congressional Districts.

"Banner used by four girls who assisted in a drive for new members that resulted in more than doubling the membership of the Pittsburg, Kansas, Chapter No. 1. They are from left to right, Miss Maurine Dobson, Miss Celia Coulter, Miss Ruth Gene Scott and Miss Zita McGinley. Apparently the girls are well pleased with their success in writing new members."

South Dakota Convention

Sioux Falls, S. D.—Dr. Ferdinand Brown, an active Waltonian, sent in the following report of the recent South Dakota Division convention: "The annual meeting of the South Dakota Division was held in Sioux Falls, Monday and Tuesday, June 7th and 8th. The newly elected officers are: President, Rev. George MacConnachie, Redfield; first vice-president, J. R. Chase, Dell Rapids; second vice-president, J. L. Ruckman, Aberdeen; third vice-president, Ray Ewing, Deadwood; secretary-treasurer, Ralph Blume, Redfield; directors, H. F. Chapman, Sioux Falls, E. I. Bowe, Huron, P. D. Deen, Lead; director for one year, Father MacConnachie, James Dorethy, Watertown. Monday morning, after registration, a trap shooting tournament was held. Then squads of five men each participated in the event. Brookings Chapter won first prize, which was a loving cup given by the Sioux Falls Chapter. Many other prizes were hung up for other events. The meeting proper started at 1:30 Monday, consisting of business and talks on forestry and other conservation topics. At 4:30 the meeting adjourned and went to McKennan Park where the Bait Casting Tournament and hot dog roast took place. Frank Marnett of Spirit Lake, Iowa Chapter, had charge of this part of the program and he showed his efficiency both as a supervisor and bait caster. At eight-thirty a smoker was held at the convention hall where Rev. John Larsen of Deadwood gave his talk on the Black Hills, showing slides. Following Rev. Larsen was Ozark Ripley, who talked on conservation and held his audience intensely interested for over an hour. Tuesday morning was devoted to business sessions. Adjournment was made at one o'clock and all members went to the New State Theatre where the feature talk and pictures of the meeting were given by Dr. Cora Johnston Best. In the evening the annual banquet was held, at which Father MacConnachie, the newly elected Division President, gave a talk, followed by Judge Escar Floyd, Texas, of the National Executive Committee. The Judge had a happy faculty of handling his subject and injecting humor in it from time to time. He had his audience roaring with laughter many times during his talk. Many beautiful prizes were given away at the banquet, the feature one being the thoroughbred Springer spaniel pup given to the League by Dr. E. W. Elmen of Sioux Falls. This pup was won by a young Waltonian of Sioux Falls, Max Kuehn, Jr. The next place of meeting is Deadwood.

* * *

North Baltimore, Ohio—The local chapter recently planted a number of channel cat, black bass and rock bass in a quarry

And here we have "Uncle Ike," the genial character who broadcasts conservation messages over station WBBM, the official radio station of national headquarters.

north of town. They are considering planting trees on each lawn in the city, and last spring planted five thousand trees that were acquired from the state, according to a report made by L. W. Biehler, Secretary.

* * *

Columbus, Ohio—The Columbus Chapter plans to plant one thousand black walnut trees along the Scioto River.

* * *

Peoria, Ill.—Despite the threatening weather, a record crowd attended the annual picnic of the Fort Clark Chapter held June 13th at the Peoria Automobile Club Grounds, near Chillicothe, Illinois.

* * *

Waverly, Iowa—Waverly Chapter members recently made a boat trip, covering the Winnishiek Bottoms. About seventy Waltonians and their families made the trip on two boats chartered from Mr. Fred G. Bell of McGregor. It was a splendid trip according to H. L. Leslie, President of Waverly Chapter.

* * *

Van Wert, Ohio—R. J. Morgan, Jr., Secretary Van Wert Chapter, reports that two thousand fully matured small mouth bass, and silver catfish were recently planted in county waters. They are planning the construction of a club house on Lake St. Marys.

Parsons, Kans.—In a letter from M. C. McKinley, he states that a fish hatchery will be established near Parsons. The chapter intends to make a Waltonian home on the banks of the 128 acre lake for Waltonians from all parts of the country.

* * *

Lancaster, Penna.—Several hundred Waltonians attended the recent annual outing of Lancaster Chapter held on the estate of Walter Posey, President of the chapter.

* * *

Greenwood Lake, N. Y.—Greenwood Lake is being rejuvenated according to a report by S. S. Stinson, Secretary of the chapter. The lake is well known to sportsmen and for some time it has been the aim of local Waltonians to put it back on its former basis.

* * *

Lincoln, Nebr.—Lincoln Chapter was recently organized with a 165 charter membership and is making plans for an intensive conservation campaign.

* * *

Missouri Division—The Missouri division I. W. L. A. is making an active campaign against the unrestrained roaming of house cats.

* * *

Webster City, Iowa—A record meeting was recently held by the local chapter. Senator Cavanaugh of Ft. Dodge and Claud Richeson made the principal addresses.

* * *

Robinson, Ill.—Judging from the success of the first meeting, the newly organized Crawford County Izaak Walton League of Robinson will offer a serious challenge in membership to the other clubs of this section. In spite of only a short time ago, 68 names were annexed to the petition for the charter at the meeting held tonight and a temporary organization was completed.

* * *

Williamsport, Penna.—A complete story of the recent splendid achievement of Pennsylvania Waltonians in restraining further pollution of the Loyalsock will appear in the September issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

* * *

Through an error the name of Joseph

HELP SAVE OUT-DOOR AMERICA
JOIN THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE
DEFENDER OF WOODS-WATERS & WILD LIFE
IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE DUES $3.
"THE" IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE DOING A BIG JOB
THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUES BUSINESS

Waukesha, Wisconsin, Chapter's booth.
Through an error this was credited to "Mendasha Chapter."

Francis Wise was mentioned as being a member of the Seattle, Washington, Chapter. Joseph is a member of Bellingham, Washington, Chapter.

* * *

WE BEG YOUR PARDON

Through an error, an engraving of an attractive booth, appearing in last month's issue of Outdoor America, was credited to Mendesha Chapter. This booth is one arranged by the Waukesha, Wisconsin, Chapter in connection with National Health Week.

* * *

St. John, N. D.—Everett C. Stiles has certainly planned an active program as shown by the following report from him:

Just a few lines to let you know that we held our regular monthly meeting of St. John Chapter No. 2 on Wednesday evening May 5 at which time we got a full report of the convention from our delegate, Mr. George R. Britten. He came back primed to the limit for Izaak Walton League and is so full of enthusiasm that he cannot keep still. I only wish we could send about a dozen of our members down next year and get them filled with the stuff that makes Britten so wild.

At this meeting we adopted the newly organized Boy Scout troop and we are going to make them all Izaak Walton Leaguers as soon as they get old enough. We want you to let us know what is necessary to get a junior organization started here as we have about 25 boys too young for our chapter but who could just as well be junior members as not.

We have appointed the following members to act as a committee of three supervisors of the Scouts here: Fred Lewis, J. H. Engh, and Geo. R. Britten. Mr. E. W. Jerabek met with the Scouts last night and arranged for them to go with him today and bring in a tree each to plant on the school grounds. They are each to be responsible for the protection of a tree and while this is a work of the Izaak Walton Chapter the boys can best look after their trees. We hope in the next few years to put out a great many trees along the highways around here. Mr. Britten has told us of El Comancho's address regarding trees and we want to get the I. W. L. A. at work spreading the tree gospel as well as the trees.

We are going to entertain the State Game Board during this month. Nature has been very bountiful to us here in giving us a lot of splendidly wooded hills all thickly interspersed with lovely little lakes of pure water. There are some fish, which we are helping out by planting and protection, plenty of ducks, grouse and some ruffed grouse. We are planting Hungarian Partridge and Chinese Pheasant also. It is very encouraging to see these birds occasionally apparently in a happy state around our game refuge and adjacent territory. The chapter has raised a fund to pay outsiders a bounty on old crows, young crows and eggs. In my travels as Immigrant Inspector I see thousands of ducks, chickens and partridges which I believe would increase far more rapidly with the crows all done away with.

We want to express a wish that the new national President and all the executive force of the League may meet with success.

* * *

Camden County, N. J.—The State Division has planned a bait and fly casting tournament with some splendid prizes for the winners. Some of the leading anglers of the state have been invited to enter

(Continued on page 42)

Note the grooved metal head-plate. Highly polished mirror finish. This is the Fish-Oreno's great fish-getting attraction.

Everywhere—

in Lakes the Country over—the FISH-ORENO *brings 'em in*

HERE'S the bait sensation of 1926 . . . FISH-ORENO, the bait with *insurance policy* . . . guaranteed to catch fish or money refunded.

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The Jamison Barbless Saves
The Barbed Hook Destroys Fish

So destructive is the old-fashioned barbed hook that some states have passed laws prohibiting the angler from returning any fish to the water, as it is considered useless.

The Jamison Barbless Hook does so little damage that practically all live on being released, so you can take and return as many as you wish and know that you have done no harm, but are really helping save the fishing. Why not use them?

FRED N. PEET

National Secretary of the Izaak Walton League of America

Landed this fine 15-pound Salmon on a No. 6 Jamison Barbless Hook, after twelve wonderful jumps.

Mr. Peet's Letter

My Dear Bill:

We had a great time on the Caines River fishing for Salmon this year. All the guides were asking about you. I never had such luck Salmon fishing as I had this year and I want to tell you the Barbless Hook is all right, as I caught 96 out of the 97 Salmon on the Allen Streamer Fly tied on a number six **Jamison Barbless Hook.** We had to net the fish to take the hook out, as there was no releasing them by giving them slack line. We also caught a large number of Grilse and Brook Trout.

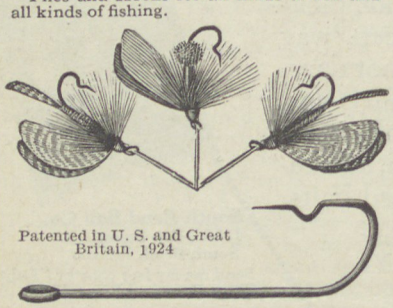
Yours as ever,
Fred N. Peet.

Chicago, Ill., June 29th, 1926.

Much pleasure was added to Mr. Peet's trip by the fact that he was able to release all fish except those needed for the table uninjured and none the worse for the experience.

JAMISON BARBLESS

Flies and Hooks for all kinds of fish and all kinds of fishing.



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The Angler's Notebook

Interesting Jottings by an Unquestioned Authority

O. W. SMITH

WHY is it that every angling writer must "talk shop," write practical articles? I pick up the average outdoor magazine, and, because an angler, turn first-off to the fishing department. What do I find? Measurements and ounces—highly technical stuff. Then, if I hunt through the literary pages, the average story teller talks about the tackle he employed when he captured leviathan, and very little regarding the thrills leviathan brought the angler. Let us hope it is modesty on the part of the story-teller that keeps him from trying to describe the battle, instead of a desire to enlighten the less lucky fellows who never connected up with leviathan.

Did you get the significance of the little word used in that last sentence? "Luck!" Bill Shakespeare affirms (I doubt if Bill was much of a fisherman) that there is a tide in the affairs of men, and I know there is such a thing as Luck in fishing. And Luck is a fickle, unreasoning jade. She bestows her choicest boons without rhyme or reason. For instance, I was casting with a saloonkeeper some years ago, we had been casting for two or three hours without catching anything but back-lashes, then—(I could out-cast the saloonkeeper, both in accuracy and distance) I sat down to rest, and right from the water we had been sporting over for hours he took a record-breaking wall-eye. Now I am a Congregational preacher, and you naturally would think Lady Luck might smile on that account, if not because I can handle the short rod and multiplying reel with a bit o'skill. But not on your sweet life. She passes me by superciliously and hands her gift over to a saloonkeeper! Without any question my "plug" had hit the exact spot from which that great wall-eye came, not only once, but literally hundreds of times. In the slang of the day, "It was enough to make a preacher swear!"

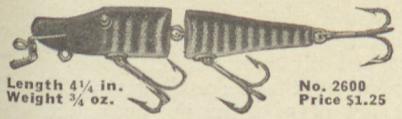
How many times has the finished fly-fisherman, with his expensive outfit, trained hand and apperceptive mind, seen some bare-foot country urchin walk up to a pool and lift out a monster trout by main strength and awkwardness at the end of a cane pole and twisted cotton line; that too, after the fly-artist had whipped the water carefully and scientifically. Why? Luck, of course, just plain, unvarnished Luck. Presume it is the way Fate has of keeping the scientific angler humble. It may be good for one's soul, but it is awful on the temper.

Two summers ago I was following one of my favorite rivers on the south shore of Lake Superior, a stream that works itself into a very smother of rage and foam before it commits suicide in Gitchee Gumme. It is a stream one wades carefully, for the rounded stones on the bottom are like nothing else but a bit of soap on the bottom of a bath-tub. Just the same, there are some great rainbow and brown in that river, and holes where a fisherman can drink standing up. You will understand, he must tread carefully and cast circumspectly. Well, I came to a pool called, in my note-book, Willow Pool, and I knew a big trout dwelt there. How did I know it? Your question is superfluous, Thomas; I am an angler. Well, I crawled up to the bank, water so deep wading was out of the question, and sent my perfect dry-fly, tiny Black Gnat, right where all fishermen would have sent it, where all the books say it should have been sent. Result? Nothing. I didn't over-fish, for that is suicidal on broad, open pools. Perhaps I cast not wisely, but too well. I gave up, and sat me down to rest and think uncomplimentary things of Lady Luck.

Along came a tyro, the veriest dub at the fly-game, carrying an outfit that, well, that no self-respecting trout could be supposed to look at. Actually, he was using a long cane pole and big bass-fly, a Scarlet Ibis! I grinned to myself in fine derision, thinking, "After he fails I'll give him a bit of expert advice." Alas, and then some! He walked right up to the edge of the pool, with none of that crawling so inelegantly but adequately expressed by schoolboys as "belly-flopping," as I had done. He swung the rod—no, *pole*—back and down, the fly striking, "Plop!" on the surface. Instantly, unquestioningly, the trout I knew was in the pool came, swallowed the fly. That was all there was to it. The tyro surged on the "pole," as a man pitching hay on a farm might have done. Out came the trout, slithering along the surface, up the bank and was knocked on the head with a stone. Weighed on *my* scales, exactly, five pounds! The things I thought about Lady Luck I could have been arrested for. No, I didn't give the tyro a lesson in fly-fishing. The tyro's tackle was wrong in every particular, and his methods worse, yet Lady Luck grins, like the fickle jade she is, and scowls at me. That's fishing.

Nevertheless, I am a user and lover of light tackle, even if Lady Luck does employ her dastardly wiles to keep me in my place. There is such sport, such satisfaction in playing a good fish on tackle so light you are divided between anxiety lest the rod break or the fish escape. More than once, on my river,

NEW JOINTED Pikie Minnow



Length 4¼ in. Weight ¾ oz. No. 2600 Price $1.25

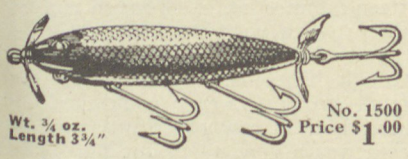
Fools 'Em All!

Those scrappy, fightin', rod-bendin', water-whippin' Bass, Pickerel, Pike and Muskie rush madly after this New Jointed Pikie—and strike it HARD!

'Cause it looks, acts, wiggles and swims—with a smooth, sensuous glide—just like the natural, living, breathing Pikie Minnow!

Be sure to get one at your dealer's or direct—so you, too, will CATCH MORE AND BIGGER FISH—whenever and wherever you go fishin'.

Floating Injured Minnow



Wt. ¾ oz. Length 3¾" No. 1500 Price $1.00

"One fisherman tells another"—about this proven deadly killer! Represents a wounded minnow—just about all in—but able to make a little fuss on the surface! You're losing fish until you get one! At your dealer's or direct!

Send for our new beautifully colored catalogue—it's FREE! All Creek Chub Baits are guaranteed to be satisfactory in every respect or money refunded!

Creek Chub Bait Co.
328 So. Randolph St. Garrett, Ind.

Fall Fishing

is at its best with the Heddon-Stanley "ACE"

Half Ounce

Violent action; triple luring; metal body, fly, spinner, all in one. Nearest approach to 100% in casting, luring, hooking, holding. Goes any depth; ideal for fall. $1.00.

Ask to see Baby Vamp and Baby Game-Fisher.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
DOWAGIAC, MICH.

Send for free book on Fly and Bait Rods, Reels, Lines, and Lures.

"The Box with the Red Edge"

HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS

Have you read Hildebrandt's new Hints with a lot of ideas on using Hildebrandt baits that "hook and land 'em?"

It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued—not a dry line in it. *Free to you*—tell us where to send it.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 685 High St., Logansport, Ind.

GOV'T. POSITIONS

Men wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk, internal revenue agent, postoffice clerk, carrier and field clerk positions, $1500 to $4500 year. Write for free particulars.

MOKANE DEPT. 227 DENVER, COLO.

I have breathed a sigh of relief when a rainbow has succeeded in throwing the fly, even while I shed tears of vexation and grief.

Have you never said, in anxiety of soul, "If he throws the fly, I save my tackle; if he doesn't, something is bound to smash?" Your prayers were such a commingling of, "Save my tackle—save my fish!" that St. Peter must have been put to it to determine which you wanted most. If you have never been there, you do not know the heart-joy of real fishing. Just to sit down under the shade of some tree after all is over, and cry because the monster got away and rejoice with exceeding great joy that your tackle is still sound, *is* angling, is "just fishing."

Some years ago I read an article in an outdoor magazine under the blatant title, "I Fish for Fish." That title—don't remember anything about the subject matter—sticks in my memory. I don't fish for fish, neither does any spiritual descendant of Father Walton, though perhaps we think we do. We fish for an intangible catch, which we take with us. I can prove it, too. Some of our best days have been those when not a trout or bass came to odorize the creel, and some of our most unsatisfactory days have been those when our baskets were chock-full of fish. When a man catches fish and nothing else he has not been fishing. When fish or tackle causes a follower of lake and stream to forget his surroundings, to remain unconscious of the blandishment of the Open, he had better go to the market for his meat. Both fish and tackle are means to an end, not an end in themselves. My right arm forgets its cunning, and my eyes lose their ability to pick out the likely spot for a trout to lie, before I become a mere fisher of fish.

If you thumb the pages of my notebook from the first day of the season, when the willow-cats are all arching their backs to the caress of the South Wind, on through the period of the flaming of the cardinal flowers and blossoming of golden rod, until the fringed gentian smiles up at the blue October skies, while the frost stricken leaves hurtle down into the home of the muskellunge, you will find very little about proper tackle, successful methods, wise maneuvers, but a whole lot about my surroundings. And I take my share of fish, believe me, I do; and I also am up to tricks and wiles, while I am possessed of some justly famous rods and reels. I strike hands just the same with a wielder of cane-pole and chalk line, if he is something more than a fisher of fish, or what I fondly believe an angler should be.

Speaking of fishing tricks. . . . A couple years ago I discovered a great school of rainbow trout, rather I should say a school of great rainbow trout, inhabiting a deep pool in my river. Because of the marging trees, and a field of Canada thistles, the water could be approached at but a single place. The trout had come to recognize that the shadow of a line or rod at that point spelled danger, and as soon as

Boy! What satisfaction!

Governor control—that's the secret. With the Graham No-Lash Reel there *can't* be any back-lash. Why man, you don't even have to thumb it! The Graham governor, working automatically, is on the job every minute, perfectly, leaving you to attend to your fishing.

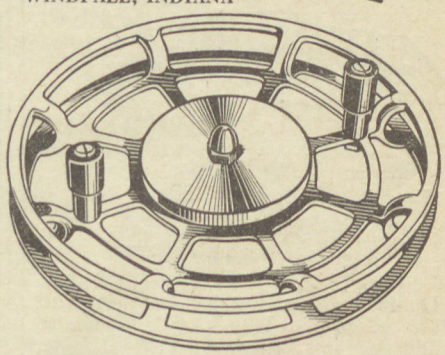
Ask your dealer about the new reel that has taken the back-lash out of fishing. Or, drop us a line and we will tell you all about it.

DEALERS! Write for attractive proposition.

WRITE!

This new illustrated Graham booklet will tell you all about this superlative reel and its GOVERNOR CONTROL. It's FREE—write today.

GRAHAM REEL CO.,
WINDFALL, INDIANA



Graham No-Lash

"THE GOVERNOR DOES IT"

Luckie?
I should smile!

A quality Rod at a moderate price

Luckie Steel Fishing Rod—a rod ranging in price from $2.50 to $6.00 (according to the style) which is quality clear through. It's as good as many others selling at twice the price. Made by the makers of the famous Bristol Steel Fishing Rods. **Write** for free catalog giving prices of all models. The Horton Manufacturing Co., 58 Horton St., Bristol, Conn. Pacific Coast Agents: The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., San Francisco, Cal.

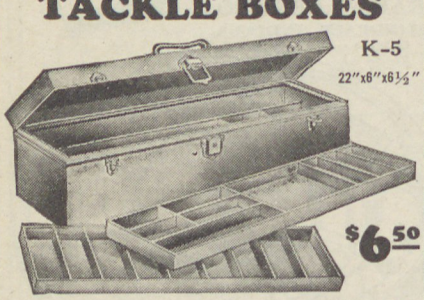
Luckie Bait Caster—$3.50

No. 500 Luckie Bait Casting Steel Rod—3 joints—4 to 6½ feet. Cork handle. Weight from 6½ to 7¾ oz. You will find this a splendid rod for general fishing. Price $3.50. Specify length wanted. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct enclosing price.

LUCKIE
TRADE MARK
Steel Fishing Rod

HOBART WATERTITE TACKLE BOXES

K-5
22"x6"x6½"



$6.50

Sturdy, rigid case of lead coated steel. Double seams and soldered corners, with box edges folded in special manner to add stiffness. Durable metal handle. Guaranteed watertight.

Catalog on request. At your dealer's or by mail postpaid.

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave. & 8th St., S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

"GET 'E-M" BAIT
A REAL BAIT FOR
CATFISH Does Not Require Triple Gang Hook. Will Not Wash Off Hook
PRICE 50 Cents Dealers Wanted
Manufactured by
ELLSWORTH & MARTHIS Fairbury, Nebraska

there was movement manifested, disappeared. One day I had the happy thought, why not cut a way up to the pool through the thistle field and fish from that side? The thought was father to the act. I got busy and by dint of great exertion and some expletives, for those wandering weeds were harsh and bent upon protecting the pool, carved a trail right up to within two feet of the pool's edge. Of course, I left a fringe of thistles for shelter. It was anything but a rose-strewn pathway, but I was wearing waders and those sharp needles could not penetrate them.

I cut the weeds at night and the next morning, before any chance angler might discover my highway to success, I was crawling up through the waist-high thistles. Actually, once in-a-while, a solitary thistle would lean out and give me a pick, angry that I had dared rape the pool they had so long protected. Without rising to my feet, without showing my head even, knowing the pool as I did, I sent my single fly out upon the water. "Splash! Bang!" A trout had it. I had selected a stiff, strong rod, knowing what I would be up against. Honestly, by main strength and awkwardness I lifted that trout up and out, right back into my thistle-bed. Believe it or not, lying prone, sheltered and aided by the unwilling thistles, I took half a dozen as nice trout as man ever saw, before one was lifted too heavy for even my stout tackle, and breaking loose, fell back into the quiet pool with a great racket and splashing. That ended it, of course. Probably that fish told his fellows all about what was happening; anyway, not another fish did I rise. But I had six beauties in my creel, and I had circumvented a school of educated trout.

Last summer, while fishing a brushy creek, where for rods on stretch, it is utterly impossible to drop in a bait. (Yes, I *was* worm-fishing, and what of it? There is no place on that stream where you can cast a fly, neither does the stream empty into another and more open creek; instead, it disembogues directly into Gitchee Gummee. It is use worms or not fish.) I came to a place where the water rushed down over a blue-clay bank and into a deep hole, for the stream, away down under some willows and tag alders. I stopped to study the place. I knew there was bound to be a goodly brown or two down there, perhaps one big one and a few smaller, for you seldom find two big trout in the same hole. I had my fishing-knife on my belt, and with it I hewed a way into that hole, doing it as circumspectly as possible so that if some other angler happened along he might not discover it. I did the work well, marked just where my worm was to drop and how. Had the whole thing so fixed in mind that I would not have to see it when I swung the magic worm.

Then I retired to guard the place, in case some adventitious angler wander down through the brush, though only the most enthusiastic of trout-fans ever bother that stream. By the way, none but very religious men should undertake to fish such streams, it being absolutely impossible to be sufficiently profane to do justice to them.

The next day I was back there betimes you can well believe, armed with a self-made split-bamboo, thick in the back and sturdy. Just as I had outlined the day previous, I did. Down dropped my worm-baited hook, to be caught by the descending current and carried deep down in the water and back under the sweeping brush. I felt a gentle, questioning twitch, for that is the manner in which a big trout takes bait. Then the line started resolutely through the water. I gave the butt with all the force I could muster. Pandemonium broke loose down under those concealing branches and small trunks. I let him go, for perforce, there was nothing else to do. He did not leap as he might have done on a fly, otherwise he certainly would have snarled me on branches. For fully fifteen minutes he raved, raged and tore things; when weary, I brought him to a point where I could thrust my fingers through his gills, and lifted out a 3 pound brown. Never could have secured him in any other way, and his death was a good thing for the smaller fish. Actually had three small trout in his stomach.

Probably I'll be criticised for narrating these two incidents, especially the latter; but then, I am criticised by someone all the time and I thrive on it. I have told of these two successes just because I wanted to be inconsistent. After saying all I had about not fishing for fish, I just had to capture some, don't you see? I delight in being inconsistent, impractical, and all. I like to fish, just because I like to fish. And as has been so well said, and in so many ways, "It is not all of fishing to fish."

HE CAUGHT ONE

A minister was visiting a hospital for the insane, found a man dangling a bit of string attached to a stick over a wash basin, and wishing to be affable, asked:

"How many have you caught, brother?"

"You're the ninth," came the surprising reply.

BARBLESS HOOKS

One wonders if all this bother about barbless hooks is worth the space used. Oh, the barbless is not fishless as some seem to think, but why not go in for a real barbless if you want the last word in "humanitarian methods"? There are hooks on the market, dressed with flies I understand, utterly devoid of any hump of any sort, just needle-point sharp, that's all. Fish have little trouble in getting off them. I speak from experience. Can't hurt the fish much. It is not the hook that does the damage anyway, in fly-fishing, but the handling. To touch a trout with a dry hand, spells the ultimate death of the fish. Wet your hands always. But why catch and return to the water?

Room for Rod and All

The compact Green Line Tackle Case is so well proportioned and well arranged that there's room within for rod, gaff hook and all. Two compartmented trays for large and small tackle — two compartments for reels.

It's wood-lined, metal-covered, water-tight—tackle can't rust in it—and the case is so sturdy it won't dent if sat on or rattle or bulge at the cover when carried. See your dealer now.

If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

GREEN-CASE, Inc.

Dept. O. A. RACINE, WIS.

Manufacturers of

The **GREEN** *Line*

ASHAWAY

Fishing Lines

NEW, live fishing stories by well-known authors. Pictures of lines for different purposes, magnified many times to show their construction. What lines big game anglers use, and why. Our new booklet, *"Fish Stories,"* sent free anywhere. Write your address on a post card and send it to the

ASHAWAY LINE & TWINE MFG. CO.
Box 446-8 ASHAWAY, R. I.

• Send for Your Copy •

KING MINNOW NET

Gets Live Bait for the Big Ones—always ready to serve you with fresh live bait for a wonderful day's fishing. Easily carried, 3 sizes—4'x4', $3.25; 3'x3', $2.75; 2'x2', $2.25. At all dealers and guaranteed unconditionally for one year, all broken parts repaired or replaced free. Get one today—you'll be ready to go fishing anytime.

The W. H. Reisner Mfg. Co., Inc., *Mfgrs.*
Hagerstown, Maryland

When I have caught enough for a meal I am satisfied to quit fishing and watch the birds. Never could just bring myself to playing fish for the sake of playing, that is, unless they themselves get off the hook. There is a difference between being compelled to unhook the capture and having the capture unhook itself. I always feel bad when a fish gets away, even when I want it to get away. Chew on that.

* * *

TACKLE CATALOGUES

Have I said anything in my space concerning the joy of looking over fishing-tackle catalogues? Think not, but if I have it won't hurt to say it again. I am proud of American tackle-dealers. What wonderful outdoor books they get out. I would rather read some well-known catalogues than a good many of the so-called expert books on fishing to be procured at the book stores. There is more of solid information and enjoyment ofttimes in the catalogues. I can say this, for I write fishing books. If you have never got the tackle catalogue habit, take my word as to its worthwhileness, and write for a supply. Of course I am not interested in selling tackle, but if you can thumb the resplendent pages of these wonderful creations and not invest, you are ripped off a different piece of cloth than am I.

* * *

DISGORGER

Ever go after panfish? Sure, I thought so. Most of us do. Some of us have discovered that fly-fishing for "punkin' seeds" and yellow perch is rare sport. But generally worms are used for bait. Now, when a sunnie or perch swallows the hook, as sometimes happens, it is a disagreeable job to follow down the line to the fish's subsequent anatomy in order to release the steel. A disgorger is the thing. Just slip over the line and push down. In a moment the thing is over with, and profanity eliminated. See to it that you place a disgorger in the top tray of the old tackle-box and leave it there. You will be glad you have it if you go "bull-headin'." What's that? You don't? You're missing out on something very much worth while, though I can't take time to tell about it this month.

* * *

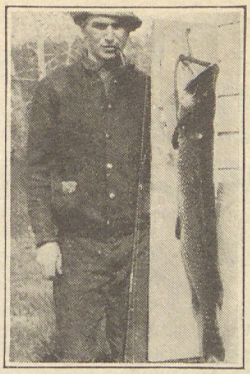
ALL FOR FASHION'S SAKE

"Ma wants a package of dye, and she wants a fashionable color," proclaimed the fisher-woman's little boy. (The fisher-woman was a fisher-woman just because of the natty clothes worn in the open.)

"A fashionable color," repeated the druggist. "What does she want it for, clothes, or eggs, or what?"

"Well," replied the little boy, "the doctor says Ma has stomach trouble from eatin' too much bacon and trout, and she's got to diet. And Ma says as long as she has got to diet she might as well diet a fashionable color."

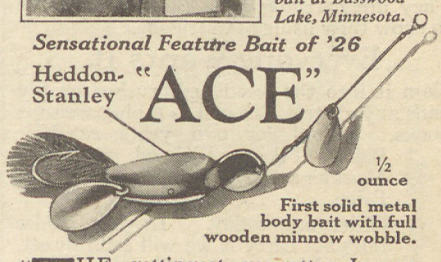
(Continued on page 43)



When you see them wide-jawed like that—black-backed with the white flecks standing out like jewels — you know that "Snake" is the wrong name for that breed of fighting Northern Pike. 46 inches long, 21½ pounds! Mr. Curt Mellon of Chicago took him on a Heddon KING bait at Basswood Lake, Minnesota.

Sensational Feature Bait of '26

Heddon-Stanley **"ACE"**



½ ounce

First solid metal body bait with full wooden minnow wobble.

"THE gettingest go-getter I ever used". "Had my bass limit in 40 minutes". "Kept none under 3 lbs. —limit before noon—largest, 6¼ lbs". "No such thing as 'bad conditions' with your ACE. Send two for Dr. S . . . ."

Scores of letters like these *prove* that for wildfire success and fish *insurance,* the "ACE" is IT! It's all the same — beginner or expert—they ALL get them. Overwhelming records in waters supposed to be "fished out." Pike, Musky, Bass—the "ACE" looks alike to all game-fish—something to be grabbed quick. And how it does *stay* grabbed! You hold'em.

Get this top-record bait — combining every known advantage of metal lures with true minnow "action". Triple attractiveness of glittering metal body, flashing spoons, brilliant fly. Use it "as is" or add porkstrip — and count your string.

The "ACE" casts like a bullet with any weight of rod—can't turn or twist line—goes to any depth—weedless—and holds like a bulldog. Indestructible. Body and blades in two finishes—copper or nickel. Red, red-and-white, yellow or black fly. Complete with weed guard and leader, **$1.00**

The Heddon-Stanley **"KING"**

¾ ounce

TREBLE hook if wanted.

Fitting follower of the mighty "ACE"

HEDDON'S newest — carrying the successful "ACE" principle still further. Longer, more blade-like body in violent wobbling action produces the glittering flash responsible for the acknowledged success of old-fashioned "spoon" baits—without their line-twisting, fouling or difficult casting. Shoots straight to the mark — goes any depth or on surface for musky. Body shape makes it weedless; always rides right without twisting. Excessively lifelike action — with or without porkstrip trailer.

"KING" in name, action and results. Indestructible. Nickel or copper, red or red-and-white fly: regularly with single hook, TREBLE hook if ordered. With wire leader attached **$1.00**

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS, DOWAGIAC, MICH.

"The Box with the Red Edge" — seen and recognized in more tackle stores and angler's kits than any other feature in the fishing world.

IN 15 years of Field & Stream's National Contests more prize Bass have been taken on Heddon baits than on all similar lures combined.

15TH YEAR

Heddon Fishing Tackle

Genuine Dowagiac

absolutely
Weedless
Automatic
Bait

When the fish bite it, it looks like this

The WAB
fascinates every bait caster.
They are carrying it in their vest pocket to show their fishing fan friends.

Everyone Wants It

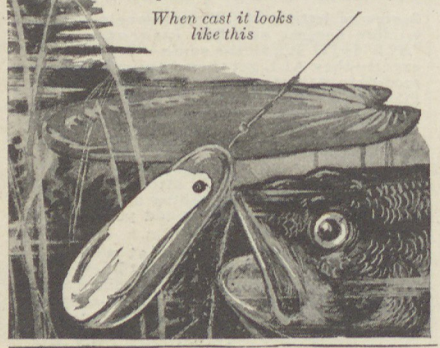
Slam it into the weed bed, rushes or lily pads anywhere. Smooth as a plug without hooks. Tested for two years catching Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muskies and even Sunfish. Price..... $2.00

Order one today. If your dealer does not carry it we will send direct. Money cheerfully refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Send for description.

FENNER WEEDLESS BAIT CO.
Dept. O. A. Oxford, Wis.

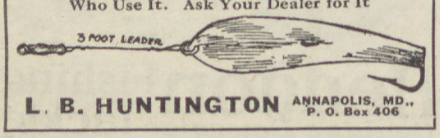
When cast it looks like this



On lake or stream defy these pests. Protect your skin against mosquitoes, sunburn, insect stings, poison ivy. Enjoy skin health and comfort on your vacation. Liquid Zemo gives instant relief. Invisible on skin: ointment for night use. 60c and $1.00. All druggists.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

THE DRONE
With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It



L. B. HUNTINGTON ANNAPOLIS, MD., P. O. Box 406

Scientific Angling

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

CHICAGO FLY SCORE

Fred C. Kleinfeldt tied with E. F. Sutter with 99.8% in the contest June 6, for a special Dirigold Challenge Cup, and won on the cast-off. The Club's Annual Outing was held at Delavan Lake, June 19 and 20. Many bass and pike were caught and very many wonderful stories told. Chicago Fly reports a second year with many new members. Below is one of its score sheets:

½ OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Frank Leach, 99.7%; Conrad Nordholm, 99.5%; E. H. Burlingame, 99.3%; A. D. Arado, 99.2%; Ed Sutter, 99.1%; Carl McCarthy, 98.9%; Robt. Clarkson, 98.6%; Bill Jamison, 98.5%; H. C. Dryer, 98.6%; Alex Olson, 98.5%; B. F. O'Neill, 98.2%; Richard Murphy, 98%; Louis Hodges, 97.2%; J. S. Sbarbro, 97.9%; G. T. Buddle, 97.3%; Dr. Bradley, 97.2%; C. C. Wardell, 97.1%; J. A. Lombardi, 97%; J. Carpenter, 97%; W. Stewart, 97%; Chas. H. Harkins, 96.9%; E. H. Taylor, 98.3%.

½ OZ. DISTANCE

Fred C. Kleinfeldt, 244 ft., longest cast, 289 ft. (Club record); Frank Leach, 208 ft., longest cast, 223 ft.; Conrad Nordholm, 206 ft., longest cast, 250 ft.; Ed Sutter, 177 ft., longest cast, 256 ft.; A. D. Arado, 175 ft., longest cast, 251 ft.; Robt. Clarkson, 140 ft., longest cast, 216 ft.; Carl McCarthy, 160 ft., longest cast, 210 ft.

ACCURACY FLY

Bill Jamison, 99.10%; A. D. Arado, 99.9%; E. H. Burlingame, 99.7%; F. Leach, 99.6%; F. C. Kleinfeldt, 99.5%; Edmund Taylor, 99.2%; Conrad Nordholm, 99.2%; Alex Olson, 99%; H. Wiegel, 98.5%.

5 ¾ OZ. DISTANCE FLY

Alex Olson, 104 ft.; Fred C. Kleinfeldt, 103 ft.; Bill Jamison, 100 ft.; C. Nordholm, 99 ft.; Ed Sutter, 100 ft.; A. D. Arado, 90 ft.; F. Leach, 89 ft.

Colorado Waltonians Hold Tournament at Littleton

The fly and plug casting tournament put on by the Arapahoe Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, at the Hoffman pond at Littleton, was a great day. The outstanding incidents being the winning of the Fly Casting event by Dr. A. M. Lininger of Englewood with a high score of 99 and 12-15, the remarkable casting of Robert Danford of Littleton in the 5-8 oz. plug event, and the plug casting by Allyn H. Tedmon, Jr., a little eight-year-old disciple of the great sport.

The two boys' events were creative of much interest and the boys were well pleased with the prizes they won for their skill. The event for boys or girls under 12 years was won by Allyn H. Tedmon, Jr., and the event for boys or girls between 12 and 16 years was won by George Leyner, both youngsters being of Littleton.

A number of prominent casters from Denver were on hand, among them being Goodwin Granger of the Granger Rod Co. Mr. P. William Arend, the casting expert of Englewood, was much in evidence and assisted the local boys greatly in the running of the program.

⅝ -OZ. PLUG CASTING EVENT
UNKNOWN DISTANCE

Granger, 99.5%; Danford, 98.3%; Faye, 98.0%; Hamlin, 97.5%; Tedmon, 97.5%; Erison, 97.5%; Hickey, 97.5%; Waggy, 97.5%; A. Tedmon, Jr., 97.4%; Rask, 97.1%; Jones, 95.3%.

FLY CASTING EVENT

Lininger, 99 12/15%; Arend, 99 12/15%; Granger, 99 10/15%; DeKoevend, 99 10/15%; Hickey, 99 8/15%; Sliger, 99 6/15%; Shelly, Shephard, Cozens, 98 13/15%; Scott and Faye, 98 12/15%; Hamlin, 98 8/15%; Danford, 97 13/15%; Waggy, 97 11/15%; Jones, 96 14/15%; Sinclair, 96 11/15%.

NEWS ITEM

St. Louis Fly and Bait Casting Club has elected the following officers for the season of 1926:

President, Jos. Badaracco; Vice-President, C. E. Wallace; Treasurer, Walter Wimmer; Secretary, H. J. Steinmesch, 4531 Chouteau Ave.; Captain, Lew Burnham; Ass't Captain, R. B. Dunhill; Executive, C. P. Davidson; Committee, E. W. Schloeman, Jos. H. Schuster.

ILLINOIS CASTING CLUB SCORES
SUNDAY, JUNE 6, 1926

⅝ -OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Fridenberg, 99.2%; Willman, 98.9%; Mathie, 98.9%; W. A. Eberman, 98.8%; DeGarmo, 98.8%; White, 98.8%; Bornholt, 98.7%; H. B. Eberman, 98.7%; H. Chatt, 98.4%; Kromphardt, 98.2%; Vong, 98.1%; Darby, 98.0%; Lloyd, 97.9%; Miller, 97.8%; Lane, 97.6%; Bennington, 97.4%; McCombs, 97.2%; Randle, 96.8%; Armstrong, 96.4%.

½ -OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

White, 99.1%; W. A. Eberman, 98.9%; H. B. Eberman, 98.7%; Cook, 98.5%; Bornholt, 98.6%; Kromphardt, 98.3%; Vong, 98.3%; Willman, 98.2%; H. Chatt, 98.1%; DeGarmo, 98.1%; Mathie, 98.0%; Allison, 97.4%; Randle, 97.4%; Fridenberg, 97.0%; Armstrong, 96.1%; McCombs, 96.1%.

⅝ -OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

H. B. Eberman, av. 192 1/5 ft., longest, 210 ft.; Bornholt, av. 187 1/5 ft., longest, 199 ft.; McCandless, av. 163 1/5 ft., longest, 177 ft.; Mathie, av. 148 3/5 ft., longest, 186 ft.; DeGarmo, av. 144 4/5 ft., longest, 184 ft.; Willman, av. 144 2/5 ft., longest, 237 ft.; Vong, av. 118 1/5 ft., longest, 202 ft.; White, av. 104 1/5 ft., longest, 220 ft.; McCombs, av. 98 3/5 ft., longest, 159 ft.; Bennington, av. 76 ft., longest, 172 ft.; Kromphardt, av. 68 ft., longest, 173 ft.; Fridenberg, av. 52 2/5 ft., longest, 145 ft.; H. Chatt (unofficial), av. 283 1/5 ft., longest, 305 ft.; W. Eberman (unofficial), av. 200 ft., longest, 271 ft.

SALMON FLY

W. A. Eberman, av. 133 1/3 ft., longest, 140 ft.; H. Chatt, av. 126 1/3 ft., longest, 133 ft.; H. B. Eberman, av. 125 1/3 ft., longest, 140 ft.; Bornholt, av. 124 ft., longest, 130 ft.; DeGarmo, av. 120 1/3 ft., longest, 131 ft.; Willman, av. 109 ft.; longest, 113 ft.; Vong, av. 103 1/3 ft., longest, 107 ft.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12

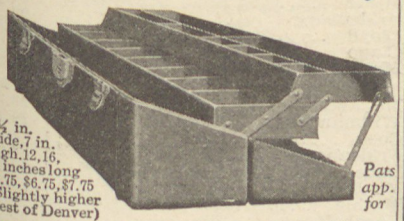
5 ¾ -OZ. DISTANCE FLY

Willman, av. 85 1/3 ft., longest, 92 ft.; Bornholt, av. 86 ft., longest, 87 ft.; DeGarmo, av. 79 ft., longest, 82 ft.; Cook, av. 76 1/3 ft., longest, 79 ft.; Fridenberg, av. 68 1/3 ft., longest, 75 ft.

5 ¾ -OZ. ACCURACY DRY FLY

McCandless, 99 4/15%; Willman, 99 4/15%; Cook, 99 3/15%; Bornholt, 99 3/15%; DeGarmo, 98 7/15%; Lane, 97 12/15%; Fridenberg, 96%.

This Tackle Box Makes It Easy



6½ in. wide, 7 in. high, 12, 16, 21 inches long $6.75, $6.75, $7.75 (Slightly higher west of Denver)

Pats app. for

Easy to open—do it with one hand—easy to get anything in any compartment—do it with one hand—easy to shut up—do it with one hand.

The trays swing back automatically as you lift the lid—and stay supported. Built of auto body steel—sturdy but not heavy. Rounded corners and edges, a beautiful, practical job.

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Sturdy but light running—noiseless. Has a practical, automatic brake. Thumb the hub, not the spool. A Winona product.

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Ask your dealer to show these to you. Write us for folder on our complete line.

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558 Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.

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For Realistically Decorating the Home, Office or Mountain Cabin

Nothing adds more charm to the home, den, office or mountain cabin than—beautiful Bear, Lion, Tiger, or Leopard Rugs or mounted head of Buffalo, Moose or Deer—particularly when the rug or trophy bears the artistic distinction of Jonas' craftsmanship.

Write today for a beautiful FREE catalog. It will give you a new conception of art in taxidermy.

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Peck's Dragon Bugs and June Bugs

Peck's June Bug

Whoopee! How they smash 'em, during late evening and night fishing! They are the anglers' midsummer friends. Make a dollar bill work! Send for one Dragon Bug, 65c, and the underwater favorite, Nipigon Parmaketch, 35c ea. June Bugs, 50c ea. Peck's Fishing Booklet is Free.

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FLIES SURE FISH GETTERS

Single hook lures that hook 'em and land 'em. Send $1.00 for a set of SIX proven fish getters—FLIES that fish are looking for. We also specialize in making flies to order—your own idea made up for you on either sproat or sneck hooks

THE TOLEDO TACKLE CO. 2318 Auburn Ave, TOLEDO, OHIO

SUNDAY, JUNE 13

½-OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

Cook, 92.2%; White, 99.1%; DeGarmo, 99.0%; Willman, 98.9%; Bornholt, 98.9%; McCandless, 98.7%; H. Chatt, 98.5%; Kromphardt, 98.3%; H. B. Eberman, 98.0%; Randle, 97.9%; Fridenberg, 97.9%; Jamison, 97.7%; Lane, 97.7%; Bennington, 97.6%; Vong, 97.1%; McCombs, 96.7%; Lloyd, 96.5%; Armstrong, 96.1%.

⅝-OZ. ACCURACY PLUG

Cook, 99.7%; Stanley, 99.6%; Bornholt, 99.5%; H. Chatt, 99.5%; McCandless, 99.4%; Willman, 99.4%; Vong, 99.2%; Bennington, 99.1%; Mrs. Humphries, 98.9%; DeGarmo, 98.9%; Kromphardt, 98.8%; Fridenberg, 98.8%; McCombs, 98.7%; Jamison, 98.7%; Lloyd, 98.7%; Armstrong, 98.6%; Darby, 98.5%; White, 98.3%; Miller, 98.1%; Randle, 98.0%; Langford, 95.5%.

5¾-OZ. ACCURACY FLY

H. Chatt, 93 13/15%; McCandless, 99 11/15%; Bornholt, 99 9/15%; H. B. Eberman, 99 9/15%; Lane, 99 7/15%; Willman, 99 4/15%; Fridenberg, 99 4/15%; DeGarmo, 99 4/15%; Cook, 99 3/15%; Vong, 99 3/15%; Randle, 98 6/15%; Kromphardt, 96 12/15%; White, 96 4/15%.

⅝-OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

Fridenberg, av. 216 ft., longest, 224 ft.; Willman, av. 196 2/5 ft., longest, 229 ft.; Cook, av. 174 2/5 ft., longest, 181 ft.; White, av. 171 4/5 ft., longest, 221 ft.; DeGarmo, av. 163 1/5 ft., longest, 184 ft.; McCandless, av. 157 4/5 ft., longest, 169 ft.; Jamison, av. 128 4/5 ft., longest, 165 ft.; McCombs, av. 124 3/5 ft., longest, 152 ft.; H. B. Eberman, av. 117 2/5 ft., longest, 201 ft.; Bennington, av. 116 1/5 ft., longest, 163 ft.; Kelly, av. 113 4/5 ft., longest, 161 ft.; Miller, av. 112 ft., longest, 158 ft.; H. Chatt, av. 108 4/5 ft., longest, 185 ft.; Randle, av. 104 ft., longest, 178 ft.; Bornholt, av. 103 2/5 ft., longest, 175 ft.; Stanley, av. 83 2/5 ft., longest, 216 ft.; Kromphardt, av. 60 4/5 ft., longest, 152 ft.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1926

5¾-OZ. DRY FLY ACCURACY

McCandless, 99 9/15%; Willman, 99 1/5%; Mathie, 98 11/15%; Vong, 98 11/15%; Eberman, H. B., 98 10/15%; Cook, 98 9/15%; Lane, 98 3/15%; Randle, 97 10/15%.

½-OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

Willman, av. 236 4/5 ft., length cast, 248 ft.; Eberman, H. B., av. 219 ft., length cast, 228 ft.; Mathie, av. 209 3/5 ft., length cast, 227 ft.; Lane, av. 169 ft., length cast, 180 ft.; Chatt, H., av. 162 ft., length cast, 247 ft.; McCandless, av. 136 ft., length cast, 183 ft.; Vong, av. 121 3/5 ft., length cast, 209 ft.; Randle, av. 78 4/5 ft., length cast, 167 ft.

½-OZ. ACCURACY BAIT

McCandless, 99.2%; Mathie, 99.1%; Willman, 99.0%; Cook, 98.8%; Vong, 98.2%; Eberman, H. B., 98.1%; Randle, 97.6%; Lane, 97.4%.

⅝-OZ. ACCURACY PLUG

Vong, 99.6%; Willman, 99.3%; McCandless, 99.6%; Mathie, 99.2%; Chatt, H., 99.1%; Lane, 99.0%; Eberman, H. B., 98.9%; Young, 98.8%; Willman, Mrs., 98.7%; Randle, 98.0%; Berman, 96.4%; Melka, 93.1%.

Continuation of Scores from July Records

ILLINOIS CASTING CLUB
SCORES FOR SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, May 29-30, 1926

SATURDAY, MAY 29th

½ oz. Accuracy	Per cent
Bornholt	99.4
Lloyd	98.8
Fridenberg	98.6
W. A. Eberman	98.6
Willman	98.4
Cook	98.4
Vong	98.0
Mathie	97.9
Allison	97.3
Clapp	96.3

Try Lou's Lures this coming trip!

The Eppinger Dardevle Lures which have won deserved popularity among anglers everywhere, now come in four sizes and nineteen color combinations.

The Husky Devle ($1.50) is for Muskies and Lake Trout. Dardevle (95c) does well for trolling and casting with average steel rod. Dardevlet (85c) and Imp (75c) are still smaller sizes for lighter tackle and skilled casters.

Dardevle *"The Old Boy Himself"* 3½" long, 1⅛" wide, 1 oz. **Price 95c**

Notangle Spinner *for use with flies, Nostealums or other baited hooks. Without fly.* 50c *With fly,* 75c

Notangle Spinners afford ease of alteration of flies with complete absence of fouling. A killing lure. Ten different color combinations. Send for catalog showing them in colors.

Nostealum No. 3. 15c *Actual size. (Showing use with minnow.)*

Nostealums are admittedly unequalled for use with all live and natural baits—insects, minnows, grubs, etc. Baits can be attached without removing hook. You don't injure or squash the bait. Just insert the pin and clasp it. Send for catalog.

Nostealum No. 8. 10c *Actual size. (Showing use with grasshopper.)*

Nostealum No. 14. 15c *Actual size. (Showing use with house fly.)*

"Osprey" Lines

are waterproofed so they won't rot, are braided so they shoot through the guides like greased lightning, and are guaranteed to stand anything excepting rough or cracked guides. "Osprey" lines have stood the test for fifteen years.

Canadian Distributors:
Canada Needle & Fishing Tackle Co., Ltd.
76 West Wellington Street, Toronto

Lou J. Eppinger
"Outfitters of Sportsmen"
Dept. W, 131-135 Cadillac Square
Detroit, Mich.
"Gateway to Canadian Game Fish and Big Game"

SW

SHOCK-PROOF!

STRAP WATCH

WALTHAM or ELGIN

FREE Trial

Send NO Money!

REMARKABLE achievement — wonderful "SHOCK-PROOF" Jeweled Movement, made for us by Elgin and WALTHAM Watch Co's. Designed for hunting, camping, golfing, fishing, strenuous outdoor sports, office use. Has double-strength mainspring; steel wheels, plates, escapement. Impervious to weather and shocks. *Sizzling sun, freezing weather, jars, exposure* do not effect its time-keeping. DUST-PROOF, MOISTURE-PROOF CASE.

WE have sold hundreds to professional men, business men, sportsmen, globe-trotters—they are amazed at its marvelous performance under most gruelling conditions. CASE is gold-filled, double stock; handsome cushion shape that wins admiring glances. Radium dial tells time vividly in pitch darkness. Strap is genuine pigskin. A sturdy Strap Watch for RED-BLOODED MEN—*stylish enough* for smartest functions, *sturdy enough* for most strenuous sports. Regular price, $30.00. *Huge orders for this model gain us price concession. Our "Direct-to-user" price.* $23.75

Our Plan is Different! *We ask for NO Money in advance! NOTHING on Delivery! See, Try, Test, Use, ENJOY this SHOCK-PROOF Strap Watch for 10 Days' Trial ABSOLUTELY FREE.*

If pleased you may pay on Budget Plan $5.00 MONTHLY

or, if you wish to pay cash within 10 days, deduct $1.75 and send Check or Money Order for $22. Otherwise return it. Send NO Money! Pay NOTHING on Delivery! $22 *Order NOW!*

THE STRAP WATCH IS HERE TO STAY!

Increasing daily in demand. Worn by men in all walks of life, because so sensible, stylish, convenient, HANDY! *"A Twist of the Wrist—There's the Time."* *Check below make desired.*

ELGIN ☐ WALTHAM ☐

SEAVER-WILLIAMS CO.

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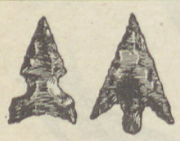
Sole Distributors of the SHOCK-PROOF Strap Watch

Clip and mail this Adv. NOW! Please tell us something about yourself. We will appreciate and respect the information. THANK YOU!



TINY BIRD ARROW POINTS

Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. Bead work relics of the Sioux Indians. Shirts, coats, vests, leggings, moccasins, bows, arrows, pipes, tobacco bags, etc. Wholesale Price List to dealers only. Collectors get the Retail List. Either free. *41st year.*

L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dakota

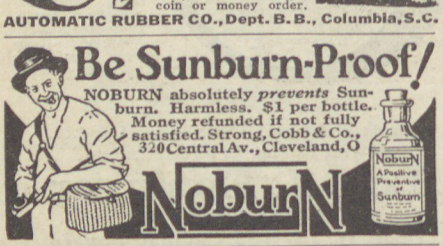
ZIP-ZIP

Here is a letter we received from a lady from way out west:

Gentlemen:
My boys were so delighted with the Zip-Zip shooters that they ordered from you that I am enclosing check for one dozen more, I want each of their friends to have one also. Please send these as soon as possible.

Thousands of boys are made happy with this wonderful Zip-Zip shooter. Order from us or your dealer, 35c each or 3 for $1.00. Send stamps, coin or money order.

AUTOMATIC RUBBER CO., Dept. B. B., Columbia, S.C.



Be Sunburn-Proof!

NOBURN absolutely *prevents* Sunburn. Harmless. $1 per bottle. Money refunded if not fully satisfied. Strong, Cobb & Co., 320 Central Av., Cleveland, O

NoburN

50 Lovely Paneled Visiting Cards, Beautifully Printed in Typo Old English Text, sent to you for 60c. 100, $1.00. Correct sizes for Mrs., Miss, Mr. Cash, check or P. O. Order.

S. C. Longwell, Longwell Bldg., Fresno, California

Dry Fly—Unknown	Per cent
Cook	99.3
Vong	99.0
McCandless	98.9
Mathie	98.9
Lane	98.7
Clapp	98.7
Bornholt	98.5
Willman	98.5
W. A. Eberman	98.3
Allison	98.3
Fridenberg	97.9

SUNDAY, MAY 30th

½ oz. Accuracy	Per cent
Bornholt	99.3
Willman	99.2
Cook	99.0
Fridenberg	98.4
Lloyd	98.1
W. Eberman	98.0
Kromphardt	97.9
Lane	97.9
Randle	97.8
Darby	97.5
McCombs	97.4
Allison	97.3
Mathie	97.2
Armstrong	96.5
Mrs. Darby (Guest)	92.9

⅝ oz. Accuracy	Per cent
Bornholt	99.4
Vong	99.3
Mathie	99.2
W. Eberman	99.2
Darby	99.0
Cook	98.9
Willman	98.9
Randle	98.7
McCombs	98.3
Armstrong	97.9
Kromphardt	97.9
Miller	97.9
Fridenberg	97.9
Lloyd	96.9
Clapp	96.7
Mrs. Darby (Guest)	96.3

Dry Fly—Unknown	Per cent
McCandless	99.3
Willman	99.1
Cook	98.9
Fridenberg	98.6
Lane	98.1
W. Eberman	98.1
Mathie	98.1
Bornholt	97.9
Allison	96.6
Vong	96.3

¼ oz. Distance	Average	Long Cast
Willman	189⅔	200
Cook	123⅓	146
McCandless	116	126
W. Eberman	90	132
Kromphardt	87⅓	151
McCombs	76	116
Mathie	72⅔	129
Bornholt	43⅔	166
Vong	41⅓	94

Waltonian Activities

(Continued from page 35)

the event, according to Charles E. Bendorf, Secretary of John James Audubon Chapter, whose chapter has a competition contest for the 1926 fishing season with appropriate prizes.

* * *

Galena, Ill.—Galena Chapter, according to I. L. Gamber, Secretary-Treasurer, is active in stopping commercial fishermen from violating the laws. This chapter has ordered 1,000 pheasant eggs and are after some bass to stock the local streams.

* * *

Hutchinson, Kan.—Hutchinson Chapter entertained the Boy Scouts and the Audubon club of the local high school at a recent meeting. Films of wild life, fishing and forestry were shown.

* * *

Waterloo, Iowa.—Because of the disturbance caused by carp, Waterloo Chapter is discussing the problem of seining these fish from the local waters.

* * *

Vineland, N. J.—Cumberland County sportsmen are up in arms over the dastardly act of several men who within the last week dynamited Union Grove Lake and killed hundreds of fish. The dynamiting attracted J. B. Smith, owner of the lake, but the dynamiters escaped. The local chapter of the Izaak Walton League began an investigation in an effort to identify the dynamiters and have offered $25 for information leading to their arrest and conviction.

* * *

St. Maries, Idaho.—Any resident of Benewah County killing a cougar within the county limits will receive a membership in St. Maries Chapter without charge.

* * *

Alexandria, Ind.—Paul C. Kauffman, Secretary of Alexandria Chapter, reports that they have received the first shipment of fish from the State Conservation Department, consisting of about 80,000 yellow perch (five day old minnows) with which to stock local quarries, the largest of which covers 7½ acres. This chapter is also expecting a shipment of black bass.

* * *

Mankato, Minn.—An interesting address was recently made by Charles K. Mayer over station WCCO, in Minneapolis. Mr. Mayer's topic was "The Conservation of Our Natural Resources."

* * *

Pittsburgh, Penna.—A bait and fly casting contest was recently staged on Lake Elizabeth by Pittsburgh Chapter.

Winners in the bait casting for distance were: First, Carl E. Ericson of Sewickley, casting 129 feet nine inches; second, W. J. Carson, Pittsburgh, 123 feet; bait-casting for accuracy, first, E. F. Lowery of Wilkinsburg; second, Carl E. Ericson. Winners in the fly-casting contest for distance were: First, E. F. Lowery; second, Carl E. Ericson; for accuracy, first J. B. Semple of Sewickley, with a score of 122, and second, E. S. Bayard of Pittsburgh, scoring 121.

Several hundred people watched the contests as the casters competed from a float anchored in the lake. Two women, Mrs. Walter Perry of Blawnox, and Mrs. C. C. Courtney of Brighton road, Emsworth, both skilled in the sport competed with the men in the fly-casting for accuracy.

Officials of the Izaak Walton League declare unusual interest is being manifested early among the fishermen of the state this year. In Allegheny county nearly 2,000 fishing licenses already have been issued.

Judges of yesterday's contests were: E. J. Thompson, J. W. Carson, J. H. Parry and Walter Perry. More contests of a similar nature will be staged by the league during the summer.

GOOD WORK

Grand Rapids (Michigan) Chapter recently staged a membership drive. Henry A. Schuil, president of the Michigan Division, assisted by Dr. John Ruskin, representing national headquarters, and the officers of Grand Rapids Chapter added 600 new members to their already big list.

Angler's Notebook

(Continued from page 39)

CAMERA DISAPPOINTMENTS

What a disappointing thing is a camera. I have one picture of myself holding a mighty rainbow that has never been given to the public and will never be. "Why?" The picture of the rainbow is all that could be desired, but the picture of the fisherman is even worse than the original. The plate has been destroyed, for I don't want people to remember the man as he appears in the photograph after he has metamorphosed into a more seemly form. So I have a quarrel with cameras. They never get the picture as we see it, as we want it. I have one fine view-camera, place machine, and when I look through the ground-glass upon the view spread out before me, I am lifted into a seventh heaven of delight; but when I regard the cold print, no mattter how perfect, I am disappointed. Oh, I have done what is called good work, and won some prizes, but the pictures are so cold, so lifeless, so unsatisfactory; and Nature is so warm, so pulsant with life, so soothing. Just the same, the angler who does not carry a camera is missing out in one of the most satisfactory pleasures of fishing.

* * *

CASTING LEFT OR RIGHT

"Which direction shall a man cast, or rather, with which hand?" runs the question just laid on my desk. Both directions, both hands. The man who becomes proficient in casting left and right is wise, for there will be times when to make a left hand cast will be worth its weight in bass. "How much does a cast weigh?" Your question is irrelevant, Zenobia, and I will counter by asking, "How much does a weighty matter weigh?" There, I guess, that will hold *you*. No, the importance of being able to cast either right or left, with either hand, cannot be overestimated. I have a friend who was somewhat noted as a caster, but through an accident was deprived of the use of his right hand. We thought his casting days were over, but we counted not on the pluck of the fellow. Without letting us know anything about it, he conquered left-hand casting and then one day appeared on the stage ready to cast with the best. That set me to thinking, if one can become an adroit and expert caster because of necessity, why not from choice? The two-handed caster can put it all over the one-handed man in fishing.

* * *

SIT DOWN!

The above suggests the necessity of saying something closely connected with casting. Why, in the name of all that is wise and safe, stand up to cast? I

(Continued on page 64)

Ample argument

THE OLD CHINESE proverb says, "One picture is worth ten thousand words." By much the same reasoning . . . and it is sound reasoning, too . . . the best argument for Fatima is Fatima. Taste one . . . for just one taste is worth a bookful of description

F A T I M A

"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make"

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

Your Coffee Ready Instantly!

G. Washington's DELICIOUS INSTANT Coffee

Just add water for delicious coffee
No coffee-pot needed. Convenient-compact-saves weight and space.
Trial size 10 cents. Booklet free.

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76 VARICK STREET, NEW YORK

JOE WELSH LEADERS

Josh Billings well said, "There's no argiment agin a sukses." When such men as Ozark Ripley, Bob Davis, Robt. Page Lincoln, Dr. Chas. F. Holder, the late Dixie Carroll, say there is only one perfect leader, for Strength, Durability and Invisibility and Lasting Qualities, and that is the genuine JOE WELSH LEADER, good in fresh and salt water. It won't cost you a cent to have samples of the 6 sizes mailed to you. You will use this leader some day—why not now?

A 3 ft. trout or bass size.....25c A 6 ft. trout or bass size.....50c

This price for trial order only, direct from me. Most dealers have them. If yours don't, tell me. Only one genuine JOE WELSH LEADER, registered under the name of "Telerana Nova" as manufactured by Wm. Robertson, Glasgow, Scotland. Address to

JOE WELSH P. O. Box 341 PASADENA, CALIF.

Real Camping

If there is any question you want to ask in connection with Camping, write to Outdoor America

Conducted by MURDO GIBSON

"Red Lake or Bust"

ANOTHER gold rush is on. "Red Lake or Bust" is the 1926 slogan of footloose prospectors from the Rand to Cape Nome. Miners and geologists, engineers and promoters, sightseers and capitalists are flocking to the new gold strike in the Red Lake district of Ontario. Excepting snowslides and "bad men," this stampede features everything that properly belongs to an orthodox El Dorado. Ontario hills are not high enough for the former and its department of justice is altogether too efficient for the latter. Human life is likely to be safer at Red Lake than in any city south of the International Boundary.

What a rare chance for the vacationist to see and to participate in the life of a booming gold camp! From his viewpoint the location is ideal. Red Lake is far enough from the nearest railroad to allow the canoeist a delightful week of leisurely travel through a forested wilderness, rich in historic interest and unspoiled by civilization. Most of the route is well sheltered from wind and the few portages are not difficult. With the good fishing and beautiful scenery added to the foregoing, could any outdoor man or woman imagine a more attractive place to go canoe camping?

Those who contemplate a visit to this region should send to W. R. Rogers, Director, Publications and Statistics Branch, Department of Mines, Toronto, Ontario, for Bulletin No. 56, Red Lake and Adjacent Areas. This bulletin contains a summary of reports and maps published by the Geological Survey of Canada and by the Ontario Department of Mines. Besides the latest map of the gold area it gives a synopsis of the Mining Act of Ontario and much useful information as to the proper procedure in staking and recording claims. It also offers suggestions concerning such camp equipment and supplies as have proven suitable for prospectors in that part of the country. This bulletin will be sent free of charge.

Also available is a base map, showing topography only. It is issued by the Topographic Survey of Canada (Ottawa). This map was compiled from aerial photographs controlled by traverses made last summer and may be obtained at a cost of 25 cents from the Department of Mines, Toronto, or direct from Ottawa.

How to Acquire a Mining Claim in Ontario

A miner's license, obtainable from the Department of Mines, at Toronto, or from any mining recorder, is necessary before staking out or acquiring Crown lands for mining purposes. The fee for an individual license is $5.00 per annum and licenses must be renewed before April 1st each year in order to keep mining claims in good standing prior to issue of title from the Crown. In unsurveyed territory a mining claim is a square, 40 acres in area or one-quarter mile to a side. The lines run due north and south, east and west. Number 1 post is planted at the northeast corner, Number 2 at the southeast corner, Number 3 at the southwest corner, and Number 4 at the northwest corner. A blazed line should connect the posts—or, if the country is bare of timber, lines between posts are indicated by earth or rock mounds. A license holder is allowed to stake three claims in any and every mining division on his own behalf and six others for other license holders during a license year.

Application for a claim must be filed with Mining Recorder within 15 days after staking, one day additional being allowed for every ten miles distance from recorder's office.

Outfit for Prospectors

(From Bulletin No. 56)

"Small hand moil, light hammer and pick, gold pan, mortar and pestle and a good magnifying glass comprise the usual equipment for examination of 'samples of mineral.' (A moil is a pointed steel tool for opening cracks in rocks.)

"For the benefit of those inexperienced in the woods of Northern Ontario, it may be mentioned that canoes, tents, blankets, mosquito bars and fly oil are essential equipment. A 17-foot canvas-covered canoe is advised as being comparatively safe and large enough to weather most storms or gales. On large lakes, such as Lac Suel, a smaller canoe would keep a party storm-bound on many days. The tent may be of the usual wedge-shaped canvas type, but if the weights to be portaged are to be reduced a walled silk or silkene tent 6x8 feet or 7x9 feet with mosquito bar front is recommended. A canvas tarpaulin will be convenient for use with a tump line as a pack sheet and also as a tent flooring. Three 8-pound double blankets should be ample for two men. During June and July black flies and mosquitoes are a pest in the northern woods. Fly ointment may be secured at any of the northern supply stores. Matches should be kept in a waterproof container—say a tightly corked bottle—and in addition each man should carry a waterproof match safe and a compass in his pocket.

"Food supply may be safely estimated at three pounds per man a day, or at the outside one hundred pounds per month. This quantity may be roughly divided as follows: One-quarter pork (long clear, and bacon), one-quarter flour, and the remainder in beans, rice, oatmeal, cornmeal, dried fruits (prunes, apricots, apples, etc.), tea, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, baking powder, butter and evaporated milk. The bill of fare might be extended to cover desiccated potatoes, dried soup tablets, dried eggs, cocoa, Oxo, etc. A month's journey may be undertaken by two men with a seventeen-foot canvas-covered canoe and three packs of about eighty pounds each. The provisions are usually packed in a

waterproof canvas bag or packsack after first being parcelled in small cotton bags. A complete cookery would contain frying pan, bread pan, nest of pails, reflector (or open fire oven for baking bread and beans), large stirring spoon and fork, tin plates, pannikins, knives, forks, spoons and dish towels. Canoe, tent, camp and cooking equipment may be purchased at Hudson or Sioux Lookout for $200 or less, while grub supply should not cost more than one dollar per man per day.

"A selected list of provisions, ample to last two men for one month, might include the following and would furnish a varied diet: 50 lbs. flour, 40 lbs. bacon and pork, 6 lbs. butter, 6 lbs. beans, 4 lbs. rice, 2 lbs. raisins, 3 lbs. cornmeal, 6 lbs. rolled oats, 3-lb. bag of salt, 1 can pepper, 2 doz. candles (short), 2 qts. syrup, 2 lbs. tea, 1 lb. coffee or cocoa, 1 lb. baking powder, 3 lbs. dried apples, 3 lbs. dried peaches, 3 lbs. dried prunes, 3 lbs. dried apricots, 30 lbs. sugar, 1 doz. soup tablets, 1 doz. Oxo cubes, 1 lb. pot barley, 1 lb. split peas, 2 cans desiccated potatoes, and 30 small cans evaporated milk or equivalent of powdered milk.

"The weight of the above would be 200 pounds, approximately.

"Personal equipment should be reduced to a minimum. Wool underwear, three or four pairs of socks, strong khaki shirts and trousers, shoe packs and hobnailed boots, compass, fishing tackle (troll is best), needles, thread, yarn, buttons, file, pocket carborundum stone, brad awl, copper tacks, canoe pitch, soap, towel, and small 'first aid' kit will be more or less necessary."

Provision lists are always interesting to campers. Although we never expect to find one perfectly adapted to the tastes and capacities of more than a single individual, every new tabulation of camping supplies is scrutinized carefully and receives a certain amount of criticism. For the purpose of easy comparison and to call the reader's attention to some important differences in proportionate amounts, a standard list of supplies, used by dozens of timber cruisers in the Rainy Lake District, is submitted. A "ration" means one man's allowance for one day. Theoretically, the requirements of two men for thirty days equals that of one man for sixty days—so, to find what two men need for a sixty-day trip, divide figure given in table by 100 and multiply by 60.

Timber Cruiser's Table of 100 Rations

Article	Pounds	2 men—1 month
Flour	100	60
Cereals	25	15
Baking Powder	4	2.4
Smoked Bacon	50	30
Smoked Ham	15	9
Dry Salt Pork	10	6
Navy Beans	25	15
Wild Rice	15	9
Sugar	30	18
Coffee	10	6
Tea	2	1.2
Milk (evaporated)	18	10.8

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Dried Fruit	20	12
Syrup	10	6
Lard (for deep fry)	10	6
Salt, Pepper, Soap, Mustard, Candles.		
Total	344	206.4

By substitution, and without greatly affecting total weight, this list can be improved by the addition of powdered lemon, eggs and milk, canned butter, cheese, jam, table sauce, desiccated potatoes, onions, erbswurst, tomatoes and a few ready-to-be-eaten cereals, all of which can now be obtained at most outfitting points. Lard is seldom necessary in outfits that do not have a regular cook, but when doughnuts, cookies and pies are expected it should be included.

The wide variance in relative amounts of tea, coffee and sugar may be accounted for by the fact that most Canadians, Britishers and Indians are great tea drinkers and that the latter are excessively fond of sugar. It is not uncommon for Indian boatmen and packers to "make tea" five times a day. Half a pound of sugar per man per day is just *twice the maximum*, and unless supplemented by yeast or sour dough, one pound of baking powder to 50 pounds of flour is just *half the minimum* that American timber cruisers allow.

Twenty years ago a competent dietician advised me to mix my white flour with cornmeal and graham flour. Since then I have never used it "straight." On occasion, whole wheat flour, rolled oats, oatmeal and common bran have been added individually and collectively to the contents of my flour sack, and the general excellence of the resulting bread, biscuits and pancakes seems to be in direct ratio to the number of ingredients. My standard bread mixture consists of two parts white flour, one part cornmeal and one part graham flour. In an official report, Canadian health officers attributed much of the sickness to be found among northern Indians, to a constipating diet of poorly baked bread made from finely bolted white flour.

If you decide to go north, remember that you are a Waltonian and a guest. Play the part with dignity and consideration for your host. Choose a companion whom you respect, and co-operate with him. Avoid cruelty in any form and kill no more than you need. Remember that your camp, even after you leave it, is your signature—a monument to your intelligence, or ignorance.

It is always a pleasure to record the advent of a sportsman's specialty that has real merit. Such, in my opinion, is a new type of sheath knife that has recently appeared on the market. It combines, in one tool, an excellent camp knife, a waterproof match safe and a practical compass.

The blade is made from highest grade crucible steel and is well designed for sticking, skinning and slicing. It is four and one-half inches long, one and one-quarter inches wide and slightly less than one-eighth of an inch thick.

The hollow handle, which contains the matches, is made from a tough alloy of aluminum that combines lightness with ample strength. Safely imbedded in the sturdy, coarse threaded, screw cap, that forms the butt end of the haft, is a trustworthy compass that successfully withstands submersion in water for an indefinite length of time.

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Sandhill Deer

(*Continued from page 20*)

what do dey have to *do*. I tells 'em to go an' dey'll fin' out. Dey wants to know is dere any bears or pant'ers come aroun' de camp at night, an' does all de white folks go to de woods an' leave de cook alone in de day time. I tells 'em course dere's bears an' pant'ers, but dats what de white folks carries guns along for. An' what is dere to be scared about in de big, broad-open daytime? Den day always comes back to what is dey got to *do*. Dat makes me mad. I tells 'em, 'Go, go, go, an' you'll sho fin' out.' But you sho better have somethin' hot cooked up when de mens comes to camp, and not be layin' 'roun asleep. An' den when de time comes to go, whar is dese no 'count scoun'els? Dey *gone*. An' who goes on de hunt? Epps, dats who."

"Do you like it, Epps?" I asked.

"I'se here, aint I, sah?" grinned Epps over the dishpan.

We turned in early, and toward daylight I was awakened by the sudden flare of a very bright light. I rolled over. There stood Epps with a gasoline lantern. The lantern was very much lit.

"Uh!" gulped Epps. "On fire!"

"Well, get it outside," yelled Doc, who had also awakened, "before you burn up the place." Epps disappeared with the light. After awhile I heard him talking to the lantern.

"Now you sorry devil," he growled, "you is gettin' down to yo' nat'chel size. I don't like yo' kind o' light much. You is too doggone sometimesy for me. Gimme one o' dese here plain ol' nigger lanterns or even a flasklight, but you—shucks!"

By this time Ray was up, and I heard him talking to Epps.

"Yessah," said Epps, "I done just like you'all tol' me—turned on de gasoline and helt de match to it!"

"That's what I told you to do all right," laughed Ray, "only you got the cart before the horse."

"I reckon so," muttered the darky, "I 'spect some o' you'all better do de hitchin' up next time, or dey won't be no cart *neither* hoss!"

We got away to an early start after a royal breakfast. This time I went on the drive with Roland and Zeb. Our purpose was to let old Jack, Zeb's

rheumatic hound, slow-trail a deer, and our next purpose was to shoot the deer when he got up. Perfectly good intentions! However, old Jack began to lie to us most shamelessly. We had found the track of a small deer and loosed him on it, after he had given us earnest assurance that it smelled very good, and was withal, a most encouraging trail. He followed it noisily for a quarter of a mile or so, and then lost it. We found the track in a patch of sand and put him back on it. He voiced his recognition loudly, and then proceeded to walk off at right angles. Flash, Roland's wind-splitter, then assured us that if we would only let *him* try it, he'd show us what a real piece of cold trailing looked like. We gave him a trial. He lit out with a squall that brought Doc to his feet with the safety off, two miles away. Then he came back and scratched fleas.

"Well," sighed Zeb, "I'm a pretty good dog myself, when I have to be. Let's go."

We trailed that deer for five miles. Now we'd lose it. Here we'd find it. Occasionally we'd loose old Jack, when we had come to a total loss, and he'd work the trail along for a hundred yards or so until we could see it again. Finally Zeb stopped.

"Boys," he announced, "I don't know just where this here deer was figurin' on layin' down—or if he ever expected to lay down at all—but I promised to help the city fathers on Fourth of July, an' I want to keep my word. Just how far would you-all say it was back to Florida?"

Roland laughed. "Let's stick to him another mile or two. He can't have gone much farther in a straight line."

"Lead on," growled Zeb, "maybe we'll come to a railroad station up here a piece."

We trailed out across a burn and into the rough again. It was a likely looking place—heavy patches of palmetto and wire grass, with here and there a fallen pine. I bent to remove a sandspur from behind my knee.

"There he goes!" yelled Roland.

Simultaneously Zeb saw him, and they got into action. All three of us were shooting 250 Savages, or rather Roland and Zeb were shooting, and I was trying to get up onto a pine stump. I tried three times to climb up on that stump in my eagerness to join the barrage. When I finally succeeded, the deer was just vanishing over a little rise. I took a snap shot at him for luck—and cut down as pretty a little pine sapling as I ever saw! Zeb had shot four times, Roland four times, and I once. I saw no other trees fall, so I am safe in saying that I was the only one who hit anything!

"Fellers," said Zeb mournfully, as the joyous cries of Jack and Flash died away in the distance, "I'm shore a-goin' home an' put everything in my wife's name. Then I'm a-goin' to make my will an' get ready. When I think about that little ol' yearlin' yesterday, and then *this*, I know that anybody as unlucky as me ain't got long to live!"

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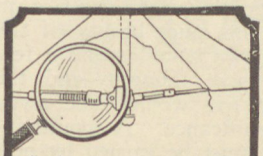

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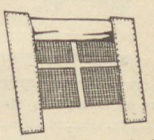

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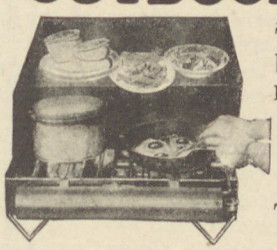

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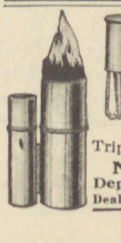

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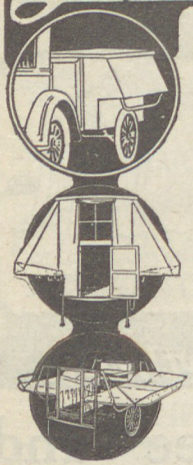

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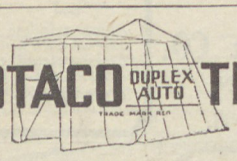

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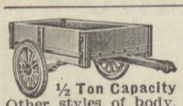

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Hike

(Continued from page 21)

delicious feeling of fatigue that follows continued exertion in the open air, we would lapse into profound and refreshing sleep. To be sure our bed was hard, but we did not feel the need of a downy couch. In fact the very unyielding nature of our bed seemed to have the effect of *drawing the tiredness* out of us by morning.

One who sleeps under the stars is perforce an early riser. By dawn's early light we were up and doing. And as we busied ourselves first with a few setting up exercises and calisthenics (the cold bath we had to postpone until later, —but we had water enough in our canteens for a morning cup of coffee), we took occasion to remark on the splendid proportions of our "bedroom." It was indeed more magnificent than any room constructed by man, even in palaces. The beauty of it was that we were not crowded for room. Our walls were the horizon and our ceiling the sky. And we had no trouble, whatever, about ventilation,—the free winds of heaven blew over our faces while we slept. As for decoration—what master painter could equal the glorious tints of the Southwestern sunrise in the East? In the quiet beauty of the desert morning, we would spend a few minutes in pensive thought—and the petty things of life would fade away into utter insignificance. A mountain-top experience must be earned by personal exertion. We glimpsed the meaning of Roosevelt's *"strenuous life."*

Breakfast over, we would push on for the smelter city, drawing great breaths of the sweet morning air and feeling the play of muscles all the way up our backs as we strode along the highway. Amusing adventures would befall us.

Once, in the night, we were mistaken for *bootleggers* by officers of the law. Our road lay close to the Mexican border and law-breakers were not uncommon there. Automobiles would pass us and, as is the custom in the West, the driver would offer us a ride if he had room. Of course these offers we would courteously but firmly decline. We would even have a sense of pity for the people riding in the cars who were missing the glorious experience that we were having.

Once in a while on going up to ranch houses by the roadside for a drink of water, we would be invited to a cup of tea and cake. We would repay these courtesies by taking a photograph of the house and family and afterward sending the kind people some copies. It was really astonishing how friendly every one was to us.

One pretty picture stands out. We were swinging along the dusty road one day when we met the road commissioner operating a drag. A little ways behind him came his daughter, aged 18, driving a team of horses and standing on the drag. Bare-headed, bare-footed, with merry eyes and yellow hair streaming in the breeze,—she looked a perfect Hebe of smiling health and beauty. That sight alone was worth walking 20 miles to see.

We would walk into Douglas about 10 o'clock of a Sunday morning, dusty, footsore and weary,—but light-hearted, and twirling our walking sticks. The people would all be dressed in their Sunday clothes, and the constables would eye us with grave suspicion,—so we would lose no time in making for the Y. M. C. A., and calling for our suitcases. And then, oh what a luxury to get under the shower bath, and dress. We would feel easily capable of walking the 25 miles back home, that day. But that was no part of our plan. So we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the day.

In the afternoon, after engaging a room for the night, we would indulge in a leisurely stroll about town, taking in the sights, and come back to the pleasant lobby of the Y and attend to our correspondence, which agreeable occupation would be varied, on my part, by a few games of chess with the local talent.

The next morning we would enjoy the various attractions of the town—like travelers, in a detached, tourist sort of way,—and take the automobile stage back home about noon.

I think that these were the most enjoyable and interesting trips that I have ever taken. We did not try to break any records,—our aim was to get the most benefit and enjoyment that we could. I have taken longer walks. One should be moderate in all things. And yet—the memory of those walks from the mine will always remain with me. It was a lesson in what training can do, —how, on occasion, the spirit can triumph over the body.

Planting Fry and Fingerlings

(Continued from page 23)

as the small-mouth but possibly more on frogs, crustaceans or crawfish and adult insects.

Plant only the shallow parts or feeders of lakes near weed beds or other cover in which he can seek food and shelter and where there is some gravel or sandy bottom in places.

Wall-Eyes (Stizostedion vitreum)

Sometimes called wall-eyed pike or pike-perch. He prefers waters similar to the small-mouth black bass and his natural habitat is stony, sandy and gravelly bars or reefs. He is more voracious and his diet consists mostly of minnows and other small fish with also frogs, crawfish and other under water life. He is a spiny finned fish like the perch.

Plant only in shallow parts of the lake or stream near gravel or stony bars and gravelly weed beds where he can seek shelter and food.

Crappies, Blue-Gills and Pan Fish

These fish inhabit the same waters as the bass, especially the large mouth, as they prefer more weed beds and vegetation. They feed on practically the same food as the bass where the size of their mouths will permit. The Black Crappie (Pomoxis sparoides) does especially well in the same waters as the large-mouth bass and attains a good size, is a good game fish and a fine food fish. He also feeds on adult insects.

Plant only in shallow parts of lakes or feeders near weed beds in which he can seek food and shelter.

Amateur Photography

(Continued from page 13)

is the further point, too, that the hunter or fisherman must of necessity travel light and under such conditions the box-type camera cannot be anything else but bulky. Folding cameras are compact to pocket size.

Cameras of the folding type will be discussed next month.

The Ridding of Josh

(Continued from page 25)

not think of looking for a dead quail, but went right after the singles. They say history repeats itself; so did the behavior of that gun. This time it was more severe. I knew right away that those shells were too heavily loaded for my little six-and-a-half pounder and I knew right away that nothing in the world could ever induce me to shoot them in that or any other gun. I ran toward the cabin as fast as I could, impelled by the desire to stem the blood which was flowing from my cheek and apply something which would prevent further swelling and ease the pain. Meanwhile vehemently, with all the epithets at my command, I denounced the manufacturers of those shells. I was miserable all over and the closer I approached to home the more I suffered.

And, then I met Josh!

The old man was running up the lane

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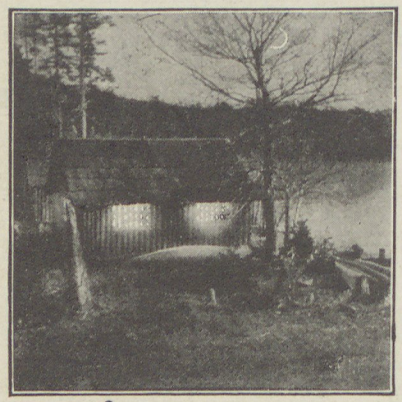

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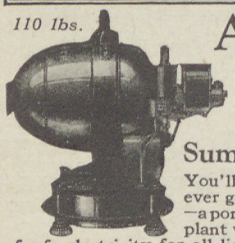

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preliminaries, "for God's sake lend me a few hulls till pay day. The little pond's full uv ducks!"

I hesitated. But revenge is sweet. That old rascal was so keen to announce his desire to obtain the "hulls" he never even remarked the blood streaming from my cheek. I did not hesitate long. I will never be able to explain why I felt no qualms of conscience at my act. But I did not, the fact remains, and instead assumed an affair of generous benevolence. I tried to pose as a man who likes better to give than to receive.

"Here, Josh, take them all," and, suiting my word to the deed, I emptied both my pockets brimming full of the shells. They scattered out temptingly over the ground before the old rascal. Never in my most gullible moments had I displayed such generosity.

"Grandpaw!" Josh exclaimed with much gusto, "grandpaw, thanks!" In record-breaking time he transferred the prized shells to all the pockets, front and behind, of his overworked pants. Then, with a gleeful shout, and before I could stop him, he ran in the same manner as that in which he had approached me towards the end of the lane. There he became cautious and with all the art of the versatile still hunter crept down on his hands and knees for the little dam behind our stock pond in the timber.

At least I would see the results of my iniquity. And I hurried in his wake. I felt no remorse at my deed. My heart was adamant, I reflected, as I stood back of a little red oak and surveyed Josh's stealthy advance.

Back of the dam the old man crawled up the draw through which seeping water trickled. He was alert, expectant, absolutely certain that with both barrels to cut a wide swath of death amidst the blue wings which had taken possession of the pond in such great numbers.

"But at what a cost!" I was about to exclaim, and actually was on the point of shouting a warning, as I began to relent. But my aching jaw seemed to magnify my wrongs at the hand of the borrower. I remained silent, steadfastly surveying the hunter and his game.

Josh gradually reposed on all fours, behind the dam, peering this way and that. Then all at once his little rat eyes glinted down the gun barrel as a lot of the little ducks bunched together. Even then, I came to my senses as the possibilities of those violent shells flared before my mind's eye.

"Josh!" I shouted as loudly as I could.

But it was no use. The roar of that pot metal gun drowned all sounds, nor was Josh capable of hearing my voice and its expression had been all too late.

With the belching of smoke the Ozarker's gun flung back into a thicket of young postoaks. The old man lifted in a lifeless somersault and was deposited in the red ooze below the dam. I should have gone to his rescue immediately. But he cut such a droll figure I laughed louder than I had ever laughed in all my life. Worst of all, he heard it as he emerged, dripping wet, every bone in his body aching.

Josh gazed up my way silently, vindictively. He found his treasured gun and picked it up quickly. He never even looked at those dead teals on the pond.

I do not know what caused him to fool with the trigger of the left barrel. But against all possible belief he did it, possibly through the same motive as I did during my recent severe experience. That deluded old man, nevertheless, pulled it to see what was at fault. Never in all my life did I ever see a mortal man go to the ground so quickly as Josh. The speed of it had the first act beaten a lot. And the ludicrousness in the repetition was still more startling.

The old native was quickly on his feet. Then all at once he saw me on the top of the hill convulsed with merriment. When I started toward him through a desire to apologize, he loaded his gun quickly, cocked both hammers, and turned it at me, his eyes glaring like a trapped rat. He was too angry for speech. Then when he found that my laughter had died to meek surprise, he suddenly shouldered his gun and ran, hurling tremendous oaths at me as he disappeared in a postoak thicket nearby. It was the last I ever saw of Josh.

Leaping Salmon

(Continued from page 27)

which he did, and we were very proud of it.

Personally I was very reluctant to leave Shinnickburn pool which Doc accused me of grabbing off because it was close to camp, but Doc was well taken care of, having one of the best guides in New Brunswick, Alex Summerville; he came home each evening with a great record.

Horse-Shoe bend was about one mile down stream and a beautiful spot where the river ran swiftly over projecting rocks. The morning we first slipped into it Fred was some distance ahead and around the bend, when I heard a slap and a big splash. Fred had hooked a hook bill, which is a male salmon, and he was giving him the fight of his life. The way the fish had jumped that morning I know had made Fred happy, as he is an expert with the fly rod and knowing salmon habits so well, he very seldom loses one. I wanted to see him land this one that he had just hooked, so we hurried around the bend and were well repaid for passing up the pool we had just been fishing. That jumper of Fred's went out of the water eighteen times, from two to six feet each time, and when finally landed was a fine speci-

men, looking like a bright "new run." He weighed over eighteen pounds.

On Friday we went into camp opposite the Sabbies river. This was Harry's favorite spot and it certainly was a beautiful place.

The sparkling trout stream coming in through high mountainous looking hills, and the view up the Caines was a picture which will never fade from memory's canvas. Life is very interesting to Harry, a successful business man of broad vision. He loves and appreciates nature in all its grandeur, just as God made it. I shall always value my associations with Harry Faxon. We were anxious to spend Sunday here, but other haunts called us and we again broke camp, floating down through Hell's Gate, the most rapid stretch of the Caines, past Bropheys and Island Pool. We finally entered the Mirimichi River, crossed it and made camp.

Monday morning we returned to the Caines and my guide and I took Island Pool, where I hooked seven salmon. We were now making plans to take a few fish home and not being sure we could keep them, we decided to smoke some. We placed a barrel over a small hole in the ground, from which we buried two lengths of stove pipe in a small ditch which ran to the pit where the fire was made for smoking. The smoke, of course, followed up the pipe to the barrel where we would smoke some of our big ones. I was anxious to get a large one for this purpose, as I had returned to the river all of those I had caught at Island Pool. We paddled down near the mouth of the river in the last pool of the Caines. Here I lost one by snubbing. Just below us, a large rock projected from the water. I cast my new fly beneath this rock and hooked into something, the biggest feeling live thing that I had ever hooked. He pulled determinedly and gave the line about three good jerks. He was deep under water. Then suddenly he came out of the water like a streak of lightning, with a splash and bang, and landed on his side about twenty-five yards from the canoe. Down he went, then he was out of the water again, this time closer, and the guide nearly capsized the canoe. I worked him carefully on the six ounce, nine foot rod, made in my own town. The rod bent double. Away he started, going like lightning, for eighty rods. We followed, and he turned and ran past us, then crossed to the opposite shore. A few logs were running down the river just then, but they were near enough to the canoe so that I could raise my rod high enough for them to slip under. He sulked for a minute, getting a new start, then again came out of the water, but this time with less pep. He was a constant head jerker, and I feared one big jerk would break the leader. The fish was getting tired, and I felt I would soon have him ashore. But though licked, after 45 minutes of running, jumping, jerking and doing all three at the same time, his great weight

(Continued on page 63)

The Rustic Hickory Trail

The old trail back to the summer cottage—after a rippin' day on the water—seems mighty long and tirin'. But it's worth the labor and the trampin' if the trail back home is the Rustic Hickory Trail—if there's a cabinful of that comfortable old natural wood furniture there to greet you.

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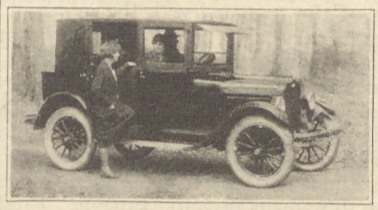

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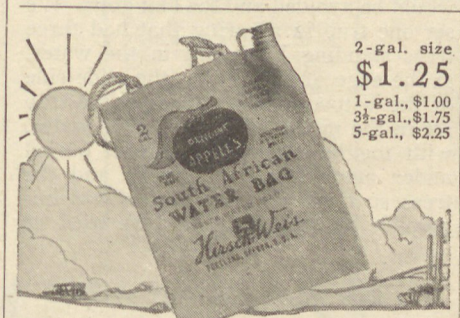

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Mostly About Boys

Written by the Waltonians of Tomorrow and Edited

By BEN EAST

MISH-A-WAY, the Mating Moon of Elk. A good hot month to go down to the old swimming hole and lay around there in the shade all afternoon, while we listen to these campfire stories. We have some good ones this month, and so many of them that I'm not going to take up much room for myself. Just enough to remind you that next month is Tuc-wot-thu, the Moon of First Frost, when the big round harvest moon climbs up out of the eastern sky, and the early frosts silver the brown marshes. The best month of the year for a big blazing campfire, and a circle of fellows sitting around spinning yarns.

So let's have a big bunch of letters and pictures, fellows, and make Tuc-wot-thu the finest month we've had around our fire this year.

* * *

Milford, Maine.

Dear Editor and Folks around the Fire:

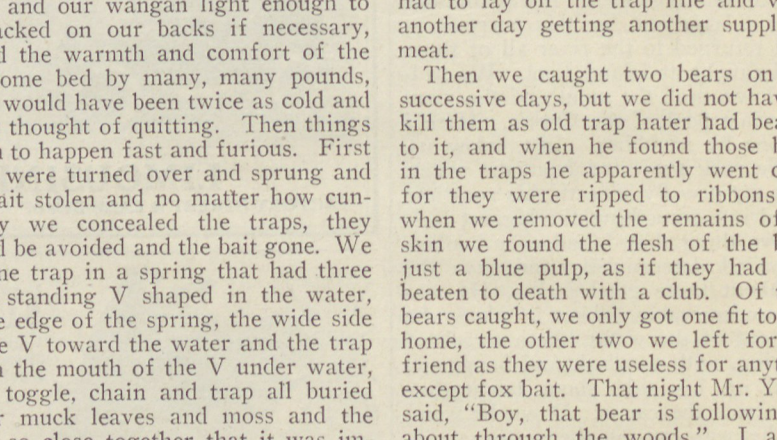
I have been planning to write this letter for a long time, as I have read all the yarns from the other members and wished to return the compliment—if you are interested in bears you will be interested in the one we have tried to catch for years but which has outguessed some of the smartest trappers in the state of Maine. The age of this bear has been variously estimated at every age from fourteen to twenty-five by those who have seen him and he is a huge animal, keener than a fox and what we call a trap hater.

Since my earliest childhood, I have heard stories of what was called the king of all bears in the Pine Tree state and last year I had the good fortune to be invited to go bear trapping with one of Maine's greatest bear hunters. His name was Walter Young and he has tried to get the old "trap hater" for over ten years and has spent months trailing and baiting him.

Early last year he found a spring miles back in the bog woods where he came and wallowed frequently, so he carried apples by the peck in his knapsack to this spring and dumped them in the brush all day and watched for bruin's return but the big boy would never show up while he watched, so he set a trap in the spring and buried trap, chain and toggle deep in the muck of the bottom. On his return he found the trap sprung and one huge claw clinched in the jaws of the trap. This is the nearest anyone ever came to getting him and shortly after this bruin turned hunter himself and he apparently followed hunters wherever they went and watched them from cover.

This was the situation when I was invited to go along with Mr. Young, last fall. We built a permanent camp on a great hardwood ridge near a boiling spring by putting up a tent and fly and lashing it down securely and then piling spruce boughs up around the walls of the tent to break the wind and ground drafts as it was bitterly cold at night and our wangan light enough to be packed on our backs if necessary, lacked the warmth and comfort of the old home bed by many, many pounds, but I would have been twice as cold and never thought of quitting. Then things began to happen fast and furious. First traps were turned over and sprung and the bait stolen and no matter how cunningly we concealed the traps, they would be avoided and the bait gone. We set one trap in a spring that had three trees standing V shaped in the water, at the edge of the spring, the wide side of the V toward the water and the trap set in the mouth of the V under water, with toggle, chain and trap all buried under muck leaves and moss and the trees so close together that it was impossible to get the apples we used as bait out between them and yet when we returned they were all gone and again the huge tracks told us it was old grandpa bear, playing with us. Next we shot a nice big doe deer and dressed her out and hung her up to cool while we took the heart and liver back to camp to drop into scalding water, to take out the animal heat so we could have it for supper. That night we talked of the nice tender venison we would have during the remainder of our stay and ways and means for making the trap hater overdo his luck, but it was not until next day that we found just how good that luck was, for when we went to our deer, she had been torn down, torn to pieces and half of it eaten. It was a terrible mess and made us sick and also hopping mad for we had to lay off the trap line and waste another day getting another supply of meat.

Then we caught two bears on two successive days, but we did not have to kill them as old trap hater had beat us to it, and when he found those bears in the traps he apparently went crazy for they were ripped to ribbons and when we removed the remains of the skin we found the flesh of the bears just a blue pulp, as if they had been beaten to death with a club. Of three bears caught, we only got one fit to take home, the other two we left for our friend as they were useless for anything except fox bait. That night Mr. Young said, "Boy, that bear is following us about through the woods." I asked, "How do you know, Mr. Young?"



Bob Duffing and Jacob and Bill Gleason after trout.

Oscar Lewis Dunner, Jr.

"Well, it's like this," he said, "we are trapping several beats; every bear has his own beat and makes his rounds over all his old stamping ground at least once every two years and these two bears that have been destroyed were not on that old boy's beat as the height of the claw marks on the trees proves, for a bear stands on his hind legs and reaches up with his front paws as far as he can and digs in his claws like you have seen a house cat do while sharpening his claws and although the tracks are a pretty good identification, those claw marks give you his size as surely as if you laid a yard stick along his back, so this boy must be following us all over this country." Then he turned on me suddenly and said, "Getting scared, Kid?" I said, "No," and he laughed and said, "You're game, boy, but I would have to answer to lots of folks if things went wrong in here, so I guess we will pull stakes tomorrow." Now strange to state, I had told the truth when I said I was not scared but the next happening filled me with a sense of terror and made me count the minutes before packing time, even through that night, and I know that Mr. Young never slept a wink either, but lay on his side with his rifle loaded and the muzzle toward the tent flap and the butt against his shoulder.

Here is what happened. Mr. Young knew of a spring a short ways from our camp that had been visited a short time before by a bear, so he set the trap in the camp door yard and slung it set over his shoulder with the jaws facing away from him. He then fastened the toggle ring to the trap bottom by passing the chain under the opposite arm, the way kids carry a book bag, but with the trap laying between his shoulder blades, and, picking up his rifle, he struck out telling me to get a good supply of dry wood and put it in

In the fields, on the uplands, in the marshes

WARY and mighty fast on the get-a-way, out of range in a flash, but snap off the safety as you swing, squeeze the trigger, and its "Fetch, boy, fetch."

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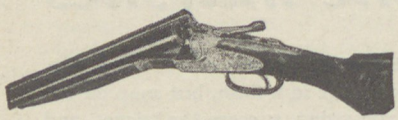

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the tent as it looked like rain and he would be back within half an hour.

Mr. Young had brought along a box of poor shells, some that had gotten wet or something and would not fire unless snapped several times, and sometimes not even then, so we were careful not to take them when we left camp to hunt, and worked them off, shooting at targets, and we supposed they were all gone, but in some way one of them got into Mr. Young's gun and nearly cost him his life.

After leaving camp he walked briskly along as on the hardwood ridge. It was open country, hardly any undergrowth, and excellent traveling, and ideal deer hunting country, and with so little cover it did not seem possible for a rabbit to keep out of sight. He had nearly reached the spring where he was to set the trap, and the sound of my axe was so clear he said he could hear the squeak when I pulled the bit out of a cracked stick. As he was casting his eye about for a suitable small tree to cut for a toggle—as it is important not to leave signs of such cutting at the spot where the trap is set—he became aware of a soft rustle in the bushes through which he had just passed, and some instinct warned him it was danger, so he dropped his axe and whirled about with his rifle gripped against his side, and there stood the biggest bear he ever saw in his life, reared on his hind legs ready to strike. A single step back and he was done for, so he lunged toward the bear, thrust the muzzle into its face and pulled the trigger and—there was just a click. And then a miracle happened, the bear dropped his feet, turned sideways and plunged out of sight into the brush, all in the twinkle of an eye. So quick and effective was the disappearance that when Mr. Young had jacked in another shell the bear had disappeared and only the claw marks remained to prove it was not all a dream. It is believed that the bear, being a trap hater, was striking at the trap rather than the man who carried it. Another unbelievable feature was the distance that the bear jumped to strike. The claw prints were fourteen feet apart. Early next morning, after a hasty breakfast, we made the rounds and sprung the traps, hung them to trees, then, packing our duffel, hit the long trail out to civilization—got a jumper and horse, and returned and had our one bear out by supper time. Enclosed are some pictures of him.

Very truly yours,
V. ALLEN CUNNINGHAM, JR.

One of the best bear stories we ever heard, Allen. We wonder if you have succeeded in outwitting the old trap hater yet. If he is ever taken, write and tell us the story. Come in and sit down by the fire again, whenever you feel like it.

* * *

South Maine St. Ext.,
Du Bois, Penna.

Dear Fellows:—

May I help widen the circle around your campfire by adding one more girl?

I have often heard boys say that girls are the most bothersome creatures in the country. Maybe they are. But maybe the Waltonian boys don't think that. I don't know, for I am not yet acquainted. Well, here's the best way to get acquainted.

I am a girl of sixteen, a Sophomore in high school, like sports very much, and I believe in real sportsmanship. From the time I was one and one-half years of age my home was in the western states. Mostly in Colorado. At the age of twelve I was brought back to Du Bois, Pennsylvania, to where I was born and lived until I was one and one-half years of age.

I like the West very much, as it is wild and that's the kind of a life I like.

May I tell you now of an experience of mine in rabbit hunting in Colorado? I didn't do the hunting, of course, but I was tagging along after the hunter.

One day, I don't remember just what month it was in, but I know it was a cold one, my father and I decided to go hunting. (Of course, I was my father's shadow then.)

We set out early in the morning with our lunches, for we intended to make a whole day of it. We hadn't gone very far, but I suppose it was almost ten o'clock, and my feet began to get cold, and tramping got very monotonous to me without a bit of excitement, for we hadn't pumped a single rabbit.

Soon I began to ask questions such as, "Daddy, where are the rabbits?" and "Why don't the rabbits come out of their holes so we can get them?" and several others which I know were surely annoying to my Dad. But he was patient and usually gave me some funny answer to keep me from crying, for I was cold. But, finally in the late afternoon about 3:30 or 4 o'clock Dad got a shot at one and got him too. He was a nice big rabbit. After that, Dad said we would start for home although he didn't want to give up with just one rabbit, but I had asked him to go home so many times. When we got home there was a dandy warm supper waiting for us, but the first thing that I saw was the good warm stove that had a very high fever just at that time.

While sitting there in front of the stove warming my feet, I swore that never again would I go rabbit hunting. But I was just a little girl of nine years then. Let Dad say rabbit hunting now! I hope he does and this time I bet I'll take a gun.

I enjoy reading the letters of other boys and girls and hope they enjoy mine.

Here's hoping for better sportsmen throughout America.

Sincerely yours,
JANETTE SHAFFER.

We are glad to have a girl who likes outdoor sports join our circle any time, Janette. I know just how you felt on that rabbit hunting trip, for I've felt the same way. But as you say, we are always ready to go again, aren't we?

34 Crescent Avenue,
Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Editor and Gang:

I have been sitting back in the shadows until now and have listened to the other fellows spin their yarns about their experiences. Now throw another stick on the fire and if some of you fellows will make room for me I'll come into the circle and spin you a yarn about a fishing trip of mine.

One day last summer my friend and I took our fishing poles and our tackle and started off for a small lake which lies about three miles from my home. The only boat that this lake can boast of is an old heavy square ended hulk that lacks oars. And that settled it. Finally I began to think that I had hooked one of the large snapping turtles that I had seen near the shore. Between fits of fighting and sulking, I fell to wondering how I was going to get such a turtle off my line. But my dilemma was soon ended for my catch (whatever it was) was tiring rapidly and as I reeled him to the surface my heart almost stood still, for there, struggling weakly in the water by the side of the boat, was the largest lake trout that I have ever seen.

However, the tide of fortune turned again, for as I reached over to grab him he gave a last lunge, tore the hook loose and disappeared into the depths of the lake.

After his escape I collapsed onto the seat of the boat. My hands were trembling like a leaf. The fight had raged for fifteen minutes, but at the time I could have sworn that it was an hour. I shall not even venture to guess the size and weight of this fish because no one would believe me, but I will say that I never have seen, and never expect to see the equal of him again.

Yours truly,
ROMNEY WHEELER.

It takes good sportsmanship to lose a fish like that, and then come in and tell us about it. We enjoyed your letter as much as though you had landed him.

* * *

559 Dak. Ave.,
Pierre, S. Dak.

Dear Readers:

I hope you will leave space for me around the camp fire. I am an all around sport, but my story is about catching suckers in Rapid Creek. We got up before the sun came over the mountain and started to our fishing place near Elk Horn, and fished without success, then became discouraged and went home in time to catch a good breakfast and then went swimming. Two of us stayed in and the other went fishing with another boy. When we got out of the water, I decided I would try my luck again, so I started out. When I got there they had a big string of suckers on the ground and were pulling them out fast. I unraveled my line and dropped it in. At once I saw a big sucker make his way

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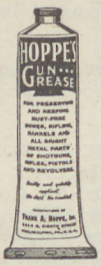

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to my line and suck in the worm and hook. A tug, and my prize; it was about a foot long and the biggest caught that day.

I have to say good-by.

Yours till the fire goes out.

JACK JURGENSEN.

Even catching suckers is fun, isn't it Jack? Anything as long as it takes a fellow outdoors. Come again.

* * *

Bristol, Ind.

Dear Editor:

I want to tell you about a hike that my chum and I took one Saturday. We took his rod and reel along and an artificial minnow. We thought we would practice casting. Well, we loaded up our knapsacks and went up the railroad to the bridge. Then we followed the creek a little ways. Then Happy built a windbreak while I fed the fire. We fried our bacon and eggs and made our cocoa in good time, but we broke the record for eating. Then we cleaned up and went to practice casting. We casted on the riffles for a while, then Happy laid one right on the edge of the pool below the riffles. The minnow started to float when he got a whale of a strike. He played that fish for a full fifteen minutes before we got a glimpse of it. Say, boys, it was a 30 inch pike. We measured him and weighed him. He weighed 4⅔ pounds. We killed him and then I casted on the other edge of the pool. I got a brother of Happy's pike. It weighed 3¾ pounds. It was not quite as well filled out as his, and the queer part of it is that it was snowing when we were casting. Well I am writing this in school, and it's time for Geometry, so I'll quit for this time.

Yours sincerely,

LEWIS WISSING.

Those days of early spring fishing seem a long way back, now that the hot dry weather of August has come, don't they? But what fun they are, even though there is snow on the ground and the ice just out of the river. Fishing is fishing, hot weather or cold!

* * *

Del Norte, Colorado.

Hello, Fellows:

If you'll make room for me by the fire I'll come in and listen to your stories, and tell you one myself about a prospecting trip of mine two years ago.

A friend and I packed our outfit on my burro and early one morning started out. Our first camp was pitched close to an old saw mill site, about eighteen or nineteen miles from town. We prospected around the hills for two days, then moved up the east branch of Embargo Creek, thence into some dense timber where we promptly got lost.

About half an hour later we came out of the timber precisely where we had entered. We tried it again, and this time we got through all right. We came out in Round Park, following a trail, and soon entered Ground Hog Park. We could look across and see many cattle at a salt ground, and a few grazing at the edge of a swamp, knee deep in mud. The whole floor of this park is an impassable swamp.

V. Allen Cunningham's Bear.

We next struck north, crossing a few mountains, and entered LaGarite Park from the southwest. There we encountered a fence which served to enclose a pasture for some horses. My friend shot out the staples which held the two lower strands of wire, and after we had the burro safely through we pounded the staples in again with a rock.

We pitched camp about two miles east of there, in a grove of spruce above LaGarite Creek. The next day we took our lunch and went prospecting. We had traveled perhaps three hours when we began to see signs of porcupines. There were five or six trees in a bunch, on which a porcupine had eaten the bark off in patches, varying in size from two inches to a yard in length, some girdling the limbs completely.

We were walking along the side of a hill on a sort of shoulder, with a cliff on our left, and a sheer drop of fifty feet to a huge rock slide below. On our right was the cattle drive by which the sheep are taken higher up in the mountains. They are not permitted on the cattle range.

Suddenly we heard a rattling sound. Drawing my Quackenbush .22, I ran around the rock and there was the granddad of all porcupines. Taking quick aim I fired. A hole appeared in the quills, directly in line with the backbone, but he didn't seem to care, and walked right around the rock to where my friend was waiting for him with a single action Colt, .32.20 caliber, on a .44 frame. I expected to hear a boom, but all I heard was a click, then another and another. The firing pin was getting worn, and the gun wouldn't go off.

By that time I had opened fire again, this time with a .22 caliber, four-barreled, Mossberg automatic. It stopped him and he began to groan and cough. The bullet had entered his lungs. With another shot from the Quackenbush square between the eyes, I put him quickly out of his misery.

He was a whopper, and must have been an old timer, for his teeth were pretty well worn off.

Yours for more forests and wild life,

HENRY LUCAS.

A very interesting trip, Henry. I should have hated to have been a porcupine and met you two, with that arsenal of guns you carried.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

Dear Editor and Gang:

All my life I've wanted to be a boy, and, since I'm not, I've tried my best to do everything a boy can do. While reading all your dandy stories this wish has been growing deeper and deeper in my heart, and so, even if I am only a girl, I wonder if I can have a place around the campfire, and belong to the gang?

As I haven't any hunting story to tell I hope one about a fish will do. Two years ago we spent part of our vacation camping at a very small lake on the Flambeau Indian reservation, in Wisconsin. One evening, as my father rowed the boat along a weed-bed, and I was just lifting my plug out of the water, a large fish made a lunge for it and missed.

While I was looking at my father with open mouth, he suddenly pointed out behind the boat and said, "There he is. Cast out there!" Turning and looking in that direction I noticed the fins of apparently this same large fish sticking up out of the top of the water. His head was away from me, and making a cast in his general direction, through great good luck, I landed the plug just in front of him.

With a tremendous swirl, his mouth wide open and churning the water almost into a foam, he grabbed the plug! It sure gave me the biggest thrill of my life to see this mighty whopper of a fish break water in a mighty splash after I had hooked him. Then I made the biggest mistake of my whole life. Instead of giving him slack line at that important moment, I hung on with all my might, as I had always been taught to do in fishing for bass and rainbow trout, and immediately I felt the line snap, and I knew that my fish was gone with my favorite plug.

My father says that that fish did not weigh less than thirty-five pounds, and although he does tell fish stories once in awhile, I firmly confirm this one. I hope that old fish is waiting for me, because some day I am going back and catch him to prove this story. From a "Wants-to-be-a-member," who also wishes her name was Jack.

WINIFRED HARTER.

Any girl that is good enough sport to come into this Shack and tell us of a big fish that she lost, without whining about it, and then declare she is going back and catch him over again, is good enough for this gang, and then some. You're a member all right, Jack, from now on, and we hope you get him next time. Come again. Your seat will always be vacant for you, close up by the fire.

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Squirrels Rabbits	3	1	2½	1	2¼	⅞	6
Small Ducks Pigeons Plovers	3¼	1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	7½
Quail Snipe Woodcock Shore Birds	3	1 oz. 1⅛	2½	1	2¼	⅞	8
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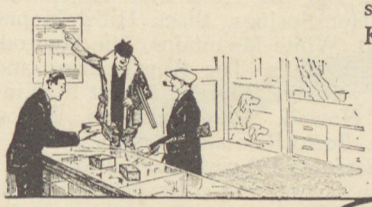

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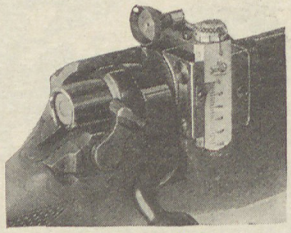

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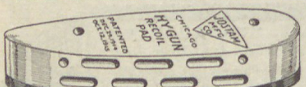

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by

Thomas Ambrose, Vice-President I. W. L. A.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA, Its Parks and Playgrounds. Edited by John Francis Kane, profusely illustrated, 4to, 521 pages. Published by Resorts and Playgrounds of America, 51 E. 42d Street, New York. $15.

THIS book is not to be confounded with the monumental work in two ponderous volumes edited by William Cullen Bryant away back in 1872, but is an entirely new compilation of description and picturization of all that is most beautiful in America brought down to date. The marvel is how treatment so comprehensive could have been packed within 521 pages.

The aim of the editor has been to reproduce wonderful scenery by the miracle of modern photography, with letterpress descriptions by writers of acknowledged literary standing, who have given in poetry or in prose the call of the mountain and sea, the appeal of the forest and stream.

Every National Park is here mapped, pictured and described, and there is a motor map of the National Park-to-Park Highway for such as have the leisure and accessories to follow where beauty and grandeur point the way.

The Parks and Monuments are described in the following order: Mount Rainier, Crater Lake, Sawtooth Range, Yosemite, Sequoia and Grant, Lassen Volcano, Grand Canon, Zion and Bryce Canons, Rocky Mountain and Mesa Verde, Yellowstone, the Jackson Hole region and Big Horn Mountains, Glacier Hot Springs, Black Hills, Mount Desert, White Mountains, The Hudson, Niagara Falls, The Appalachians and Smoky Range, Florida, Mount McKinley, Hawaii, The Canadian Parks, Cuba, Porto Rico and Mexico.

There are 550 pictures, four of which are in colors; the color plate of Wall of Windows, Bryce Canon, seems the unrealities of an opium eater's fantastic dream and that of Glacier Park like the vision of a land afar off.

Among the list of literary contributors of prose writings are Robert Sterling Yard, Zane Grey, Emerson Hough, Henry van Dyke, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Charles Lummis, Arthur Stringer, and of poems, Mary Carolyn Davies, James W. Foley, Elia W. Peattie, Lord Thurlow, Rupert Brooke, Arthur Conan Doyle, Andrew Marvell and our own Douglass Mallock who is represented by no less than five selections.

This volume should be given a place upon the library or reading room table of every club in the Country to be easily accessible to lovers of outdoor America.

* * *

Naturalist's Guide to the Americas, with frontispiece and numerous maps, 761 pp. The Williams and Wilkins Company, Baltimore. $10.

This monumental work has been prepared by the Committee on the Preservation of Natural Conditions of the Ecological Society of America with the assistance of numerous organizations and individuals, assembled and edited by the chairman, Victor E. Shelford, University of Illinois, and Illinois State Natural History Survey.

The Ecological Society, a national organization of approximately five hundred members, in 1917 appointed a committee charged with the listing of all preserved and preservable areas in North America in which natural conditions persist.

The efforts of the committee are directed toward the preservation of natural areas with original flora and fauna (as nearly as may obtain) and the maintenance of the natural biotic balance in existing preserves.

It is not easy to give a synopsis of a work of such magnitude. Topics of general application are first given, among which may be mentioned as index to the whole, The Value of National Areas, by S. L. Whitcomb, University of Kansas; Grazing in the National Forests, by C. F. Korstian, U. S. Forest Service; Game Preserves of Pennsylvania, by John M. Phillips, Game Commissioner; Effect of Pollution on Animal Life, F. C. Baker, University of Illinois.

I have read the ten and a half pages devoted to Illinois, in which are treated Topography, Climate, Original and Present Biota, Deciduous and Coniferous Forests, Prairie or Oak Grove Savannas, Upland Areas, Des Plaines River and Southern Upland Preserves, Streams, Swamps and Sand Areas, followed by a Comprehensive Bibliography.

Those interested in conservation of our natural resources will find here a record of what has been done, as well as suggestions as to what might or should be done.

Appended is a list of organizations interested in the preservation of natural conditions, local, state and national, among which the Izaak Walton League stands pre-eminent in numerical strength.

Taxidermy and Museum Exhibition, by John Rowley, with a preface by Frank M. Chapman, illustrated, 331 pp. D. Appleton & Company. $7.50.

A complete manual covering the en-

tire field of collecting, preparing for study and exhibition, as well as methods in museum display.

The author gives the facts of collecting; the tools and materials to be used and describes fully the making of casts. Birds, mammals, fish, reptiles and crustaceans are treated and illustrated by photographs. There is a full page group of black-tailed deer and another of golden eagles in natural environment.

Mr. Chapman says: "Just as John Rowley's book of over a quarter of a century ago was the best book of its kind, so this wholly new volume, covering a far wider field, at once becomes authoritative."

BEARS IN THE YELLOWSTONE. By M. P. Skinner, Roosevelt Field Naturalist, Roosevelt Wild Life Forest Experiment Station, illustrated, 158 pp. A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. $2.50.

The author has made an intensive study of bruin in what without doubt is the greatest bear garden in the world, having lived there among them off and on for some thirty years, at one time for fifty-five consecutive months.

There are 132 illustrations from photographs taken by the author of bears, both black and grizzly, and of all ages, conditions and "positions" in life, and if you have a leaning toward the life of the bear, you will find nothing more illuminating, outside of Palm Beach or Miami.

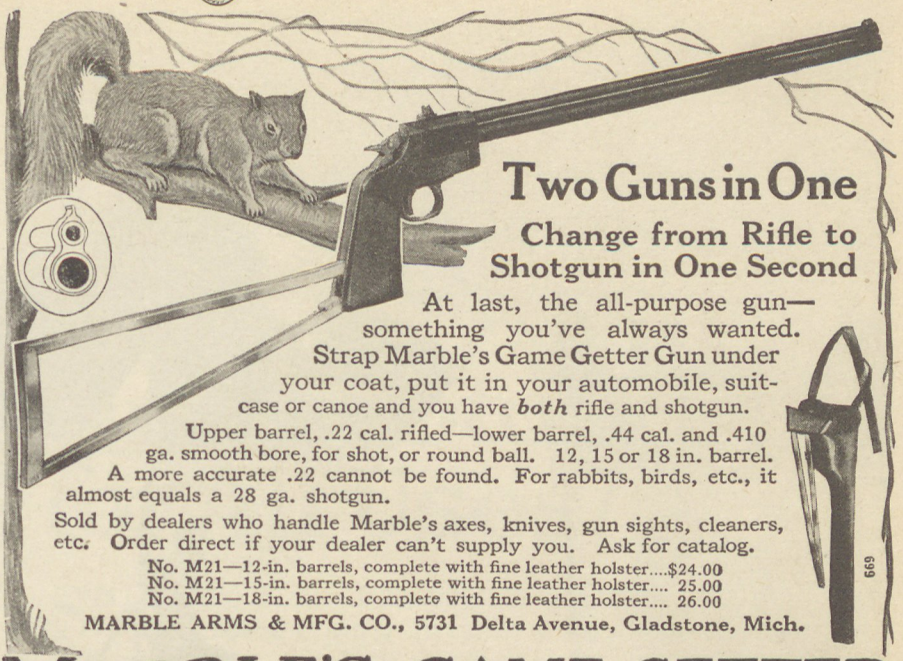
Previous to 1886 bears were not protected within the boundaries of the Park, but as soon as the shooting was stopped, the bears caught onto the new order of things, took up permanent residence in the Park and now fraternize with the tourist and hold him up on the highways for "chow"—a very human trait.

Another thing in common is bruin's love for fishing. The author watching the operation is amazed at the exceeding patience of a big grizzly remaining perfectly still for an hour at a time to be rewarded perhaps by an eight-inch trout. He lies upon the bank with a paw dangling in the water until troutie reaches just the right point, when a sudden splash sends it on shore and Old Eph rushes after it. No doubt he, too, relates stories of the big one that got away.

The author in this book has carried out the suggestion of Theodore Roosevelt that some outdoor faunal naturalist spend a year in the Park to study the life habits of its wild creatures.

THE TRAILS AND PEAKS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RANGE OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. By Henry Bradford Washburn, Jr. 79 pp. The Davis Press, Worcester, Massachusetts.

This is a compact pocket guide to the region named in the title, embellished with many half tones and provided with a map of trails for the use of him who foots it with knapsack and staff. It is well printed on good paper and has a tasteful cover.



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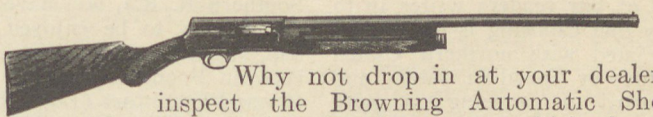

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Edited by EDGAR S. PERKINS

Editor WATER SPORTS, the Only National Canoe Magazine Published

ONE of our readers writes in to say that canoeing is usually associated with northern United States or Canadian waters, and little is heard of canoeing on more southern streams. I have never had the opportunity of taking a trip on the northern rivers or lakes, but have taken several very enjoyable trips on rivers in Kentucky and West Virginia.

The Kentucky River is locked throughout its length of 250 miles by a series of fourteen locks and dams. These locks and dams are very picturesque in themselves, as they were built many years ago. The locks are all hand operated by a variety of cog and lever arrangements. These dams, of course, cause practically still water at ordinary stages of the river, but the wonderful scenery more than offsets the lack of "fast" water. I believe that the cliff scenery along the river is unique in the eastern part of the country. Anyone who has observed the river from High Bridge (Cincinnati Southern R. R.), will have an idea of the scenery to be enjoyed on such a trip. The most interesting scenery lies between Boonesboro Beach (Lock No. 10) and Frankfort (Lock No. 4). The country is hilly above Boonesboro, but there is little cliff scenery. This part of the river is least settled. The river is formed near Beattyville by three forks coming together, and after a great deal of winding in and out, empties into the Ohio River at Carrolton about halfway between Cincinnati and Louisville. From Frankfort to Carrolton, the country is uninteresting, the banks being steep, muddy and willow lined, providing very poor camping sites.

The Cumberland River, above Cumberland Falls, lies in the foothills of the Appalachians and furnishes a delightful trip. We were somewhat unfortunate in "hitting" there at an especially dry season and had some wading to do through shallow stretches. We did not mind this, however, as we received many thrills descending numerous chutes. It was only when the river tried to cover too much territory for its volume of water, that we had to wade. We had to carry over two old dams, otherwise there were no portages at all. Pine trees are numerous in this territory, and there is no monotonous level country. There are few villages along the route, although we passed through two towns, namely Williamsburg and Barbourville.

We made our start from Pineville, a pleasant modern little town, entirely hemmed in by the characteristic wooded peaks of the Appalachians. If one has spare time, a bus ride to Cumberland Gap is well worth while. This town is supposed to lie partly in Kentucky, partly in Virginia and partly in Tennessee. A climb to the top of the "Pinnacle," a high peak near here, rewards one with a wonderful panoramic view of the three states. There is little difficulty in finding good camping sites along the river, as Cumberland Falls is neared the river bed is seen to be

literally one big rock. The rapids, or shoals as they were called, were not especially fast or deep, but provided us plenty of thrills for our first experience with such waters. The nearest we had come, previous to this, was riding at our home port of Cincinnati and running through a few shallows on the Little Miami River. When the Cumberland River spread out over its rocky bed, we always knew we were in for lots of fun, missing or trying to miss projections just below the surface. This was especially true when a wind ruffled the surface of the water or when the sun's rays struck the water at certain angles. There were long stretches of deep water where we made good time.

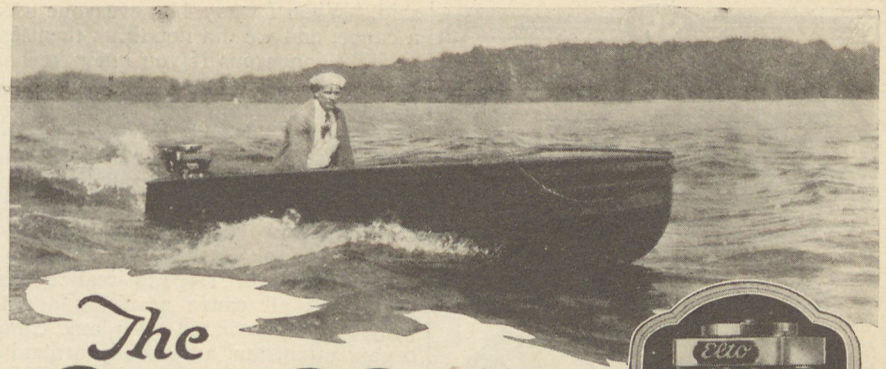
Cumberland Falls itself is formed by a break in the solid rock bed of the river, and is a wonder spot of Kentucky. One cannot begin to describe its beauties, and the surrounding region is in the same class. At present, power interests are endeavoring to obtain permission to utilize the Falls for a power project. If this happens Kentucky will lose one of its major scenic attractions, as any one who has ever been there will attest.

The Greenbrier River, in West Virginia, is also in the foothills of the Appalachians, and its descent is by no means gradual. We struck more fast water on this stream than we did on the Cumberland River trip. We even went over a three-foot falls before we knew just what we were getting into. We usually stopped above any doubtful looking stretch and looked things over, but this time we slipped up, or rather down; we were safely through and dodging a stranded tree before we thoroughly realized what had happened. We started this trip at the small town of Renick and journeyed down into the New River at Hinton. We had a few shallow stretches where wading was necessary. The railroad parallels the river for most of its length, but in many places does not follow the stream in its many turns. Houses and villages are scarce.

We will be glad to hear from any of our readers who have experiences or information on rivers that are not usually covered by the canoeist. It may interest you to know that two of the readers of this department are at present on their way to Yellowstone Park from the eastern part of Ohio. We will cover their trip later on in this department.

MAKING CANOEING SAFE

The summer season has been well under way for some time and many of you have perhaps picked up a paper, and especially of a Monday, and read an item about "Expert Canoeists Capsize and Drown," or "Narrow Escape from Death," etc. In this connection the writer had a humorous conversation during the Outdoor Exhibit in May at Chicago while working in a canoe booth. A gentleman came up to the booth and said, "What have they done to canoes these days?" and I inquired as to just what he meant. He



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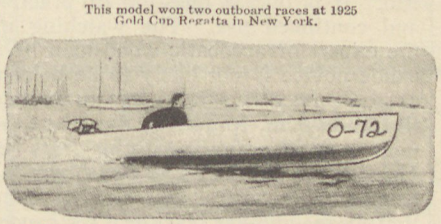

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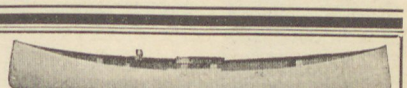

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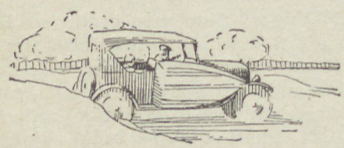

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said, "When I was a boy everyone used a canoe, and we did not think them especially dangerous if you knew how to handle them, but now you say canoe to anyone and they say, 'Oh, they are dangerous.'" I told the man that the canoes had not changed except for improvements, but the general public has read more about what has happened to those who use canoes when they have no business to.

Did you ever stop to realize that practically all canoe accidents are to people not associated with any canoe organization, and are usually around a city or town of some size? These places all have canoe liveries where for fifty cents or one dollar anyone can gamble with their life, as there are no requirements as to the amount of canoeing or swimming the prospective user has done. The canoe organization in most cases insists the applicant be a competent swimmer, and they are carefully instructed and watched until they know something about a canoe. There are some who think they just never hear of the accidents that happen in the wilderness, and this is doubtless true, but any woodsman will tell you that they are few and far between, and then are usually the result of people going into the country without guides, thinking they can take care of themselves. They may save money, but it is expensive economy. As a general rule, the wilderness cruiser who travels without a guide is an experienced canoeist, and all guides are.

Often the beginning canoeist gets tipped over and never knows what it is all about. A canoe is a fast craft and requires fast thought and action on the part of its users. Of the many reasons why a canoe upsets there are some beyond human control, but none that were not due to human cause. Generally speaking most upsets are caused either from carelessness or lack of understanding of the craft. While the Northwoodsman is usually conceded to be the dean of canoeists there are many folks living in cities that can give him a close run. It is only a question of practice and continued use. The watching of the expert or acrobatic woodsman by a canoe novice is not likely to be helpful as the novice is sure to try to imitate the woodsman, forgetting the years the man spent in practice with his craft before he was able to do all the things the usual summer visitor sees him do. And that means another black eye for canoeing. That is my reason for all the comment; I do not pretend to be so sympathetic as to mourn the death of everyone that drowns from using a canoe, but every time some foolish person does that it just sets the "greatest sport in the world" back another step in the eye of the public.

So once more, we will give you a few little tips on how things are done and why when using the most buoyant craft afloat. Keep your weight low in the craft and well centered as to beam. Do not stand up, even the expert will only do it when necessary and, though he may have done it for years he is very cautious about his balance each time

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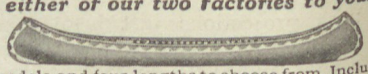

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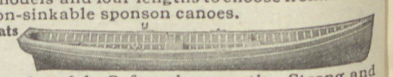

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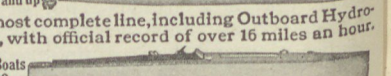

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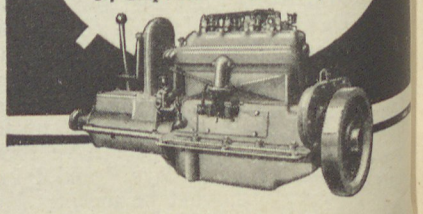

and has his pole or paddle ready for instant support. Any change of position should be done by steadying the canoe with a hand on each gunwale. The intuitive sense of balance in relation to a canoe, in other words, the swift counterbalance of movement in the canoe, is a great asset but requires time and practice. When it is absolutely necessary for an exchange of seats while on the water, one man grasps both gunwales firmly and stoops or lies flat in the canoe and allows the other man who is also holding both gunwales to crawl over him. Thus the changing weights are moving in such a manner as to counterbalance each other and are also low in the craft. When getting in a canoe be sure to step on the center line of the boat and have a hand on each gunwale. Never bear on one gunwale alone and keep your both hands on the gunwales till you are permanently seated. In getting out of a canoe keep hands on the gunwales and raise slowly from the seat. Leave one foot on the floor of the craft till the other is firm on solid ground. If the landing place is shallow and the canoe is broadside, place the paddle in a vertical position on the open-water side for use as a support and brace.

If you are a novice at canoeing and cannot find an experienced canoeist to go with you, go alone, as two novices more than double the chances. You will at least know when alone what movements are being made in the craft and if two are in one will not be able to see the moves the other makes. Always keep your weight low and well centered. Your mind alert and watchful and your body in rhythm with the motion of the canoe.

Information on canoeing may be had by writing OUTDOOR AMERICA

Leaping Salmon

(Continued from page 51)

in the swift water aided him and it required much slow and careful pulling. I finally turned him on his side and brought him along the water's edge. The guide grasped his tail with both hands and heaved him out onto the shore. The fish was photographed, measured and weighed. Length 47¼ inches, girth 23 inches, and weight 27 pounds.

My fishing trip had been a success. Fred, Harry and Doc were as pleased as I, and agreed that it had been our greatest fishing trip, the party having landed 330 salmon in 13 days, on Fred Peet's own fly, the Allen Streamer, which he invented and named for his guide.

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Every Hunter Needs A Malone Gamester Coat

Made of 30-ounce all-wool in red or green plaids, gray and heather. Proof against wind and rain. Noiseless in the brush. Roomy, full and correctly tailored. Large ***bloodproof*** Game Pocket or double back forming non-bloodproof game pocket. Guaranteed. Sent postpaid on receipt of $9.85.

Send your name and address for Catalog of Fall Hunters' Garments and samples of cloth.

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Nine/Tenths of the famous MAINE guides —folks who Know values— use **WHITE Canoes**

White Outboard Boats and Canoes

The last word in construction and safety. Graceful, light, speedy, roomy. Built to stand the gaff. Outstanding values! Ideal for camps, individuals, youths or adults.
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E. M. WHITE & CO., Old Town, Maine

Service Stripes
won in the World War

Like many army officers

who have told us of wearing Witch-Elk boots every day for months in the mud of France, you will find Witch-Elk boots always dry and comfortable.

Sturdy and long wearing, yet soft and pliant, waterproofed and easy to lace; this most comfortable boot can be had at your dealers, or write us direct for details.

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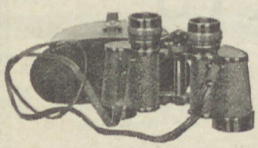
Variety of styles, lasts and heights. Ask for

Witch-Elk
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
FAMOUS HUNTING BOOTS



This is an eight power Zeiss binocular of very large objective, fine definition, great light gathering power, and a wide field—at three thousand ft. the field is 150 yards.

The Better Binoculars and Field Glasses are the Only Kind Worth Having

Hunters, navigators, nature-lovers, sportsmen—Binoculars and Field Glasses by such manufacturers as Zeiss and Busch (Germany) and Lemaire (France) have been developed in light compact form to the high state of technical perfection. One of these better glasses, carried by Almer Coe and Company, is the most economical buy.

The prices range from $13.00 to $72.00

Almer Coe and Company
Scientific Opticians

Almer Coe and Company,
Dept. A. B., 105 N. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois
Gentlemen: Please send me full information, descriptions and prices without obligation to me.

Name.....

Address.....

The Angler's Notebook

(Continued from page 43)

know the impulse is to spring to one's feet when there is a hard throw to make. Just the same, standing in any sort of fishing boat is shaking hands with death. If you have never been in the habit of casting sitting down, practice it. Do this—take a chair out into the backyard, and sitting, try your hand and throw a hookless plug all around you. You will be surprised at your inefficiency, but keep at it until skill begins to come. You will become intrigued with the game and before you know it, will hit that old hat three times out of five anywhere within seventy-five feet, which is pretty good casting. More than two-thirds of our fish are taken under fifty feet. What? While about it, conquering the temptation to stand in order to get out more line, try the left-hand throw, too. Good to discover how awkward you can be. Above all, get into the habit of doing all your actual boat casting sitting down. Remember, too, unless your boat is unusually wide of beam, don't stand up to stretch your legs when weary and cramped. We have fished up a lot of fellows who did that. Sit down!

* * *

READING ADVERTISEMENTS

There is a Robert Lewis Stevenson story told which is good enough to be true. One day a friend sent R. L. S. a magazine, writing him that he had torn out the advertisements in order to save postage. The novelist replied by saying, "Am returning herewith the articles; please send the advertisements." Personally I do not like the advertisements scattered through the magazines, as they are these days, alongside reading matter, making it necessary to bind a lot of pages you value, but do not want to preserve. Just the same, I turn to the advertisements in outdoor magazines first, and read them carefully. R. L. S. was right, the advertisements are the most interesting and valuable portion of a magazine. How many times I have found the thing advertised in OUTDOOR AMERICA that I needed in my kit, only I did not know it was in existence. Then, the hints one gets from the advertisements as to ways of doing things. The man—I wonder if there is one—who fails to read the advertising pages of his magazine is losing out in one of the most engaging and rewardful of pastimes. When a storm rages about the house, or one has a rare evening at his disposal, what is more entertaining than reading advertisements? It matters not at all that we cannot at present afford some of the things displayed so attractively, we may be able to get them next year, "when our ship comes in." Every dyed-in-the-wool angler has several ships at sea, all sailing homeward, or he would not be an angler. So, know what is offered in outing paraphernalia, that you may be ready to act intelligently when the long overdue ship docks. Read the advertisements.

* * *

LARGEST CUTTHROAT TROUT ON RECORD

There are usually items of interest to anglers in the "Fisheries Service Bulletin," organ of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries. Take the following from the April issue: "A letter accompanied by a photograph of what is believed to be the largest native or cutthroat trout ever captured has been received from the bureau's Bozeman (Mont.) station. The fish was taken by means of a trolling spoon and an ordinary chalk line in Pyramid Lake, Nev., by an Indian, known as Johnnie Skimmerhorn, Jr. The Indian agent at Pyramid Lake is authority for the statement that it weighed 41 pounds when first caught, and advice received from the director of the University of Nevada, at Reno, where the fish was examined, is to the effect that it measured 39 inches in length and weighed 35 pounds after its gills and intestines had been removed. It is probable that this large trout belonged to the species *Salmo henshawi*. It is to be mounted by the college taxidermist."

Oh, what a fickle jade is Fate! That such a fish should meet defeat at the end of a chalk line! But what a fish! Oh, boy, how would you liked to have had that baby on a 5-oz. flyrod? There is something to fish for.

* * *

GROWTH OF LARGEMOUTH BASS

In the same issue there is another item of interest to anglers. It seems that a farmer down in Pickens County, Ala., began building a bass pond something like five years ago, and to date has constructed three *large and two smaller ones*, working at odd moments when he would otherwise have been idle. Soon after completing his first pond he stocked it with largemouth bass, secured at the fish-cultural station at Tupelo, Miss., and less than two years afterwards a bass 3⅞ lbs. in weight was taken from the inclosure, an artificial fly being used as lure. Another fish was taken that measured 18 inches in length and 13 in circumference. How's that for rapid growth? Nothing was said of the food the fish had received. It goes to prove, that given suitable surroundings and sufficient grub, the bass is a rapid grower. It may be that ultimately the only bass we will have will be those in ponds. Not much sport in such fishing, I take it.

A gentleman once visited one of a series of state hatcheries, and seeing the eagerly leaping trout at feeding time, asked the man in charge how much he would take to let him fish for an hour.

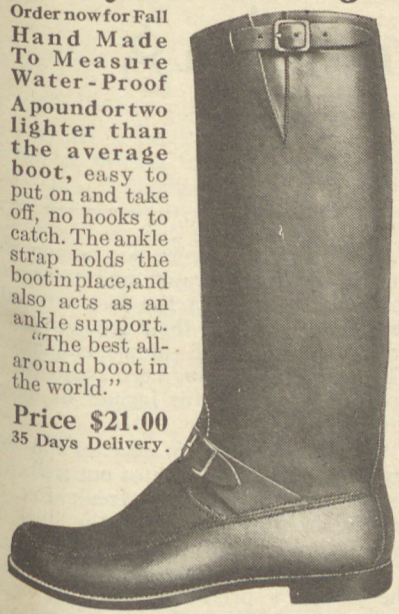
"Gokey Botte Sauvage"

Order now for Fall

Hand Made To Measure Water-Proof

A pound or two lighter than the average boot, easy to put on and take off, no hooks to catch. The ankle strap holds the boot in place, and also acts as an ankle support. "The best all-around boot in the world."

Price $21.00
35 Days Delivery.



Write for measure blank and full description.

Freeman-Thompson Shoe Co.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fish? Hunt? Camp?

Send for free catalog illustrating and describing Duxbak Outing Clothing. America's favorite for 22 years. Sample of special cloth in catalog—firm, closely woven, pliable and rainproofed. Double at exposed parts. Garments made right for comfort, convenience, protection and long wear. *Styles for all sports.* Write for catalog now.

UTICA DUXBAK CORP., 30 NOYES ST., UTICA, N. Y.

UTICA Duxbak CORP.
TRADE MARK
Outing Clothing

HARRIS TWEED
THE CREAM OF SCOTCH HOMESPUNS
and ARISTOCRAT of TWEED for GOLF and ALL SPORTS WEAR
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS
Suit Lengths Available in a Variety of Lovely Shades
Patterns free on request—stating shades desired.
S. A. Newall & Sons, 162 Stornoway, Scotland

MARTHIS TIRE SHOP
418 F STREET

Fairbury, Nebraska,
June 28, 1926.

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please repeat our July ad in your August issue. We have replies from 7 states already in just a few days, so more should be better.

Thanking you for your co-operation, we remain

Very truly yours,
(Signed)
Ellsworth & Marthis.

In a spirit of jocularity the keeper answered, "Fifty dollars." Pulling twenty-five, in bills, from his pocket, the visitor said, "Well, here goes for half an hour's fishing anyway!" The keeper was game, too, so he is as nameless as the state where the incident took place. The visitor had great "sport" for his half an hour, at the price of practically a dollar a minute. Not for me, thank you, at any price. Give me the wild trout and bass, out where the free breezes blow, and folks don't crowd. It is not the fishing, nor yet the fish, it is God's Out-o'-Doors.

My Dog Tippy

By
B. F. MONTGOMERY

HE first came into this world on a farm and his mother was a bull and his father a shepherd. His tail and ears were cut when he was two days old, and his mother died when he was one week old, so we raised him on cow's milk. I would milk the cow and he would stand by, knowing that he would have all he wanted. His little jar sat in the back yard and I would fill it full, and then he would drink so much that it would run out of his mouth.

He was a fine looking dog, brindle and brown, with white spots around both eyes. We moved to town then and a circus that wandered by offered $25.00 for him. He was smart and could play all kinds of tricks; hold by his teeth, and jump over high fences and play hide and seek. We could hide anything and he could find it. I could go shopping and he would lie down by the store door and wait for me. One night he was run over by an automobile and hurt his leg and back. He soon became better, only he was lame in one leg for some time.

He was stolen three times, but as soon as he was turned loose, he would come home. The boys in the neighborhood all loved him as he liked to play ball and all games. He never bit anyone but was so fierce-looking that we were never bothered with tramps or book agents, for as soon as they saw him they would get out of the yard. He was twelve years old when he died and had been sick for about one week; we doctored him, but nothing helped. The children in the neighborhood came and covered him with roses. We hired a man to dig a grave and his coffin was a nice box covered inside and out with roses and flowers. We have a tombstone to mark his grave.

GET A MEMBER TODAY

The Difference

HAWKSIGHT
Super-Power Binoculars

The superiority of one binocular over another is contained in the relative strength and clarity of the prisms and lenses, plus workmanship and finish.

Clear definition of the object and wide field of vision at a given distance constitute the superlative features of the Hawksight which is immediately evident when you focus the glass on a stationary or moving object far or near.

It is that unmistakable "difference" in definition, clearness and expansiveness of the field which has given to Hawksight the rating of super-power binoculars and created a nation-wide demand.

Exceptional Value at $24.85

Made in France, 8-power lenses, 27 m.m. objective, 119-yard field at distance of 1000 yards; fine achromatic prisms, beautifully finished, entirely dust proof, accurate adjustments, each glass engraved with our name and serial number; furnished with black sole leather plush lined case including shoulder and neck straps.

Specially priced $24.85, all carrying charges paid, under absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded after two weeks' trial. Established 1870; reference, any bank in Atlanta. Enclose check or money order. Glasses shipped day order is received.

A. K. HAWKES CO.
33-Z Whitehall St. (*Opticians*) Atlanta, Ga.

"Filson Clothes for the Man Who Knows!"

$5.50
$6.50

Your copy of the Filson Catalog "Q" *free.* Send your address.

The Filson Cruising Coat

in Shedpel Khaki—water resistant and wind proof—INDISPENSABLE! $5.50 single shoulder and sleeve, $6.50 double shoulder and sleeve. Order 1 in. larger than white collar measure.

C. C. FILSON COMPANY
1005-1007 First Ave. SEATTLE, WASH.
"Filson Clothes for the Man Who Knows."

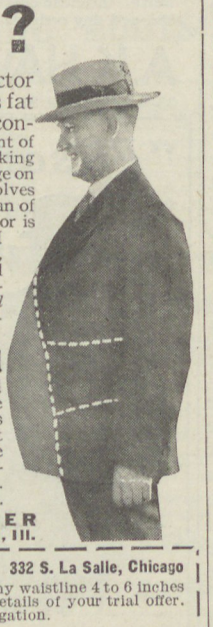
Russell's "Ike Walton"

THE genuine moccasin boot that carried R. B. Slatter 1800 miles in 153 consecutive days through trackless British Columbia! (Write for his story). The Ike Walton is a double vamp boot of genuine imported French veal, chrome tanned—the finest-grained leather we know of. The finer the grain, the better it will retain oil and its waterproof quality. Has Russell's famous "Never Rip" seam. Any height, 6 to 18 in. One of many styles of Russell Genuine Moccasin footwear for outdoor men and women. Ask your dealer, or write for catalog; then choose and have him order for you.

The W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Capron St. Berlin, Wisconsin

WAISTLINE Too Big?

A new belt called Director gets at the *cause* of excess fat and quickly corrects the condition. With every movement of the body, during every working hour, Director acts as a massage on the abdomen and actually dissolves excess fat away. F. P. Cowan of Pinehurst, N. C. says, "Director is the finest thing I ever wore. I want another, but not so large, as I am 5 inches smaller around the waist now." Doctors endorse Director as the *natural* way to accomplish a permanent reduction.



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Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director to you for free trial. If you don't get results you owe us nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write now for free trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. No obligation. Mail coupon.

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Tell me how I can reduce my waistline 4 to 6 inches with Director Belt. Send details of your trial offer. This places me under no obligation.

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GOODBY HOT SUSPENDERS

DR. CATES PATENTS

Men, here's a new patent device for holding the flaps of a shirt together in front, besides holds shirt and trousers correctly in place. It does away with hot suspenders and tight belts, and is just the thing for summer when coats are off and a cool, clean and neatly fitting shirt-waist effect is most desirable. Hold with a bull-dog grip which can't harm the sheerest silk.

DANCERS, GOLFERS AND NEAT DRESSERS ARE STA-ON USERS

Start right-Order today-Gold pl. 4 on a card $1.00

THE STA-ON CO. Dept. B ST. LOUIS, MO.

Fur Farming

By THOMAS G. ALVORD, Sr.

TALKING one day about the many different kinds of dogs in the world a noted humorist remarked that the funniest dog he knew of was the low slung, drawn out, four footed section of a long eared snake called a dachshund, and added, "The Lord must have made him to carry stovepipes."

Perhaps there is no other domestic purpose to which this sort of canine can be put but the Lord was not responsible for its creation. He didn't start dogs to fashion them into "no such animile." Even fundamentalists do not dispute with biologists who tell us that the first dog was derived from a wolf and that the astonishing assortment which has resulted are born of man's endeavors to raise different strains to help him in his struggle for life, assure him greater safety and give him more comfort with diminished labor.

It was man's varied uses and increasing needs met by a slowly acquired knowledge of breeding that brought into being the nobler kinds of dogs among which the dachshund, poodle, Pekinese spaniel, and the like are not included. This makes more puzzling the question, why is a dachshund? The stovepipe theory appeals to the imagination but it won't hold because man invented the dachshund long before he had a stove and needed stovepipes.

Another animal mystery concerns the Silver Fox. He descended from the same Adam as the dachshund, the wolf, but arrived at the other end of the scale of animal grace and beauty, becoming the most sublimely coated creature of the furred kind. Man has taken no part in fox development, although he has had sore need for fur throughout the ages and has made devastating use of the furbearers to the point of extinction. Yet until less than forty years ago he never bred any of them for the purpose he was shown in the Garden of Eden they were created to fulfill. This purpose is made manifest in Genesis, 3:21, which reads: "Unto Adam and also unto his wife did the Lord God make coats out of skins and clothe them."

Thus is added another enigma in the history of the animal transformations man throughout the centuries has wrought. He has changed the wild boar of Europe to the toothsome domesticated pig, turned the coarse haired ram of the early Asiatics to woolbearers and eons ago separated the wild sheep from the goats which is more than modern science can do with the roots of their family trees. But none of these wild or remodeled beasts supplied a more needed product than fur. Why fur animals were not among the first to be domesticated and improved instead of becoming the last can only be accounted for by their fecundity and original abundance now exhausted. Their necessity having been created it is up to the domestic fur farmer of today to supply it.

Nature left alone to develop the fox from the wolf did not turn out a dachshund. She produced a freak fox, it is true, but one like unto the bird of paradise among its kind. A child of chance, the wild silver fox was ever the trapper's prize for its high value and extreme rariety due to demand and its vicarious parentage. It has remained for man in our day and generation under the pressure for fur to fix this type, to breed it true, propagate, domesticate and raise it successfully in captivity. This has become a new, great and profitable industry in which thousands are engaging with little or no knowledge of breeding which is vital to their success if they are to become ranchers in fact and follow fur farming as a vocation. On skillful breeding they must realize hangs the fullest satisfaction and the most profits.

Approved books on silver fox breeding, of which there are several, should be mastered by the novice before he buys his foxes. He won't obtain all there is to learn from any of them. But in all he will find set forth certain general rules which fox breeders generally are agreed should be followed with this particular animal as discovered in their breeding experience. The "don'ts" are quite as many as the "dos." These experts checked up and supplemented with a study of the broad principles of animal breeding laid down by Mendel, Darwin, Davenport and other high authorities on heredity should warrant a real lover of animals starting his own ranch. No other kind of man should undertake it but should leave his foxes as so many do on the ranch of the one who bred them.

With a fair supply of theoretical knowledge thus gleaned and with as high grade silvers as his purse may buy, and they must be good ones or it's of no use to try to produce others worth while, the new breeder must decide what he is going to breed for. Foxes of course, but not just foxes. Better foxes? Of a certainty; that's the way all beginners begin. Better fur, better conformation, more virile animals. Fine. There is thus more than a chance for big litters, big prices for pelts, still bigger for breeders.

It's a pity all foxmen do not stick to their virginal vows. But there seems to be witchery in breeding that lead-

many astray. A little success in experience is a dangerous thing. It inflates them with ambition to produce something big. This is apt to raise them higher than the fox yard fence and they fall on the other side. They would produce the phenomenal, supernal fox and they ruin their foundation stock to get a freak of which no man should be proud. This probably explains the dachshund mystery as to dogs. It is more logical than the stovepipe idea for that sort of thing has happened in the fox business.

Worse things seem to be in contemplation. A neighboring rancher recently called at a ranch to disclose his dream of producing in time a gigantic fox as large as a grizzly bear whose pelt would make a complete coat instead of a neckpiece. The chance of anyone wanting a garment of that kind is as remote as is success in growing one. The same idea of breeding a whale of a mink obtains to a much larger extent in the fur industry and giant chinchillas already are an established specialty.

So far, in trying to increase the natural size of any of the recently penned up domesticated wild furbearers, breeders find that while it can be done to a surprising degree it makes for coarser fur and renders the pelt less valuable. This is to be expected because the reverse is true. The considerable reduction in size of all our long domesticated animals, cattle, sheep, dogs, horses, et al., has made their coats finer and often changed their coats altogether. Of all farm animals the sheep has been transformed to the greatest extent in that respect. We think of sheep in terms of wool; to us it's a woolly animal. Ages ago the wild sheep was very much larger than it is today and as hairy as a goat. The fleece, as now, was used for clothing. Even the cave man knew better than to try to make sheep into long haired elephants; he bred only such of his flocks as promised the woolliest coats which were warmer than skins of coarse hair. The sheep slowly decreased in size, but their supply of soft silky wool was enormously developed, until today the fleeces of some strains, flossy as silk, reach the ground. And here's another good tip for the fox breeder; sheep tails have been greatly increased in length by domestication so that with most breeds it is necessary to dock them.

This doesn't mean that foxmen should breed for longer tails or smaller foxes, but for pelts of constantly better color, texture, and perfection of fur taken from well formed virile animals let the pelt size be what it will; its value is never determined by its size. The foxman is breeding for the fur market and that's what the fur buyers want him to do—not to try to produce freak skins of unusual shape or with stripes that make them look like a checkerboard shirt, a zebra or the coat that Joseph used to wear. In all breeding operations the beginner is advised

(Continued on page 72)

Big Game

THE sportsman who comes to Canada to hunt seldom returns without a trophy of the chase. If your nerves are steady and your aim good a giant moose or magnificent buck should reward your skill.

In the wild forest areas of Eastern Canada there are great opportunities for deer and moose. Good caribou hunting is also possible in certain localities.

Write to A. O. Seymour, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, 738 Windsor Station, Montreal. He will give you full information and every possible assistance in developing your plans.

Canadian Pacific

That Trout Trip Down the NIPIGON

Stage this greatest of fishing films for your next Chapter meeting

Get after your entertainment committee to book this marvel film for your next get-together

Four hair-raising reels of thundering waters, perilous rapid-shooting—trout, trout, trout,—in the wildest, most adventurous whirl of fishing episodes that you ever lived through.

Brought the Chicago convention gasping to its feet. Has electrified scores of Chapter audiences.

"Fishing Days on the Nipigon"

Taken by a special Walton Expedition especially for Walton entertainment; receipts devoted to Walton progress.

Spur your committee men to an early showing of this graphic trip to anglers' paradise.

For bookings address:—
Sherman Brown, Treasurer,
Milwaukee Chapter, I. W. L. A.
Davidson Theater Bldg.,
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SPECIAL

Write for details of a plan by which you can co-operate with your local picture house to make this a big profit event for your Chapter.

Your Dog *and* Mine

Our Kennel Service Department is anxious to aid you in anything pertaining to dogs. There is no charge for this service

Edited by V. C. EBEL

The Labrador Retriever

By G. A. Bertsch

THE Labrador came to England originally in 1835 when the Earl of Malmesbury of that day owned some. The first dog appears to have come over from Newfoundland as "ship's dog" on the boats which brought salted cod to Poole Harbour, which accounts for the Earl of Malmesbury being the first to acquire the breed. How the breed was evolved is hard to say, but the probabilities are that the fishermen of Newfoundland wanted a good strong water dog (since they are reported to have found them useful in cases of wrecks and wreckage on that coast), and crossed the heavy coated, strong black Newfoundland retriever with a black pointer, and evolved in time a hard straight coated dog with great staying powers.

In Labrador itself, the dog of the country is a "husky" or sleigh dog, very savage and fierce, with curled tail and shaggy coat and usually having a lot of white on chest or feet, and in no way like the Labrador retriever.

As a breed they are good tempered unless attacked, when they can take very good care of themselves. If they do fight, they get up on their hind legs more than most dogs, and appear to go chiefly for their opponent's throat. Labradors do not lavish any affection or attention on anybody else if their master is out, but pay strict attention to him and do the business of the day, which is as it should be.

Some Labradors.

The Labrador does most of his work at a gallop, and often carries a good scent, breast high, hardly checking his pace as he picks up the bird or duck he is after.

A peculiarity of many of the breed is standing for a moment and pointing at dead or wounded game in thick covert and then pouncing at it and picking it up.

For thick marsh work the Labradors are not to be beaten, and as they are tireless. They are natural hunters and love it, and will continue to hunt, ever ready and willing to take another cast, though they may be convinced that it is a useless procedure. Their short, hard, thick coats make them ideal dogs for working in water after ducks and they are excellent and natural swimmers.

White oftentimes appears on the chest, which probably comes from the original Newfoundland retriever, and probably the indifferent tail is a legacy from the same. In body conformation the Labrador should be well and strongly built, with good clean straight forelegs, not out at the elbows, with plenty of bone and no feather. The body must be well ribbed up, deep in girth and with strong loins and quarters (not drooping behind) and with a tail well set on, straight and shaped like that of an otter and of a fair length. The head must be of medium length and breadth, rather wide across the skull, with plenty of room for brains, and with an open type of countenance. A long narrow snipey sort of a head is entirely wrong. The nose should not be too short nor in any way like that of the pug, and the nostrils fairly open. The ears well set on, not too low down and of medium size. The small ear should

Edgerton, Wisconsin, enters the Spaniel Field Club of America.

A Good Type Labrador.

be avoided. The coat must always be short and wiry and with a sort of close under coat. It must not show any wave or curl or brokenness; where this is apparent it is almost certain to arise from some flat coated cross, and the breed, if the hair is examined, will be found to be like that of the badger near the roots. In color the Labrador should be pure black. Weight of a Labrador is 45 to 55 pounds for bitches, and 50 to 65 for males.

Gretchen

A German Shepherd

By B. E. W. Jorgenson

THIS is a story about my dog's dad, rather than about my own dog. Son of a German prince of the Canine World he was brave and bold, obedient as a well trained soldier.

Dolph, his master called him, and whenever he strolled down the streets of the big town, near our little village, the passing crowds gazed in awed respect and pointed at "that big German police hound." There was the time when burglars looted the home of a prominent and nervous woman in the big city, leaving her almost a mental wreck from fear. Policemen and detectives guarded the house but failed to inspire her with confidence. Then came the Old Master with Dolph, giving his orders for the dog to stand guard inside the home day and night until the scare was over. And the nervous little woman said she slept like a baby with Dolph lying beside her bed.

* * *

"What would he have done if another robber had entered the house?" asked a scornful detective at police headquarters later.

"Yes, what would he have done?" echoed the master with a wary smile. "But don't draw your revolver with Dolph near you."

"Ah!" blared the red-faced sleuth. "I'll pull my gat on any—"

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs

"Known the Wide World Over" *Character—plus Appearance*

Champion Bero, Grand Champion Komet von Hoheluft and many other noted dogs. Pups for sale at reasonable prices. *"You can pay more, but you can't get a better dog."*

STRONG HEART TRAINING SCHOOL

Double Champion BERO of Elmview Winner at the New York Madison Square Garden Show, and other principal shows throughout the country.

A very few select fully trained grown dogs, domestic and imported, at prices from $500.00 up.

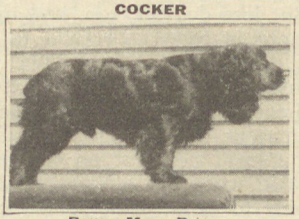
for Police Dogs and other breeds. Dogs trained for general obedience, guarding, police work, and other duties. In order to develop and appreciate the fine inherited qualities of the police dog it is necessary that he be properly trained, and there is just as much difference between a trained and an untrained dog as between a college bred man and an ordinary day laborer.

SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS
Eastern Road New Brunswick, N. J.

Write for pamphlet entitled "Why I Should Train My Police Dog."

Sporting Spaniels Cockers AND Springers

COCKER



Bonny-Moor Prince

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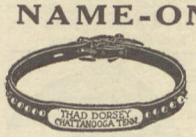

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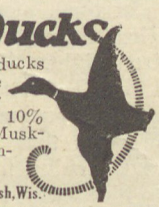

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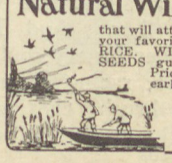

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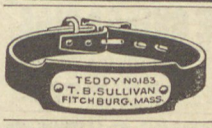

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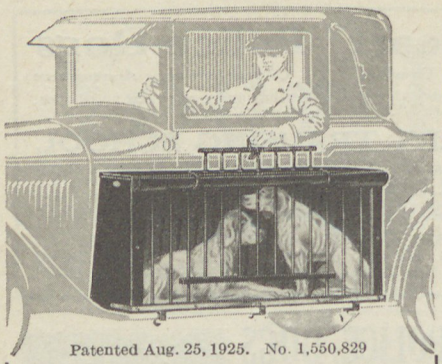

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Though light weight, it is durable and of strong construction, being built throughout of high quality automobile materials. Finished in genuine Du Pont Duco.

The top is built like the tops on the closed cars. It has storm curtain. All wooden parts are protected so the dogs cannot gnaw. The floor is trimmed with bright alite metal moulding to match the runningboard and all trimmings are nickel plated.

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Shipments are made packed in strawboard boxes, insuring arrival in perfect condition. Price $12.50 for the one-dog size and $15.00 for the two-dog size. Suitable for large pointers or setters as well as other breeds of dogs and is adjustable to fit all makes of cars. Immediate shipment.

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A scream of terror and pain. The sound of a revolver dropping upon the floor as the detective felt sharp teeth nipping his wrist and huge paws pressing upon his fat stomach.

* * *

That was enough for me. Dolph had to be the father of MY dog. In time the Old Master carried to me a fuzzy little lady who set all the girls in the neighborhood to cooing and petting her in her small cage when she was delivered one afternoon at our house. But like dogs, I, too, had to learn that there is SOMETHING to OWNING a dog. Feed them? Oh yes! Boss them? Certainly! That was my theory, just as it seems to be with many amateur dog owners. So Gretchen, as I named her, got no training and but little care. Commands were issued only to "show off" before visitors. At other times Gretchen was forgotten, permitted to roam our little suburban garden spot without the teachings that I, her master, should have given.

Gretchen grew up to be a renegade. Like boys who have never been corrected properly by their parents, she went the way of all misguided youth. There was the time when our chicken house emitted wild squawks of terror; when I rushed out in my pajamas and barefoot into the cold dawn to stand transfixed with the picture before me.

Snow on the ground. An open chicken gate. Frightened hens staggering drunkenly in the half light. A wolf-dog, Gretchen, standing like a grey statue just inside the gate, a fat protesting bird in her jaws. It WAS a picture. I made no noise. Gretchen did not notice me. Suddenly, as if confident no one had seen her, she trotted forward, not towards the house, but down into the alder grove, into the brush and underneath a rotten log to eat her kill. A reversion to type! Perhaps Gretchen felt in her breast the spirit of the wild wolf ancestor from which her race had sprung.

It was not her fault—I was to blame. Like the fool amateur I was I had done nothing to keep her on the straight and narrow path.

As I tiptoed softly and icily into the house and crawled back into my warm bed, I thought of the many men of this modern world who, too, have stripped off the veneer of civilization and become savage attackers upon their fellows, simply because in their childhood they were not given the proper training.

In time, more chickens disappeared. Then four of my young turkeys faded from sight. Again I made my mistake. I BEAT Gretchen. She took it grimly, gamely, gazing up at me with an expression that I could not understand, and slinking finally out into the brush to hide away for many hours. I called her a darn fool dog. This may be more of a confession than a story, but I cursed her. I hated her. And I LOVED her, doggone her ornery soul.

We had our fun, too, racing down through the lowlands brush, chasing rabbits, splashing in the muddy little

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creek. Gretchen would scent a rabbit and run like mad. But she never caught one. They were too swift on the turns. She never obeyed me. If I spotted a rabbit and yelled ever so long and loud she would refuse to come, being too busy with her own hunting.

There came a morning when Gretchen failed to appear for her breakfast on the porch. Always at breakfast hour we had heard the familiar plump, thump, plump as she bounded up the steps with her big paws and body and attacked her food.

A second and a third day. Still no Gretchen.

On the fourth I went in search of her. There was an old well in the grove. I looked down into it. Deep, filthy black water and a grey shape barely to be seen. With the help of others I climbed down a rope and brought up the body. Glad she was dead? I suppose I should have been. Chicken thief! Turkey murderer! Disobedient! Yes, terribly glad! So glad that the tears squirted from my eyes, and Old Man Rader told Mrs. Nichols, the neighborhood gossip, that "the damned fool cried because that crazy German dog was dead."

* * *

Just one more word about Gretchen's dad. It's a story that affidavits can prove if necessary.

Farmer Walters got up the other morning to find twelve of his two year old apple trees gone. A vandal had cut them down and carried the foliage away. Walters called on the Old Master and pleaded for the aid of Dolph. The county sheriff, too, was invited to the "party." With the Old Master on one side of him, the sheriff on the other and a crowd of neighbor women and children behind, Dolph sniffed at a footprint near one of the tender young tree stumps. Then he trotted out of the orchard, around a fence and down a single track wagon road, into another farmyard and into a woodshed.

The panting crowd waited close by. Thirty seconds later out came Dolph with a branch of a fruit tree in his mouth. "That's enough evidence," said the sheriff. "Let's go."

"What are you going to do to me?" said the owner of the woodshed when he returned from the big town and called on the sheriff that evening.

"What should I do?" retorted the sheriff.

"I'll plant new trees for the old," said the man humbly. "It was spite work. I was sore at him."

* * *

Some day there'll be another Gretchen in our home. The wife says she'll do the training next time. But I've got two books now on dogs and I'm studying hard.

If you want to buy a dog write our Kennel Service Department

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Outdoor America
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(Signed) George B. Means.

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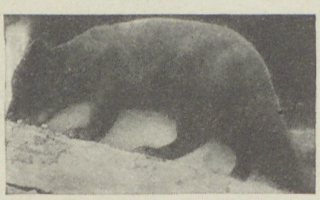
WARREN RAYNER SILVER FOX CO.
1115 Warren Rayner Bldg. Warren, Pennsylvania



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PORT HURON - MICHIGAN

Fur Farming

(Continued from page 67)

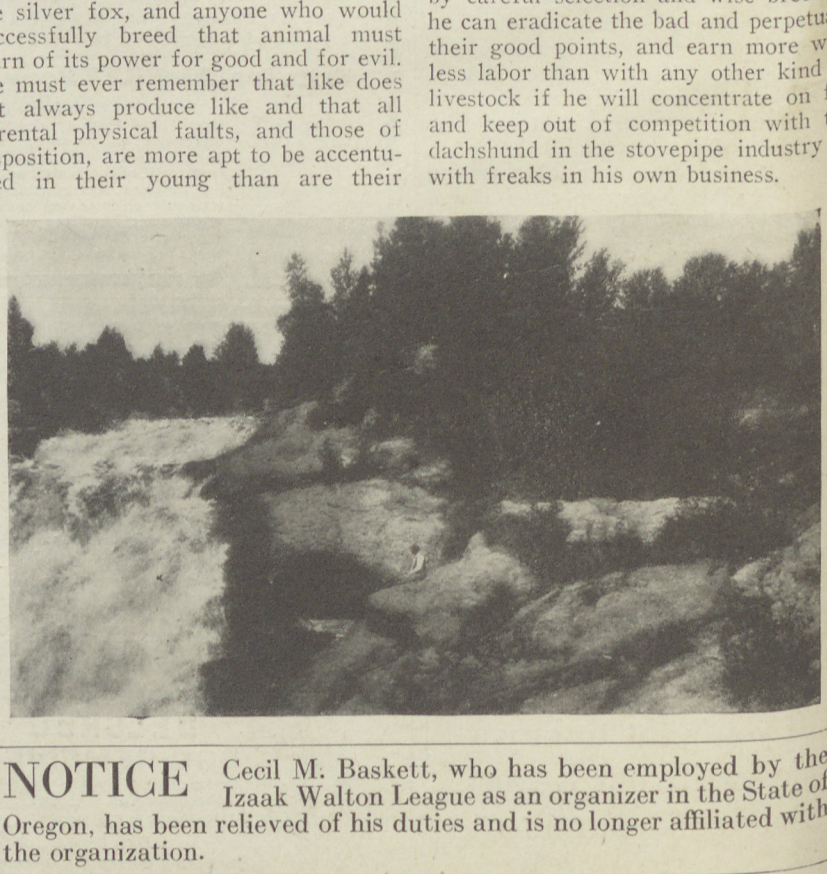
not to start a new strain, nor breed for the wonderful, but to keep in the middle of the road. Later on he may get into the hall of fox fame and leave no dachsfoxhunds behind him.

The silver fox industry at present has two objects only—to produce the best product possible for the fur market and highest type of foundation stock for ranches to come. To merely multiply the animals is not constructive work nor in the long run will it be a paying business. The quality of breeding stock is steadily improving, but the great need of the industry still is a more individual knowledge of breeding among the breeders. This in too many cases entirely is lacking or limited to the idea that inbreeding, hit or miss, will bring forth good results. Inbreeding is dynamite. At the hands of breeders entirely schooled it produces increasing perfection of breed and product; for the novice it holds great risks for both factors. Promiscuous inbreeding should not be made a common practice. Experiments in that line should not be undertaken until after a general knowledge of genetics and inbreeding principles have been acquired, and then very cautiously attempted.

Yet with all its pitfalls for the ambitious inexperienced breeder scientists are pretty well agreed that with all animals no forward step has been taken without inbreeding. This is unquestionably true in improving the pelt conformation and prepotent qualities of the silver fox, and anyone who would successfully breed that animal must learn of its power for good and for evil. He must ever remember that like does not always produce like and that all parental physical faults, and those of disposition, are more apt to be accentuated in their young than are their merits, to say nothing of the objectionable traits of some renegade of a great grandfather or ancient dam which may have slumbered in their offspring. By ignorant inbreeding is good stock quickly ruined; by wise inbreeding it will steadily improve. The basis on which discreet inbreeding rests is the law of selection. The breeder must recognize the imperative need of making use of sound animals only, sound of constitution, of limb and structure, possessing outstanding points of merit, and having no faults. If such are spontaneous in their mating, if their dispositions are friendly and in accord, the progeny progressively will excel the parents. No other kind should be bred at all.

If the young breeder following these lines does not reach the heights, he will not produce dachshunds nor paint his kennels black to deepen the color of his foxes' fur, which some breeders believe in. Nor will he worry about his foxes having tails in time long as those of monkeys, because a keeper will catch a fox by the tail now and then as others contend will happen. Injuries to his animal will not unduly distress him, for the informed novice will know that bumps, scars, scratches, and broken legs cannot be passed on to offspring, as he may hear stated as fact.

On that which he can bank with confidence, is that with proper care he can bring out the best in his animals; by careful selection and wise breeding he can eradicate the bad and perpetuate their good points, and earn more with less labor than with any other kind of livestock if he will concentrate on fur and keep out of competition with the dachshund in the stovepipe industry or with freaks in his own business.



NOTICE Cecil M. Baskett, who has been employed by the Izaak Walton League as an organizer in the State of Oregon, has been relieved of his duties and is no longer affiliated with the organization.

Pollution

(Continued from page 29)

other constituents in the wastes from gas plants are known to be highly poisonous. Iron oxide, from iron pickling, coats and kills desirable bottom forms and has been suspected of being injurious to fish. The poisonous nature of the wastes from some chemical-manufacturing plants is well known. Oil films are very destructive of mosquitoes and doubtless would be injurious to more desirable insect forms of like habits. Even the lead shot from the sportsman's gun has been known to cause lead poisoning among bottom-feeding water fowl. We might speculate on its probable effect on bottom-feeding fish, but speculation is unscientific. What is really needed is more and better support of careful investigations on the yet unsolved problems, and hearty coöperation of everyone in the prevention of the "pollution" known to exist.

What are you doing to prevent pollution?

Man Trails

(Continued from page 17)

denotes indecision; or it may be an unwillingness to meet and overcome obstacles—laziness—made by one who always looks for the easy way. Some day an aggressive man will follow that trail and take out the bends by cutting across them. An ambitious man breaks a trail uphill; he is looking for something better, and hopes to obtain a clearer vision from the top. Then there is the trail with numerous ramifications, made by the inquisitive man—the potential explorer and scientist—who investigates every nook and cranny along the way, yet holds his general course true to an objective. The trail of the optimist leads through the open, which radiates sunlight; the pessimist keeps to the shadowy woods, where fuel and shelter are assured. The trail of a crafty man—a criminal—is indistinct; and to keep it as invisible as possible he needs must travel the rocky way. The untidy lout leaves a trail strewn with rubbish. History bears witness to the bloody trails of the cruel.

Who has not seen the trail of the greedy? In his wake he leaves a highway of destruction, so broad are his meanderings. Nothing is sacred to his grasping hand. He has polluted our rivers and lakes, torn down our forests, and commercialized our out-o'-doors. He has laid waste the habitation of our wild life and game. His trail is a true and lasting record of his hoggish nature, the same as the fire-swept trail remains as a permanent reminder that

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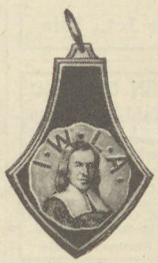

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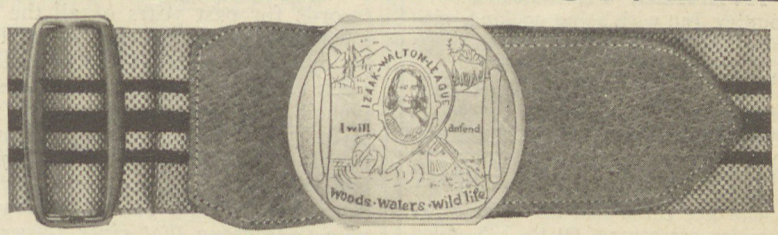

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The ranch consists of 700 acres in the valley of the Mad Creek; it is surrounded by the U. S. Forest reserve and is the only ranch in the valley.

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Muskies and Bass in August

You can get these fish all summer at our wilderness camps, 60 to 125 miles from road or railroad, also pike, trout, etc. Hundreds of virgin lakes tributary to these camps. Excellent meals and beds.

E. D. CALVERT, Rainy River, Ont.

the person who left his camp fire burning was a fool.

Every man must make a trail, or follow one already made. The followers are the ones who broaden the trail into a bridle-path, then into a wagon road, from wagon road to highway, and perhaps to boulevard. I have been following other men's trails all of my life. From the bloody trail of the war lords to the clean-cut trail of the pioneer, is a long jump—long in miles at least. And between them are trails of every variety inviting followers.

Every unexplored trail holds an attraction to me; to follow it and learn its innermost details is an irresistible appeal. But I do not want always to be a follower. Some day I intend to break a brand new trail. When I do, I want to be very careful how and where I make it. It must lead upward —not downward, and it must be straight. It is asking too much to expect that it will pass through all sunshine and be free from rocks. But it will be kept clean for those who follow. And when I look back, as I sit in the glow of my last camp fire, which is to mark the end of the trail, I hope there will be no places which I would change if I were to travel it again—no bends that I would straighten before hitting the last, long trail. To my back I want a straight trail, for one that circles is a sure sign of a lost man.

Friendly Wastes

(Continued from page 10)

and south width of the greatest country on earth!

If it did not have those swamps and lakes, and other "wastes," to draw from, that great river would become like the "rivers" of the deserts—merely dry drainage channels through which surplus flood waters from storms, or spring snows, can rush away down hill to the sea.

Through "wastes" — marshlands — lakes—swamps, the mighty Mississippi continues to flow in spite of the misguided efforts of man to "reclaim" the swamp land at the head of the river.

In saving from drainage of the headwater areas of the Mississippi the Izaak Walton League has saved the river flow and it must now go to war with every source of pollution from source to mouth to save the river itself —not only its "flow," but its purity as well, for *without purity this great stream becomes, not a benefit, but a colossal menace from one end to the other!*

Impure water is always dangerous as a source of diseases originating in filth, dirt, impurities and general conditions that are unsanitary and against common sense.

Every town from St. Paul to New Orleans is doing today, and has done for years, such things as dumping its sewage into the river for some boy, in swimming below the town, *to take into his mouth and swallow and bring home a case of typhoid fever!*

If you doubt it look up the typhoid records for past years of all the river towns all along the river—you'll find an appalling waste there, brother, a frightful waste, of young life from typhoid, and other things as well, taken directly from the river by swimming boys! *This is cold fact—not fancy, and it has such a gruesome, personal slant that it ought to make every man who lives along that river shiver with fear that it will be his boy next!*

Not a pleasant picture, is it? Yet it is merely a snapshot of real "waste," as we human beings carry it on—we "wise" animals, who can walk on our hind legs, and hold things in our front paws!

Brother, man makes me mad, for he is the supreme egotistical man of this world, the one biggest fool on the face of the earth because he has the brains to know that he is doing, every day, just the things that he should not do, and leaving undone the important things he should do, among them creating this real, frightful waste of life *because he just won't be clean!*

If given room and plenty of clean water, no self-respecting hog would be as dirty, filthy, careless and utterly selfish as man in the mass is everywhere —and this does not mean "somebody else" but "us"—it means "us," we Americans, the most enlightened—and most wasteful people in the world!

It is time we came to our mass senses and got down to team work to stop this real waste of our own lives—and it can be done!

It is merely a question of the will, a bit of money, teamwork and esprit de corps with an awakened sense of real responsibility behind it—then it will go over *big* without question. Are you ready to do your part, brother? Let's go!

I'm going to write you a little series of these articles on "waste" and I'm going to aim to wake you up—and hope I do. I'm going to call a spade a spade and show you some pictures you have never seen because you were too familiar with them.

The thing close home is no mystery and we grow callous by too close contact, so I'm going to show you a few things about "wastes" that you have not noticed and I hope you read every one of these articles and then write and tell me what you think, and I further hope that you are going to help the Izaak Walton League bring about such a national awakening, such a realization of what personal and national decency and unselfishness mean that it will be no safer for any man to pollute any stream or lake than it will be for him to commit murder in any other way.

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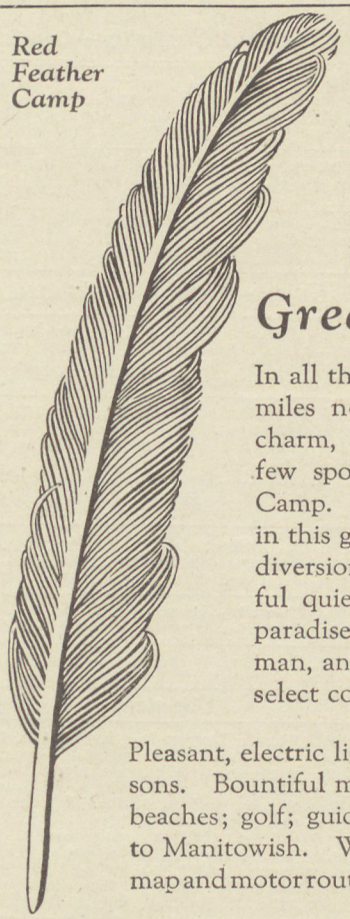

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Hounds—Continued

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Miscellaneous Dogs

ST. BERNARD puppies from the best prize winning blood lines in America. All stock American Kennel Club registered. Nothing less than $75.00. Riveredge Kennels, Box 264, Highland Park, Illinois. (3-8)

CHOICE Setters, Pointers, Hounds for all purposes. Stamp for full information. Harrison Chief Farm Kennels, R6, Cynthiana, Ky. (3-10)

FOR SALE. Llewellyn and English Setters. Also rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Pamphlets free. O. K. Kennels, Marydel, Maryland. (6-1)

FOX terriers. Eskimo Spitz, $8.00 up. Some registered. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wis. (3-10)

AIREDALES, spaniels, chesapeakes, sale or trade for guns, tent. Offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minnesota. (3-9)

CRESS-BROOK Dalmatians. Three litters ready. Sired by Champions. A. E. Bonner, Coopersville, Mich. (3-9)

GREAT Danes. Pedigreed, from Champion Stock. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-10)

FOX Terriers, Collies, bulldogs, Pretty Puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2)

CHIHUAHUAS, Terriers and Toys, $50 up. Few less. One at $1,000. Garrett, 55 M St., Lynchburg, Va. (3-8)

DALMATIANS. Pedigreed coach puppies. Registerable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Kane, Leland, Ill. (3-8)

FOR Sale. Pure bred Newfoundland pups. Eligible registration. A. G. Murray, Nashville, Mich. (3-8)

Dogs

Newfoundlands

NOBLE Newfoundland puppies, from the very best registered A. K. C. stock. Males $25.00, females $15.00. Kennebec Fur Ranch, E. L. Moulton, Woolwich, Me.

Pointers and Setters

POINTER puppies by sons of Jno. Proctor II and Comanche Frank, over 3 ½ months old. C. O. D. $20.00 each. All papers to register. Trained three year old setter and pointer, $65.00 each C. O. D. Three days' trial. Guy Moore, Rt. 5, Buntyn, Tenn.

TRAINED Pointer dog. 2 ½ years old. White and liver spotted. Staunch on points. Retriever. Good nose. Will ship C. O. D. $50.00 on five days trial, you guarantee express both ways. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

WILL sacrifice my Wire Haired Pointing Griffons, both three years old, registered and excellent blood lines. The male points, backs and retrieves. Price. Male $35.00, Female $30.00. D. P. Johnson, Box 336, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

GORDON Setters, puppies from imported champion parents, several broken dogs and bred bitches. Inglehurst Kennels, Dunellen, New Jersey. Mail address, Charles Inglee, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, New York. (3-9)

FREE. Sales list of Thoroughbred English, Irish, Gordon Setters and Pointers. Broken dogs. Pups. Bred bitches and stud dogs. Sold on a Guarantee. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-10)

REGISTERED English pointer pups, $15 each, from hunting parents, sired by Gypsy Manitobia King; Dam, Ruth Elkwood. Liver and white, and solid liver. Walter Roeder, Tonica, Ill.

IRISH Setter Pups. Terry of Boyne, Pat Law, Morty ogc Chieftain Law breeding, whelped May 12—$25.00. Six dogs, 3 bitches. R. T. McElroy, Milford, Iowa. (3-10)

ENGLISH Setter puppies two months old. Riley Frush and Count Moring breeding. All papers. Males, $18.50; females, $15.00. F. H. Adams, Hartley, Iowa. (3-9)

WORLD'S greatest bargains in pointers and setters, priced right and shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (8x26)

ENGLISH Setter and Pointer Pups, eight months. Champion Bloodlines. All papers. $30 to $50. O. H. Peek, Girard, Ill. (3-8)

NATURAL Retriever. Hunted her with dogs, found none can cover ground with her for pointers. C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (3-10)

BROKEN registered Pointers, Setters and nicely started yearlings and pups. Approval. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (3-10)

POINTER puppies; liver and white; best of breeding; papers; see before paying. Chas. H. Dunlevy, Memphis, Ind.

DARK mahogany, pedigreed Irish Setter pups; right for fall training. Write for breeding. Levitte Martin, Anoka, Minn.

POINTER pups scientifically bred. Registered proven hunting strains, $35.00. Clayton Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-10)

FOR Sale. English Setter Puppies, males $25.00, females $20.00. T. H. Postlewaite, Bunker Hill, Ill. (3-10)

REGISTERED English Setters. Males $35.00; females $25.00. Joe Knoer, Rodman, Iowa. (3-10)

CHOICE dark red Irish Setter puppies. $25, C. O. D. All papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-8)

BIRD dogs for your fall shooting. Write me kind wanted. John Hale, West Plains, Mo.

IRISH Setter Pups—America's Best. Price reasonable. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-10)

GORDON setter puppies. Pure bred, males, $25. Morgan Perry, Little Falls, N. Y.

POINTER puppies $15 up. Best breeding. Write, C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (3-10)

ENGLISH Setter Pups. $10.00 each. Harley Everett, Atkinson, Nebr. (3-10)

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Winnfield, La. (3-9)

Dogs

Police Dogs

POLICE pups of noted breeding, whose grandsire is the famous International Grand Champion "Erick von Grafenwerth." Also three other Grand Champions in pedigree, including a brother of Strongheart. R. Jamison, Appleton, Wis.

PUPPY sons and daughters of internationally known, 1925 U. S. sensation, Champion Amor von Geyerberge, Westminster winner. Will repurchase at one year. Cassius Winkelman, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-10)

FOR Sale—25 light and silver gray Police Pups of Kriminalpolizie blood line. Same as Strongheart. Males, $30.00. Females, $20.00. On approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-8)

FOR sale, Pedigreed police pups, greys, blacks, and whites. Kriminalpolizie and other imported strains. $20.00 up, on approval. Write, T. M. Helmer, Hannaford, No. Dak.

PEDIGREED Police Pups for sale and grown dogs all imported strains. Pups, $20.00 and $30.00. On approval. O. B. Helmer, Hannaford, No. Dak. (3-9)

POLICE puppies, Wolfe grey Kriminalpolizie blood lines. Eligible to registration in American Kennel Club. Carl Hanken, Stewartville, Minn. (3-8)

POLICE Dogs. Sired by Son of Dclf von Dusternbrook. The best blood line of the breed to choose. The Rice Kennels, Spencer, Ind. (3-10)

GERMAN Shepherd "Police" at stud; also trained dogs both sexes, and puppies, $25 each. Leon Robinson, Dunkirk, Ohio. (3-8)

FOR Sale. Police pups, Grown dogs, Bitches open and bred. Pedigreed. Write Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-8)

PUPPIES. From recently imported police trained show dogs. $25 and $35. Ridgeway Farm, Neenah, Wis., E. A. Nelson. (3-8)

FOR Sale! Pedigreed Police Dogs. Strongheart strain. A. V. Lehr, 428 East Ave., New Philadelphia, Ohio.

DOBERMANN-PINSCHER Puppies. Very fine, eligible, and right price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebr.

HALF-grown Police Pups. $35.00. Guaranteed pedigrees. N. Lewis, Miller, Nebraska. (3-10)

EXCEPTIONAL offer black and tan police dog priced to sell quick. H. Reyer, Carthage, Ill.

PEDIGREED Police puppies. White Collie puppies. Variety Farm, Gilman, Ill. (3-10)

Spaniels

SPRINGER Spaniels, from well-trained shooting dogs. Best of blood lines in pedigree, such as Dual Ch. Flint of Avendale, Laverstoke Powder Horn, Horsford Hetman. White, with liver, black or orange markings; also liver or blue roans. Sturdy, well-marked, country raised. Eight months old pups, $45.00 up. Year old youngsters by Springbok of Ware ex Ringlet of Avendale, $75 and $100. Also two imported trained brood matrons. Will send pictures if color, sex and age preference are given in inquiry. Dr. & Mrs. G. B. Wolfe, R. F. D. L, Box 184, Indianapolis, Indiana. (3-8)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Ch. Horsford Harbour—Ch. Laverstoke Powder Horn—Montana Ware blood lines. Ready to deliver now. Eligible to registration. Black and white, and liver and white. Sage Brush Kennels, Sam Cooley, Mgr., Faith, S. Dak. (3-9)

IRISH Water Spaniels, Genuine curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (3-8)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. A litter of beautiful puppies from prize winners. Quick sale $25 and up. Several partly trained ready for fall shooting. Wellsway Shaggy Lad at Stud. Fee $30.00. Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn., H. J. Robertson.

ENGLISH Springer Spaniels. Beautifully marked puppies. None better. Correct age for next fall's hunting. Satisfaction and results guaranteed. Prices very reasonable. Write for particulars. Newell E. Ludlum, Medina, N. Y. (3-8)

JAMSON of Ware (Imported) ex Ch Horsford Harbour Bitch, Springer Spaniel puppies for sale, beautifully marked and priced right. Also other Springer and Cocker Spaniel puppies. Nishnabotna Kennels, Red Oak, Iowa. (3-10)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Liver and White puppies of Beechgrove Horsford and Springbok of Ware bloodlines. Inoculated against distemper. Write for particulars. Carl Fletcher, Brookings, So. Dak.

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniels! Priced to sell. Females only. Color black and white. Springbok of Ware and Rivington Valentine blood. One year old. Harold J. DeJong, Orange City, Iowa.

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies. Sired by Champion Laverstoke Powderhorn. Sure to make winners and workers. Bargain prices for quick sale. F. M. Finkbine, Storm Lake, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale. Springer Spaniel puppies. Beechgrove Strain. Priced to sell. 6 males, 2 females. Liver and white. Chas. M. Brooks, McGregor, Iowa. (3-10)

COCKER Spaniels. Selected breeding. Many noted dogs in the strain. Healthy, brainy and full of pep. Price $25.00 up. H. M. Butler, Villard, Minn.

FOR Sale. English Springer Spaniels, Puppies, brood matrons and trained adults. Buy a Springer and conserve game. Dean Swift, Edgerton, Wis. (3-10)

COCKER spaniel pups, black, eligible, from hunting stock. Sold pups that retrieved ducks at 8 months last fall. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wis. (3-10)

SPRINGER spaniel puppies; best blood lines in U. S. Born March 20. Very reasonable. Write for particulars. Dr. M. A. Morgan, Platte, S. D.

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies, liver and white, of great type. Best of breeding. Eligible A. K. C. $35.00 and up. Shipped on approval $15.00 down. P. H. Burk, Marysville, Kans. (3-10)

COCKER Spaniels. Heavy bone hunting type, choice breeding, eligible. Henry Naetzker, Dunkirk, N. Y.

AT Stud—English Springer Spaniel, Downton Bob Big Winner Shows and Field Trials. Fee, fifty dollars. Dean Swift, Edgerton, Wisconsin. (3-8)

COCKER Spaniels—Four months old solid black puppies, select breeding, priced reasonably. Dr. W. B. Maxson, Flemington, New Jersey. (3-9)

BEAUTIFUL cocker puppies from famous hunting strain. Easily trained for land or water. Registered. Rowland, Greensville, Ont. (3-10)

SPRINGERS. Sired by Port of Avendale, the sensational field trial producer. Thirty-five dollars. Dr. A. C. Johnson, Winthrop, Minn.

COCKER and Springer Pups. Eligible to registry. Reasonable prices. Dr. John E. Rogers, Oshkosh, Wis. (3-9)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel. "Chief of Iowa" at Stud. Liver and White. Best blood lines. Fee, $50.00. C. F. Widman, McGregor, Iowa. (3-9)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel puppies. Beauties. Liver and White. Whelped March 18. Eligible for registration. Vernal Carlson, Hoopeston, Ill. (3-8)

IRISH Water Spaniel puppies. Will work this fall. Trained dog and brood bitches. Working strain. Registered. M. Oliphant, Big Timber, Montana. (3-8)

SPRINGER Spaniel puppies. Bred from the best imported Bench Show and Field Trial strains. Sold on approval, $30 and up. W. J. Nissen, Box 0, Oxford, Nebr. (3-9)

WATER Spaniel Pups, half Irish, half Cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15. Females, $10. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-8)

FOR Sale—English Springer Spaniel pups sired by Ch. Springbok of Ware. Guaranteed. Cerro Gordo Kennels, Mason City, Iowa. (3-8)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. Puppies and youngsters. All high class registered stock. Walter Magnus, Webster, S. D. (3-8)

SPRINGER pups, $25.00. Stud fees, $25.00. J. Stephenson, Boyne Falls, Mich. (3-10)

CHAMPION Bred Springer at stud. Fee $25.00. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa. (3-10)

SPRINGERS and Chesapeakes. The good kind. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Iowa. (4-9)

Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

SIX pound—Bat-eared Toy Fox Terrier at Stud. Fee $15.00. Also toy puppies for sale. Mrs. Verna Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (6-9)

BOSTON Terriers. Two registered dogs at stud. Four litters of eligible puppies. Esely's Kennels, Loudonville, Ohio. (3-9)

Dogs

Terriers—Continued

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

WIRE haired fox terrier puppies from champion stock. Registerable. G. F. Kinsey, Clayville, N. Y. (3-10)

Trainers—Dogs

WANTED bird dogs to train, either field trial or shooting dogs. Yard work and force retrieving taught. Gunshyness and other faults corrected. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (8x26)

SPANIEL training. Field trials or shooting dog, my specialty. A. Burhans, Waterloo, Iowa. (3-9)

FOR special rates on training that bird dog of yours write, Chic Branson, Twin Falls, Idaho. (3-10)

Wanted—Dogs

WANTED: First class and trained duck dog. Spaniel preferred. Must be a bargain. Harold H. Smedley, Muskegon, Michigan.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

FIT-RID-O, a known remedy for running fits. Money refunded if results not obtained. If your druggist cannot supply you, order by mail. Price, $2.00 per bottle. W. F. Strayhorn Drug Company, 701 Chapel Hill Street, Durham, North Carolina. (3-8)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-9)

Firearms

RELOAD your revolver and rifle shells, and realize greater sport and economy. Information free. Everything needed. A shooter's handbook for 50c, which is refunded on first $5 order. Belding & Mull, Inc., 832 Osceola Rd., Philipsburg, Pa. (3-8)

SELL 16-32 Remington made to order Damascus double hammerless, Smith 12-32 Damascus double hammergun, Colts 10 gauge hammer and hammerless doubles. Firearms List Hundred New and Used Guns, 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn. (3-8)

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12x24)

NEW Mannlicher-Schoenaeur Telescope Rifle, Cal 6/5 in factory grease. $85. Other fine telescopers at lower prices. C. S. Dietz, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Fish and Game Attractions

DUCK! Fish! Muskrat! Foods that bring them in swarms. Plant now. 30 years experience. Advice free. Write for prices. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 42 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-8)

BEST of all duck foods for propagation. Wild Celery, Sago Pond Weed, Widgeon Grass. Address, Jasper B. White, Naturalist, Waterlily, Currituck Sound, North Carolina. (3-9)

MINNESOTA Giant Wild Rice Seed—Write for Special price on orders for September delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (3-8)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

DON'T go fishing when they won't bite. I can tell you when, where and how, by a new method thoroughly tried for three years. Don't pass up the good days, get my plan and have the edge on the other boys. Complete information for $1, money order or draft. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. H. H. Kryder, Ligonier, Ind. (3-9)

CAT fish will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (3-9)

Fishing Tackle and Bait—Cont'd

SURKETCHUM—Acknowledged by expert fishermen as the only lifelike artificial minnow made to do away with baiting, always ready and fresh, 50c each. Postage paid. Pryor's Artificial Bait Co., 6810 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill. (3-8)

GUARANTEED Turtle Traps. 4 in. mesh, 5 feet by 28 in. No. 36 twine. $3.50. Musky, Pike, landing nets, $3.00. Bass, $1.50. Quality Twine Mfg. Co., 901 Park Ave., S. W., Canton, Ohio. (3-8)

PRESERVED sour clams, "Best Catfish Bait," 2 lbs., postpaid, $1.00. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., postpaid, $1.00. Doughbait "Guaranteed for Carp," 2 lbs., postpaid, $1.00. J. Curtiss Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

GUARANTEED anti-backlash (quadruple) fishing reel $4.50. Satisfaction, or price refunded. Circulars. Reel Works, Windfall, Ind.

FISHWORMS $1.00 pint. Postpaid. Albert Gandron, 154 South, West 16th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Food Products

CHOICE sweet pecans, ¼ lb., 35c. W. H. Karstaedt, Dayton, Ohio. (3-8)

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN'S Exchange. We buy, sell and exchange guns, rifles, revolvers, rods and reels, field glasses, cameras, watches, musical instruments and furs. Send the article with a letter, and we will make you our best offer by return mail. E. Wanger & Co., Dep't A., 302 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3x26)

NATIONAL Exchange—We sell and exchange guns, cameras, musical instruments, field glasses and everything everywhere. Catalogue free. Everton & Sons Hardware, Logan, Utah. (3-10)

SALE or Trade. Good gun dog. Norwalk Star, Norwalk, Wis.

For Smokers

CLAYSCHAUM Pipes from Scotland. A sweet, dry smoke. Porous clay, absorbs nicotine, conserves health. Once tried you will smoke no other. Recommended by the Medical Profession. Sample 15c, two 25c, six 60c, twelve $1.00, postpaid. Scotch Clayschaum Pipe Company, Importers, Dept. K2, Laurel, Maryland. (3-8)

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 fine cigarettes. Large pocket tin Special Blend smoking tobacco also sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 7, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-9)

Game Birds and Animals

STOP—Read—1926 silver black fox pups. Also adults and proven breeders. Wonderful quality with right prices. Our stock is from prize winners and of the best blood lines obtainable in Canada. We own an eighty-five pair ranch, the largest and finest in Ohio. Let us give you our prices before buying elsewhere. Also have Raccoon, Mink, Marten, Fisher, Pheasants, Waterfowls and Grouse for sale. Hubers Reliable Silver Black Fox and Game Farm, Long High St., Fostoria, Ohio. (8x26)

NATIONAL Muskrat Breeders Association, through "Breeders Division" have for sale Muskrat breeding stock. Muskrats guaranteed in every respect. Prompt delivery. Lowest prices. Mr. Breeder: The Association can place your surplus stock at a good price. No cost to you. Write for details of our plan. National Muskrat Breeders Association, General Offices, South Bend, Indiana.

I AM offering a few pair of my young, black raccoon for delivery in July and August. I have raccoon as black as a skunk and to be able to get them you must contract in advance. Stock is limited and I will only have a few pair for sale. Our circular on breeding and care, 10 cents. L. S. Russell, Cardington, Ohio. (3-8)

SALE: Hundred Canadian geese decoys, Mallards, little callers, black ducks. Other game birds. Wild Foxes, Coyotes, tame Raccoons, Skunks, etc. Fifty Minks reasonable. WANT: All kinds dogs to train, reasonable rates. Claude Clinton, Fayville, Ill. (3-10)

FOR Sale—Extra large dark northern muskrats, selected for breeding purpose. Delivery alive guaranteed. Order now for fall delivery. The Great Northern Muskrat Farms, Ypsilanti, Michigan. (3-8)

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

MT. YONAH Farm Kennels, Cleveland, Ga., offers for sale coon, opossums, skunk, and squirrel dogs; and fox and rabbit hounds. Catalog and summer price list free. Trial allowed on all trained dogs. (3-9)

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

FOR Sale: Pure English Call Ducks, hand reared wild ducks and geese of all kinds. Pheasants and Jap Silkies Bantams. Write, Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-10)

PHEASANTS, Waterfowl, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Rabbits, Deer. Stamp for price list. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (3-9)

FOR Sale. Foxes, raccoon, muskrats, rabbits, mink, ferrets, opossums, skunks, squirrels. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minn. (3-10)

GENUINE little English call ducks. Good callers. Also Japanese silky bantams. Audley Russell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-10)

RABBITS for sale—Pedigreed stock. $2.00 up. Illustrated book 10c. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa. (6-9)

BUY your game fighting fowls from the largest breeder and exporter in America. Cody Clayton, Murphy, N. C.

FOR sale. Milk Goats, Saanens, Toggenburgs, Nubians. White City Goat Farms, Attica, Indiana. (3-10)

Help Wanted

MEN, 18 up, wanting U. S. Mail Service positions, $142 to $225 monthly; steady; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Write, A. Bradford, 112 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N. J. (3-9)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, New York. (3-9)

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other govt. positions. Write for particulars. Mokane, A-37, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, $1.60; Beaded Fobs, $1.00; War Clubs, Belts, Moccasins, $4.50; Dozen Arrowheads, $2.50; Beaded Hatbands, Headbands, Necklaces, $2.75; Eagle Feather War bonnets, $15.50; Everything in Ancient and Modern Indian Handicraft. Navajo Blankets. Birchbark Canoe, Catalog 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (5x26)

Miscellaneous

RHEUMATISM, Neuritis. A free treatment if not satisfied. Try ANCIENT HINDU REMEDY for immediate relief and guaranteed recovery. Discovered and prepared by Huntington College Chemist. Order complete treatment, $1.50. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sample 50c. Write today. Prof. Guha, Box L-166, Huntington, Indiana. (3-10)

COLLECTIONS. Make 'em pay. My system will make them pay their bills. Write for the acid test. Literature free. Burleigh L. Horr, Horr and Omelia Block, Rhinelander, Wisconsin. (3-10)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (4x26)

100 5-GRAIN Aspirin Tablets by mail for only 50 cents; samples and agents terms free. Address Gem Supply Co., Box 377, LaCrosse, Wis. (3-8)

HIGH Blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-9)

QUIT tobacco easily, inexpensively. Send address. Paul Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-10)

Music and Musical Instruments

I WANT Song Poems. Casper Nathan, P-3544 N. Racine, Chicago. (3-9)

Outing Equipment

SLIGHTLY used tents for sale. All styles, all sizes. Write for descriptive list. The Hettrick Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Patents

PATENTS. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Send drawing or model for search. Watson E. Coleman, Registered Patent Lawyer, Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C. (4x26)

Photography—Cameras

MODERN Photography in all its branches now taught by mail. New, successful method Write for particulars and unusual offer, open for short time. International Studios, Inc., Dept. 7172, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. (12-1)

Printing and Stationery

PRINTED Stationery—100 envelopes, 200 sheets white bond paper, printed with your name and address, in blue ink, old English or neat block type. Sent postpaid for $1. Satisfaction or money back. Bodkin Printing Co., Bardwell, Ky. (3-8)

LABELS attract attention to your products more than anything else. Let us design one for you. Free samples sent on request. Agents wanted. Willson Spielmann Label Co., 544 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-8)

250 BOND Letterheads or envelopes, $1.25. W. E. Moyer Supply House, Milton, Pa. (3-9)

Real Estate

FOR Sale: Trout Fishing Land. Big and Little Carleton Creeks, stocked annually with brook trout for years, in 1600 acre virgin tract. Secluded. Fenced. Rented for grazing. Beautifully timbered. Water power. Rural delivery and telephone available. 1 ¼ miles east from West Michigan Pike Motor Bus Line. 1 ½ mile from Pere Marquette Railroad station. 3 ½ miles from Montague and Whitehall where Chicago steamers dock. Taxes paid. No encumbrances. In Oceana, banner fruit county. $20 an acre. Long time payments. Estate of Wm. T. Cushing, 413 St. James Place, Chicago, Ill. (3-8)

TWO room log cabin with fire place, etc., on Whitefish Bay in beautiful Northern Michigan. Site has 100 feet bay frontage. Is also at mouth nice spring fed trout stream, excellent speckled and brook trout fishing. Also good deer and partridge shooting. Price, cabin with about acre size lot $600.00. J. M. Grosvenor, Strongs, Mich. (3-10)

LAKE Shore Cottage on beautiful Big Stone Lake; one mile out of the city of Ortonville, Western Minnesota. Modern. Electric lights, spring water, garage, telephone, city delivery twice day. 75 feet shore front by 350 feet deep. Good fishing, hunting, bathing beach, golf course. Clear title. Owner going west. A snap at $3,000. E. B. Orton, Ortonville, Minn.

IF you want land with frontage on lake or river for summer homes please inquire of us before you buy. Beautiful wooded lots $150 each, acreage $25 to $50 per acre. We are owners and our land is free from any incumbrance, easy terms if desired. Emerson Bros., Tripoli, Oneida County, Wisconsin. (3-8)

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